

THE
ANGLO-SAXON
REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY

EDITED BY
LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL
(MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST)

VOL. VIII. MARCH 1901

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
LONDON: MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST
49 RUPERT STREET, W.

1901

All rights reserved

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
At the Ballantyne Press
London & Edinburgh

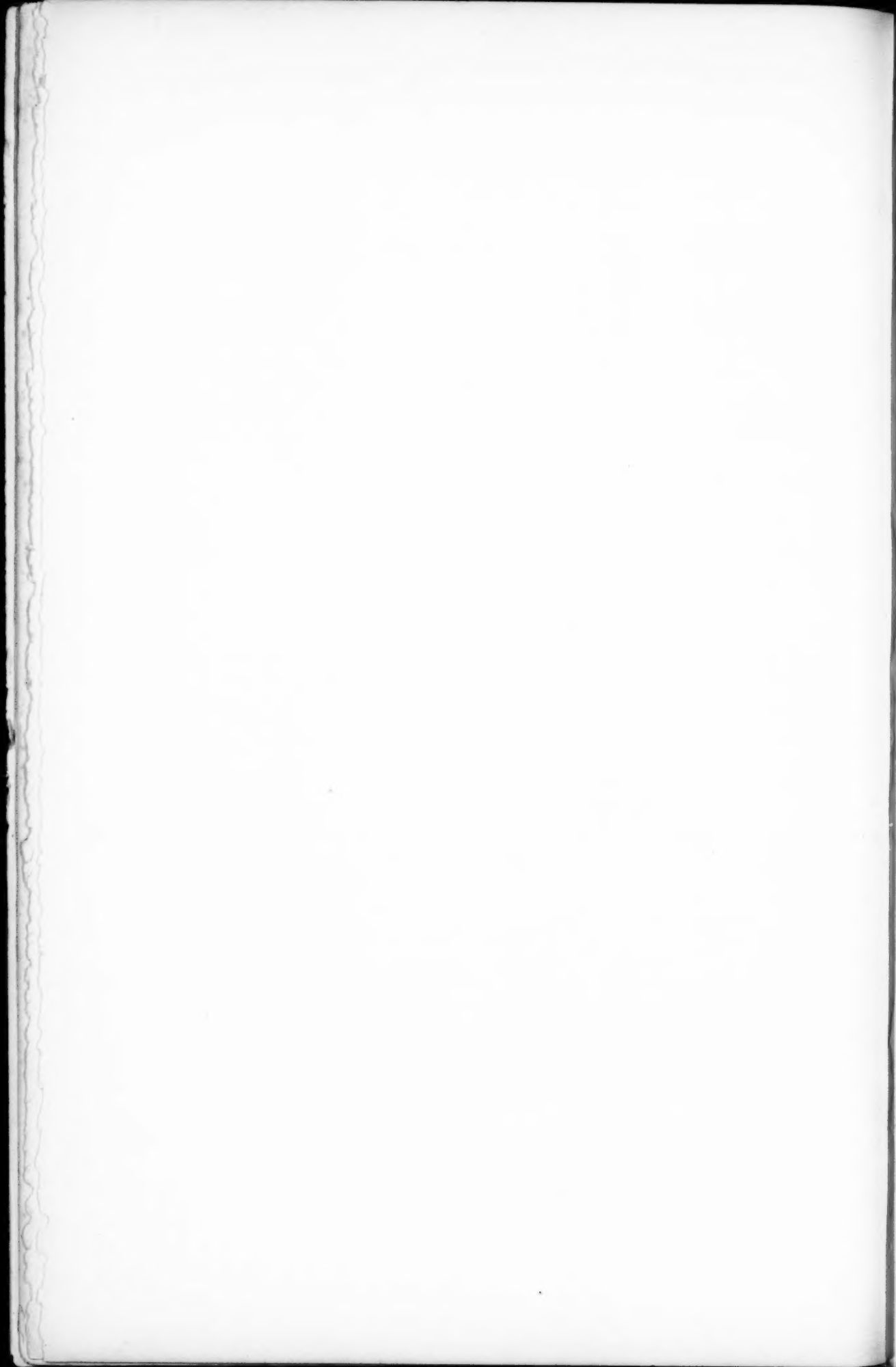
Genl. Sch.
2-21-45
V. 8

CONTENTS

		PAGE
NOTE ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME	CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.	1
MONARCHY AND THE KING	FREDERICK GREENWOOD	6
ST. EDWARD'S CROWN	CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.	18
EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY	THE REV. CANON MAC COLL	33
THE SIKHS AND THEIR GOLDEN TEMPLE	THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY	50
A SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.	W. H. MALLOCK	59
A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING	PROF. ROBERT DOUGLAS	76
LA TRAPPE IN AFRICA	ROBERT HICHENS	90
'GASTON BONNIER'; OR 'TIME'S REVENGES'	W. L. COURTNEY	103
DECORATIVE DOMESTIC ART	LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL	125
PLAYS OF THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL	JOHN OLIVER HOBBS	130
FRENCH CLAIMS IN POETRY	J. C. BAILEY	136
THE BROWNINGS	WILFRID MEYNELL	148
THE LAST YEARS OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH	J. LEMOINE AND ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER	151
BROUSSA AND OLYMPUS	HAMILTON AÏDÉ	175
MOLTKE	JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS	177
THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY	EDMUND GOSSE	195
MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON	FRANK RICHARDSON	209
A WORD MORE ABOUT VERDI	G. BERNARD SHAW	221
WANTED—A DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES	MORETON FREWEN	229
CAVALRY	WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, M.P.	239
NOTES ON THE PORTRAITS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR AND MARIA OF AUSTRIA	LIONEL CUST, F.S.A., DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY	73, 100

ILLUSTRATIONS

EDWARD VII.	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
THE CROWN OF ENGLAND	<i>To face page</i>	18
MADAME DE POMPADOUR DROUAIS	"	74
WILLOW-LEAF GREETING THE BRIDE AND BRIDE- GROOM	"	82
FROM A CHINESE PAINTING		
MARIA OF AUSTRIA	"	100
ROBERT BROWNING FIELD TALFOURD	"	148
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING FIELD TALFOURD	"	150



NOTE ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME. BY CYRIL DAVEN- PORT, F.S.A.



THE Persian, Arabian, and late Egyptian arts have contributed their quota to the motives of decoration of Western book-covers. From Arabia we derive directly the 'Arabic Knot,' which is so largely and effectively used by early Venetian binders both in blind and in gold, and there are many circular designs which appear to have an Arabic origin. The 'cable' pattern, probably derived from plaited rope or basket-work, is another which comes from Eastern sources. It is usually worked in blind, and occurs at an early date in combination with small gilt roundels in Oriental bindings as well as in early Italian ones.

Persian designs, rather than those from Arabia or Egypt, have, however, more distinctly and largely influenced our decorative designs for book-covers, and the most distinguishing point of these



FIG. 1.—The Arabic knot.



FIG. 2.—The cable pattern.

is the existence of a long upright central panel of narrow oval shape with pointed ends and gadrooned sides. This design doubtless originated in some country still farther eastward than Persia—possibly India—it appears frequently in many forms and adaptations in Oriental work of all classes. It is found on old blue and red Damascus tiles or plates, in Arabic metal work of copper or silver, and in Oriental carpets, tapestries, and woodwork; and is traceable in the native art of modern Egypt.

The central oval on bookbindings is commonly provided above and below with two small panels of like character, and is always found deeply impressed into the sides of the book. Sometimes this depression is made deep enough by means of strong pressure applied to the large cut-metal stamp which is used primarily for the purpose of fixing the gold leaf usually found on the groundwork, and rendering the arabesque patterns in relief upon it. In most of the finer examples the depressed panels are too deep to have been made in this way; but the work is effectively managed by means of the use of two boards, the upper of which is carefully pierced in the proper shapes and then fixed to the lower. By this expedient sunk panels with flat floors are easily and well made. The panels are afterwards treated in different ways. Sometimes they are thinly coated with some composition, like papier maché, gilded and stamped; some-

ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME

times they are covered with thin leather of various colours on which the gilding is done, the design in the coloured leather showing in relief. Sometimes the whole of the boards—the sunk panels as well as the upper surface—is ornamented elaborately by hand painting. In the case of Oriental books the designs in the sunk panels use arabesques or floral patterns; but in the Venetian bindings heraldic paintings are often put in the centre panel, and when the bindings enclose official publications the Lion of Saint Mark makes an effective and brilliant centre-piece.



FIG. 3.—Centre-piece on Venetian statutes.

The Persian bindings of this class are sometimes entirely gilded with gold leaf, the different designs being distinctively massed out by delicate tints of colour, either thinly varnished over the gold or made in with it; pale green, pale pink, and pale blue are the shades most usually found.

In all cases the heavy metal stamps used for the sunk panels, specimens of which may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, are deeply engraved with designs which when pressed strongly on the leather are produced in relief; in several of the richer bindings these

designs are picked out in colour by hand.

The original Oriental type of binding has not descended to us in its entirety. Many peculiarities which were not altogether suited to our Western requirements have been discontinued. For example, the leather flap projecting beyond the front edges of the book, and tucking in comfortably under the upper cover, is never found either in the Italian replicas of Persian work or in the more distant specimens of English sunk-panel work. The place of the flap is to some small extent filled by front-edge straps, often plaited, or by ties of ribbon.

Often the insides of the boards and of the flaps of the Oriental bindings are elaborately ornamented, now with delicate paintings under varnish, and then with curious arabesques cut in open work of leather or paper with a sharp knife and fixed over a groundwork of coloured or gilded paper or leather. The skill shown in

CYRIL DAVENPORT

some of the finest specimens of this minute work is marvellous. The stems and tendrils of the various flower designs are often no thicker than a hair ; yet they are truly and smoothly cut with unerring hand. The larger leaves and flowers are moulded by hand in low relief. This work is very delicate, and it but rarely occurs in good preservation outside a book ; its proper place is on the protected inner sides of the boards or on the flap.

The Oriental influence in bookbinding shows most strongly in Venetian work late in the fifteenth century and early in the sixteenth ; at which time Venice had a close commercial relationship with the East. The rich colour and the beautiful forms of Oriental designs may have pleasurably affected the bookbinders of the time, who were gloomy in the period of blind tooled leather—a reaction from the decorated mediæval styles.

Doubtless many of the imported treasures were richly gilded, and so we find the earliest specimens of European gold tooling in leather bookbinding among the early Italian imitations of Oriental work.

Double boards, the upper piece of which is pierced, were frequently used in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They are, however, in other respects decorated and finished in a manner different from that of the Oriental originals. The sunk panels of these books are made use of in several instances for delicate paintings—miniatures in oil. In one case, a large bible which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, there is a delicate portrait of her Majesty in the centre sunk oval panel of the upper cover. This portrait has been accidentally defaced, and it is now in a bad condition ; but the panel in the lower board has an elaborate painting by the same hand of the royal coat-of-arms which is in quite a good state. Other bindings of the same kind, of English authorship, have only the coat-of-arms, variously treated, shown in the centre panel.

There is one other easily-recognised remainder of the Oriental double boards which is not infrequently found on French, Italian, and (sometimes) English books of the sixteenth century. It consists of a peculiar groove running along the edges of the boards themselves, and is a survival of the constructive mark which would naturally occur in cases of the actual use of two boards fastened together. Soon it becomes only a decorative feature ; but, oddly enough, there has been a tendency to prolong the headband upon it. In some cases the broadly made headband gets only a short way along the groove, and is finished off an inch or so from the joint of the back ; but in one instance, a book bound for Queen Elizabeth, it is continued entirely along the edges of both boards.

The rich effect of light and shade which notably characterises these sunk-panel bindings, together with the brilliant colour which is often displayed upon them, renders these books, both in their

ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME

original form and in their developed form, worthy of comparison even with the highly-ornamented mediæval bindings in actual gold and silver ; but, of course, they are much more delicate. On the other hand, they are likely to cover the manuscript or printed books for which they were made ; whereas the ancient gold and silver bindings have notoriously been changed frequently, and it is only now and then that we find one of them which has not been long ago divorced from its original vellum.

The copy of Alessandro Piccolomini's work, '*Della Institutione Morale libri XII.*', printed at Venice in 1560, the binding of which has been chosen for this number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*, is bound in double boards covered with thin, smooth, red morocco.

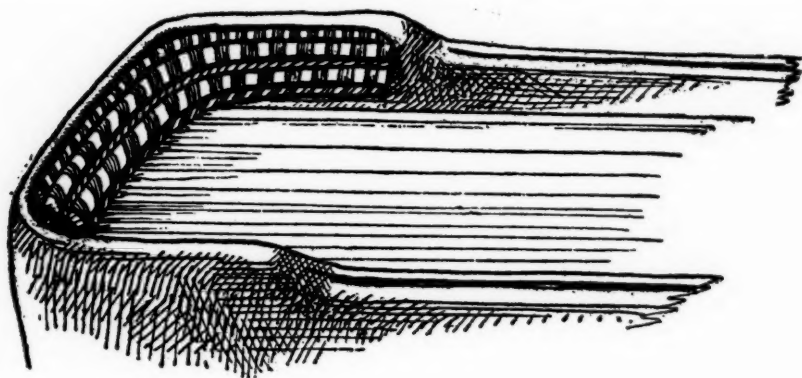


FIG. 4.—Headband.

The upper board is pierced in several places, and the flat floors of each of the pierced spaces are inlaid variously with either black or pale-brown leather. Each of these sunk panels has then been gilded by means of a metal plate having an outline like that of the pierced opening in the upper board, and deeply engraved on its surface with arabesque designs, which show in relief in the colour of the leather on which they are impressed on the gold ground.

The arabesque designs show in all the panels except the two small ones above and below the centre oval, in which are to be seen only large conventional flowers, the stalks of which curl outwards and form an edge along the inner margins of the panels.

The design as shown in the sunk panels consists of a central oval with gadrooned and re-curved outline, above and below which are two small panels of flower-like shape. These three are all inlaid with black leather. In relation to the angles of the inner panel there are panels with curvilinear inner faces, inlaid with brown leather. The outer-corner pieces are inlaid with black leather, and have upon them, as their chief feature, a small set design which was

CYRIL DAVENPORT

largely used by Thomas Berthelet, royal printer and binder to Henry VIII., on several of his bindings. The long panels between these outer-corner pieces are inlaid with brown leather and have upon them arabesques like those in the corners of the inner panel.

The outer panel is bounded on both sides by a narrow gilt border consisting of a central line of repetitions of a small S-shaped stamp nearly touching one another, between two straight lines. The sunk panels are all bordered, on the red leather, with a gold line, following their irregular outline, and are ornamented at close intervals with small trefoils having alternately short and long stalks, and projecting outwards from the panels.

This line, with its stalked trefoils, appears to have been indented by hand by means of some instrument like an agate style, and then carefully painted with powder gold. It is not technically 'gold-tooled.'

There are remains of single tie-ribbons at the upper edge and at the lower edge of each of the boards, and of double ones on the front edges. The line of demarcation between the two boards used as one is marked along the entire edge by a narrow gold line, without any depression.

The headbands are carefully drawn into the adjacent corners of the boards. The back is lettered on the first panel, and the other panels are ornamented with a pattern of straight lines.

The edges are gilded and guaffed with a rich adaptation of the cable pattern.

MONARCHY AND THE KING BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD



HERE are country feelings and town feelings: town feelings that find no more to live upon in the country than do lighted candles in a well; country feelings which, when taken to town, begin at once to languish out of life in an atmosphere fatal to sentimental fancies. But, when the feeling is born of great events equally affecting country and town, it may be common to both, however strange and unexpected; and if of common and spontaneous growth, and also unexpected, it must be something remarkable. Therefore I will tell you of a feeling which is so prevalent in these ruminating parts of the country that my neighbours all seem to share it, whether as thoughtful persons or as sheep; and you shall tell me whether you keen-witted Londoners are conscious of a similar baulk. Attention, then.

'Since the Queen died, the feeling has been that of men who, having walked these moors from boyhood, in all seasons, in all weathers, by night and day, are suddenly bewildered in them. The backward look is clear enough, though twilight falls upon it. The ground we bring-up to is familiar, and firmly seen from left to right. But from our feet forward is the murk of a thick mist heaven-high, through which we walk into country never seen before: its paths we know not what and lying we know not where. Quite like a dream-feeling, you perceive, but yet as much an actual experience as anything of the kind can be. I feel it myself as I go about my fields, see it in the faces of my neighbours when we talk what everybody talks, and hear it expressed too, though not often with intention: it comes out. Look at my case. You see that, having deliberately set out to speak of this visitation to you, I beat about the bush, so difficult is it to be plain without seeming to use the language of hyperbole or (what is worse) of a coddled emotionalism. But here goes! Not in any fear, not for want of confidence, it is as if we were leaving a world that we do know for one that we do not. With the entombment of the Queen comes an interval of night, which distinctly to our senses ends an unreturning day. "The old order changeth" we might have said; "comes to a finish" is what our surprised sensibilities bid us say, leaving all the threads of continuity in darkness. The Queen dies, and immediately it is as if we marched with our backs to a completed past and our faces to a future of which we see nothing. Through the cloud-curtain we go to a time of which we only know that it will have its own history. That is the strange and unexpected feeling in these parishes; and you know whether we north-country folk are apt to breed such-like fancies naturally. Now tell me if you find the same feeling in town, where there is so much more intelligence.'

So wrote a squire-farmer-student to his friend in London, in the days between the funeral of Queen Victoria and the opening of his

FREDERICK GREENWOOD

first Parliament by the King. And in those days the true answer was that the feeling here described seemed almost as common as if drawn from the air about us in breathing. Like the night-mist of the Yorkshireman's letter, it was not of a nature to last long ; but we all shared it—with or without inquiry, in much or little consciousness. Too closely resembling superstition to be mentioned in any public place, it could only be talked of in the small familiar companies where heads come near together. Not then, however, as anything alarming, but yet as strange and a surprise.

It is explicable, of course, and though many things may go to the explanation we should probably find that they all gather into one simple fact present with us all. The only England we know is an England under the sovereignty of a queen, who was one and the same during all our lives till yesterday. England has been re-made under the sovereignty of a queen : we know nothing by experience of the sovereignty of a king.

Formulate these reflections, and they fall far short of the philosophical ; but in every mind except the unhappy over-cultured there is enough of the primitive for them to appeal to in such an hour, even when reason has been called in and has had her say. Where Speculation opens her more ready lips and joins in, there is a great deal to say that is at least interesting. The idea of a queenly and that of a kingly reign are not the same ; and should Reason neglect the difference, Speculation advances it as matter-of-fact and to the point. The idea of a queenly and that of a kingly reign are, in fact, very different. Imagine each perfect according to the general concept of perfection for sovereign rule, and still they would differ ; imagine them at their worst, and they would differ more. And if there are differences between queenly and kingly sovereignty even when both are perfect, it is possible that there may be preferences, and that such preferences may either be confirmed or changed by changing conditions at home or abroad. Reason suggests and experience teaches that there are times when good and wise queenly rule is the better—times when the overlordship of a wise, true king is the greater luck.

Be it remembered, however, that each has its constant advantages—advantages that do not vary with the time and are unlike ; wherefore they must be brought to the balance when we amuse ourselves with weighing the claims of kings and queens to preference. This done, we shall find, I think, that queenly rule has most of these advantages in England, and so would have in any generous nation under constitutional government. Where the system is autocratic no woman should ever reign ; and, indeed, rarely does. Autocracy cannot lift the woman, the woman sinks in the autocrat ; and since that is in the nature of things, we should be prepared to find the woman's sovereignty most happy on the throne of a free people,

MONARCHY AND THE KING

versed in patriotic duties and long practised in the same. I do not offer England as the only example of such a country : take Holland for another and quite as good.

How it would be in a land of such advancement that women shared with men all the offices and traffic of the State can only be guessed. There a shifting of ideas might come about. But where it is possible to say that men are the nation, a queen is borne to the throne with an added loyalty, and is at once surrounded with more romance than defends and sustains a king. Spenser is her laureate. Her regality is of both queen and woman ; and on second thoughts she is the nation's daughter. These are her first advantages, and ours ; for if she do but sufficiently deserve them, the whole system of government is renewed in its graces and strengthened in its strength. Loyalty with a touch of the chivalrous is the stronger and the prouder—has more self-satisfaction and is readier to satisfy ;—and just as loyalty to the Crown increases, so does loyalty to every duty under the Crown.

By that I mean much more than the paid services. Good sovereign, good citizenship, is what I would say : the more respect for the one, the more regard for the other. Yet we may look to the relations of all the services with such a queen as we have lost. Turning to the army, the navy, the administrative services in the Indies, the colonies, at home, abroad, we see at once that the personal relation has an intimacy that could not be matched by another which is of a different character. There is a similar difference—and we all know how wide and how good it is—between the relation of sons and their mothers and of fathers and sons. So enhanced and adorned, the personal relation between Crown and country rises to inestimable value, if only its influence on the daily life of the nation is regarded ; though it is never so strongly felt an influence, of course, as at times of national danger. But it has a deeper effect in renewing the fund of national confidence, which is no small matter ; and this it does by clarifying, justifying, reanimating the monarchical principle upon which the whole fabric of the British empire rests. Was not this done in the last reign ? Though England has again to face grave troubles, and though some constitutional aids to the right working of the State are too plainly failing or disordered, never was the country more content than now with its system of government, or more reliant on it ; and this confidence has spread far from home. The greater British colonies had, of course, a natural bias to republican independence. Both Canada and Australia looked that way as to ' what it would come to ' by drift direct ; and for a long while there was no other expectation in England. The bias changed—certainly under no single influence. But the decisive influences were all akin, and all were loyalty in one shape or another. Loyalty to the Crown

FREDERICK GREENWOOD

was high among them, by name ; and it was asserted at last with more enthusiasm than can be accounted for if it only meant desire to be again baptized into the British constitution. That the closer union of England and her colonies would have come about under kingly rule is not to be questioned ; but the warmth of the union, the heart in the business, the ardent, gallant way of it—that would not have been the same but for the presence on the throne of a well-loved Majesty the Queen.

Some less-observed advantages of queenly rule (in England and under a sovereignty of good sense and conduct is always assumed, of course) have much importance. That the king can do no wrong is an epigrammatic statement of one of the soundest principles of the British constitution. By intention and effect it throws upon ministers of the Crown the whole responsibility for the mistakes and misdeeds of the Government ; and the constitution never works so well as when parliament and people hold strictly by an understanding which is not only mightily convenient but entirely just. For several reasons, most of them arising from the infirmities of human nature and the looseness of political passion, this is more likely to be done under queenly rule than under the sovereignty of a king. It is known, of course, that in the affairs in which the king can do no wrong he habitually takes part. It is at the same time his duty and his right to do so as head of the State ; and as head of the State he may bring great influence to bear on a minister, or may be subject to the same if the minister is a powerful, self-willed, popular man. Either case strengthens the rule for fixing all responsibility on the minister ; who, upon any ill consequence, should answer for his weakness if that be the fault, or else for his wilfulness. A queen comes to the throne, and this wholesome principle works to the utmost advantage ; being helped to do so by imagination and feeling generously active in the public mind. It is but a natural assumption, however, that a queen, though bred at court from her cradle, cannot have the breadth of knowledge, the grasp, the calculation, the familiarity with obscure forces, the so much else that gives to trained statesmanship its confidence and authority ; and also natural and man-like to assume that even though not unversed in affairs, even though consciously endowed with the surer wisdom which is born and not made, she being a woman would contend but faintly against such authority. Loyalty to the king is defensive ; loyalty to the queen is protective ; and such a loyalty is quite capable of feeling (without knowing anything about it but the nature of things) that her Majesty is only too much oppressed by the superiority of her minister and his claims to management. And so, with this and with that, the public mind exacts the full measure of responsibility from the queen's ministers for all that goes wrong ; will not have her name mentioned in connection with it ; nor does

MONARCHY AND THE KING

any politician or any faction dare to make play with her suspected 'meddling,' 'obstinacy,' 'selfishness,' or anything of the sort. And thus one of the most essential principles of government in England is maintained and its wisdom illustrated; the Crown is shielded from factious attack and brawling insult; the statesman is braced for his duties by what true capacity enjoys rather than fears—open and complete responsibility; the House of Commons has its just minimum of embarrassment in dealing with the Executive; and nothing suffers but tawdry gossip and malicious innuendo.

These are considerable advantages—as serviceable in upholding the stability and dignity of government as in easing the business of the State; and they are among those which a reigning queen brings in her pocket, while a king has to earn before he can confer them or their likes. He may even earn and not have them in violently factious times, and in a country where an abundant press has abundant freedom. The loyalty which is his portion includes the idea that he is able to take care of himself: a most proper inclusion, but one that differentiates it to great effect and in many undeclared ways from the protective loyalty that gathers round a queen. The pathetic assumption of inexperience, imperfect acquaintance with the world, the natural subjection of the woman's will to the man's in complex affairs, all disappears; giving place to assumptions of a different order and much less intimately felt. Whatever the king's inexperience, it is assumed without much thought to resemble that of the lad who is put into the water in expectation that he will duly find his way to shore. The idea is that kings take a more pressing and influential part in the direction of affairs, assert their likes and dislikes more positively, and therefore *have* a responsibility which reduces 'the king can do no wrong' to less of a fact and more of a convenient political fiction. In any particular case this may not be true. But, true or not, it can be reported without exciting surprise; and, the sentiment being absent which resents all such reports, assertion or insinuation of the king's interference here, the king's 'occult influence' there, is at the service of any political gossip, any public writer, any rebellious faction or party of discontent that may choose to make use of it.

Behold a difference of considerable moment in the working of constitutional monarchy which has nothing to do with its merits as a system of government; nothing to do with them, as we see when we reflect that the difference may appear when the influence of the sovereign in public affairs under kingly rule is as temperate and beneficial as was ever dreamed under queenly rule. The better and the worse are determined not by the prince but by the people; not by the different working and different effect of a certain system of government on the fortunes and prejudices of the governed, but by the operation in the one case of emotions unassociated with

FREDERICK GREENWOOD

statecraft, and the complete suspension of them in the other. Natural emotions?—beyond doubt; and here most admirable and fortunate. Inevitable suspension?—of course; though not in all its consequences nor in any of the worst. Yet these, too, are inevitable in the sense of being pretty sure to recur as long as political passions are allowed their accustomed licence.

And that is why it is necessary in discussing the conditions of sovereignty in Britain—and of course they are much discussed just now—to distinguish between kingly rule and queenly rule. They may be the same in every matter of fact, but the idea of them is not the same; and the difference of idea introduces a difference of conditions which is doubly interesting. It is of immediate interest for the politicians of to-day, when a king begins his reign, and it broadly illustrates the influence of the commonest instincts and affections of human nature on scientific government. There could have been no pre-supposed bearing of the relations of the sexes on Imperial Federation (which they certainly furthered in the time of Queen Victoria) and they are not obvious agents in the binding and loosing of political intemperance—yet they have that effect.

We have been talking in the general of what must be always true,¹ but not without thoughts of its application to the immediate past and the immediate future of monarchy in England. And it will not do to keep these thoughts in obscurity, or by throwing their shadows on the page leave their substantial meaning to exaggerating surmise. What has been said of the advantages which a queen may bring in her pocket is the story of what a queen did bring; and that in our meaning was not the sagacity, the political instinct which experience ripened, but something else and something different that was immediately felt and responded to even by the hacks of the old *régime*. There is plentiful witness to that in the letters and memoirs of the time. A glance thrown back to the preceding reigns, and then carried on to the end of the century, and no more need be said of the immediate completed past. The new reign opens a new period of kingly rule with its own conditions, which in certain respects are what we have described. That they will assert themselves in some measure should be expected—firstly because to do so is reasonable, and secondly because it is expedient. But—besides that kingly rule is not without its own *peculium* of advantage, to appear in due time—the garnered good of the last reign affords a rich inheritance to this. The queen dies, but the high romantic loyalty engendered in her reign still streams to the throne from

¹ It would be quite as true, of course, if, instead of supposing queenly rule and kingly rule under equally wise and good constitutional sovereignty, the predication were in both cases to the contrary. The peculiar vices of a bad queen-regnant would work a superiority of evil through insurrection of the instincts and promptings which gather to the flag of a good queen. Goodness, however, and not badness, is for every reason the right assumption.

MONARCHY AND THE KING

every place that Englishmen inhabit. No king ever had so fine an heritage, I suppose ; and though it cannot be maintained in its original character, its transformation to a less vivid and poetic loyalty is all the change to be looked for. From a prince less known, a prince whose personal relations with the country were undetermined, all feeling of the kind might be withheld, of course ; and in that case the prosperity of the monarchical principle—a prosperity which we the people delight in—might have been kept in abeyance for a while. But that is not the case. The personal relation with the country of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was well established long since ; and its consistent reticences, even more than its activities and the choice of them, leave us in no doubt. While he was Prince the personal relation was precisely the right one, according to what we of the other part consider the proper and fortunate working of the monarchical system. The just understanding and the scrupulous observance so displayed are now carried to the performance of the highest duties of the State ; and they had already given to us the assurance that was more feebly conveyed in words when his Majesty made his first address to Parliament. Speaking then of the queen, his mother, he said : ‘ It is my earnest desire to walk in her footsteps.’ Well, we knew it ; convinced by the prince’s rules of conduct in public affairs, and believing that we saw in him certain inherited qualities of mind.

Nevertheless, the king’s reign is not to be mistaken for a continuation or repetition of the reign of Victoria. It is a new beginning, upon an old course which, though swept and garnished and illumined and defined as it never was before, lies lower ; and it is exposed to irruptions which need not be described twice over. Complete avoidance of them is improbable. In what measure they will return depends greatly upon the fortunes of the country—the fortunes of war, the fortunes of trade, changed relations abroad, at home the renovation or continued decay of political institutions associated with the Crown but independent of it. No misfortunes or excitements arising from such causes would have brought the name of the queen into the street, or would have been allowed to reflect upon the Sovereign’s share of responsibility for the welfare and good guidance of the State. The king can have no such immunity, though he may equally well deserve it.

Equally well deserve it. Upon these words may be hung a remark of greater novelty and quite to the purpose. The argument for constitutional monarchy plants one leg on an assumed fund of political integrity and sagacity in parliaments and other more select councils which can always be drawn upon, whereas the Crown will sometimes run short. Confidence in the fund was so reasonable that an opposite contingency was never contemplated ; wherefore there is no provision for anything of the kind. Recent experience

FREDERICK GREENWOOD

suggests, however, that the undreamt-of might actually happen. At a time when the Crown was credited with sound innate wisdom, the other fund sank at such a rate, and with so little promise of renewal, that it seemed capable of running out altogether; and it is soberly believed now that that is the case. It becomes credible that a constitutional monarchy may be ruined not at the central point where all its dangers were supposed to lie, but by the lapse of mother-wit in its saving institutions.

In what sense is it a consequence of this failure that formal strengthening of the powers of the Crown has been seriously proposed? Do they who offer the suggestion illustrate thereby the decline of political instinct, or are they wise men moved by anxiety at the retirement of a faculty once common in England from her representative and other political institutions? They are probably men of both kinds; certainly there can be no doubt of the retirement. At first suspected, next acknowledged, it is now at the third stage—explanation. Curiously coincident with the discovery of unimagined poisons in beer, the suspicion is that the old, robust, rarely-failing political instinct of Englishmen is being sapped by some furtive agencies in education. Something in Culture—a profusely efflorescent development of education—appears to detract so much from mental fibre and fruit in the higher ranks of political practitioners that both are in danger of perishing. So it is said, and that often. What else is said is only uttered by some daring, much-provoked voice from a vast diffusion of consciousness afraid to speak. Afraid myself, I quote its expression from one who, with genius in him, is People's Friend by all acknowledgment. He says of the people, in his latest and most chastened work, 'Now that their board-school literacy enables every penman to play upon their romantic illusions, they will be led by the nose far more completely than they ever were by playing on their former ignorance and superstition. Nay, why should I say they will be?—they *are*. Ten years of cheap reading have changed the English from the most stolid nation in Europe to the most theatrical and hysterical.' Mr. Bernard Shaw is, I will not say right—(he himself was not hardy enough to speak all his meaning out at once)—but certainly not far wrong. Yet if not, we have such a picture of the institutions which support constitutional sovereignty in England that the powers of the Crown may indeed need extension.

But, patience and let the day go by. It must be Culture, I think, that makes this alarming suggestion, being unaware that Hysteria, from whom it takes mandates, would be restored to reason at once were it asked to sign and seal such a proposal. I prefer to think that the mind of the nation is under a passing cloud; and that its fitness to contribute to the maintenance of the only system of government it ever loved, the only system it can be happy with,

MONARCHY AND THE KING

will return. It has been seen many times that the intellects of a nation have their moods and changes, their ups and downs. There will be ascents, descents, aberrations. Even from descent with aberration there is recovery ; and when the unabated vigour of the popular mind reasserts itself, it should not be to find its constitutional functions definitely narrowed.

The only system of government which the people of this island can be happy with and prosper. Of the multitude of Anglo-Saxons in America, many may wonder at this description of monarchy ; but we shall not be surprised at their wonder. They had an entirely new beginning in the cutting off of monarchy, and well it has answered. Such a new beginning for England would be but a few steps from the end, to which we should stumble like broken men in the rout of a last defeat. From the family to the tribe, from the tribe to constitutional monarchy, is the natural tradition of a people in whom the spirit of freedom is indomitable and the love of order equally pressing. But though political systems of natural growth are almost invariably satisfactory, and are so on that account, they are not always a joy ; and it is a fact that even in these times, which cannot be called fortunate or flattering, the confidence of Englishmen in their system of government borders on that feeling. It has been a noisier satisfaction in other days, as when an inferior frog-eating nation decapitated monarchy and rushed into republicanism ; but never was it so convinced a sentiment as now. Political aptitude in the people dwindles ; in Parliament, opinion, courage, independence leak away ; but faith in an institution thus enfeebled is more buoyant than ever. The faulty systems of administration by which we suffer are described as growths of the constitution ; in fact, they are the contrivance of administrators. In no matter of importance does government in England go wrong by inherent fault of constitutional monarchy. In matters of the first moment it works to the desired end in ways so quiet and irresistible as to compare with Nature's own. Its restraint upon incursionary personal ambitions is perfect and yet unfelt ; for while no genius, no service to the State, no popularity—even though they were as Nelson's, Wellington's, and that which Mr. Gladstone declined from all put together—could suggest disturbance of the settled order of the realm, yet nowhere in the world is a great servant of the State a greater man by any measure than the world applies to greatness. Therefore, while they have a reward for which 'kings might wish to die,' the highest ambitions are kept in the purest current, and are bounded by limitations which are their greatest honour. The best virtues of republican genius and heroism are imposed upon them as much as if by republican sentiment ; for they can never be more than servants of the State, which is actually and visibly above the highest of them.

And I do not mean by that the Sovereign—certainly not the

FREDERICK GREENWOOD

Sovereign alone or chiefly ; unless as to the word 'visible.' By 'the State' I meant the State in the sense and idea of the American meaning, for example ; but I now include the Sovereign as representing the idea in all that it signifies and all at the same moment. Who or what else can do so to the like effect ? One thing only : the flag ! The flag speaks for unity, continuity, history, aspiration, duty, sacrifice, everything ; and it is, perhaps (but hereabout is unsafe ground for one who has nought but impressions to go by),—it is, perhaps, because the Stars and Stripes are the one permanent symbol of all this in the United States that no other flag is so passionately adored. Our own 'rag' is not generally slighted ; at the same time it seems good to Britons to bring down from long tradition a kingly embodiment of the State—of the State in all its functions ; and good that the representation of all should be enhanced by the possession of authority in all. It is an authority that has to be delegated, of course, almost completely ; but always in its transfer, and often in its customary exercise, it has to pass from hand to hand under the flag, so to speak : and let no man say that there is nothing sacramental in that.

To be king in England, however, is not only to be head of the State in State affairs. Other duties are expected of him, and become highly important in a society crowded with great and busy interests, and well understood, many of them, to concern the good of the community next after the first essentials of security and order. And listening to what is said of the heightened importance of the Crown, and its larger responsibilities since certain colonial developments began, we cannot doubt that it is true ; nor can we doubt it more true than it would be were these same developments completed and not at their beginning. Remembering then our recent discovery of the old queen's heavy labours (I like to say 'the old queen,' as they did after the days of Elizabeth), and remembering, too, that the king's can be no lighter in the same troubled field, we see that the greater affairs of sovereignty in the new reign are a growing inheritance. Nevertheless, the expectation is that the social duties of the Crown will be taken up in a way to make amends for a long abeyance which yet was not neglect. If time will serve to fulfil both expectations neither will be disappointed. If the new reign begins at a time of grave troubles, and if the king has to face them without the favour and allowance that were the queen's, he meets them with an equipment of observation, experience, and character most fit ; that is to say, most fit for his own service and the country's. The world which is 'developing' in all directions as if by machination of the stars is no more a surprise to him than to any other prince in Europe or any minister. The new king is an observer old enough to have witnessed the beginning of all the change that troubles statesmen to-day. If there be anything in a

MONARCHY AND THE KING

long apprenticeship to the wisdom that answers best in the place which he inherits, he has that advantage. If it is something to have seen how much might be lost by adopting unexpected courses, that also is to his profit. But if the common belief on this great matter be right, and much the same mind that was applied to public affairs in the last reign will be applied to them in this, the king need not be more fortunate nor the people more content. The best furniture for the mind of the Sovereign of these realms is home-spun common sense, the divination, seldom high but mostly sure, which usually accompanies that faculty, will enough to express opinion strongly, restraint enough to do so within the bounds of the prerogative. Genius may be omitted—that were better found elsewhere; and it is not to be expected that, with a similar endowment of good sense and foresight, the king's influence in affairs of high politics will be greater than was the queen's.

Yet now we may hope to see where the advantages of kingly rule over queenly rule come in. They are eminently capable of effect in matters of administration. For the most part, administrative business is of such a character that the Sovereign cannot be accused of political dictation or party feeling when he insists upon its being rightly carried on. War-office administration may be fitly mentioned to illustrate what is meant. Since no policy can hope for success by bad administration, since bad administration too often is or breeds political dishonesty, and since there seems to be plenty of it in England—here is work high enough for any ambition, and most fit for the chief magistrate and head of all departments. But not work for queen and woman.

It is not, however, to such duties as these, but to the social duties of the Sovereign, that the livelier expectation turns. Thirty years ago the retirement of the Court, at first lamented gently, provoked absolute discontent. Complaint then fell by degrees as it rose by degrees, and was heard no more till the month of February in the present year. What damage Society was obliged to endure in the meanwhile it is impossible to say; but at the beginning Trade complained very plausibly of falling profits, and Society of its declining morals. The facts are rather obscure. It is certain, however, that Trade soon afterwards recovered its briskness, and that Society appeared content with its morality. In that condition both remained till a week after the old queen's death; and then, and although there had been brighter days since a certain great festival (how good it is to think of that day now!), again did moan arise over the unhappy consequences of a Court too much retired.

And of course a Court can be too much retired. It has been said many times, but never untruly, that the social influences of the Crown have a wide scope, and a very great and positive effect on the prosperity of the community and much else besides. This way or

FREDERICK GREENWOOD

that, of course. Not in a good way when the Court is a George the Fourth's, for example ; but this is to speak not only of other days but of another world. Manners have an importance next after morality, and are open to immediate influence. How much the Arts may prosper or decay—taste in everything also—is painfully known ; and that brings on the rival claims of Magnificence and Simplicity. On which or on what account the grievance about the Court was revived this year is not so uncertain as it might be. Morality is out of the question : we drop morality. Manners are by general admission excessively bad, but their improvement is never talked of in a hankering spirit. The arts are not at all in a bad way, though taste in some trivial things of great significance is monstrous and abhorrent ; but Queen Alexandra will see to it that women cease to emulate the Bushman's *coiffure* and make anatomical distortion of all below. We come to the question of magnificence or simplicity ; and the call upon the Court is for magnificence.

Had it only been for both—for simple Magnificence, for magnificent Simplicity ! But that is not the idea. With modifications, it may be granted at Court, and, being granted, will be modified with additions by Society. But for that certainty and one or two others of a like character, there would be nothing to say against a splendid Court ; nor do I attempt anything. A certain magnificence is due to the State, and may be asked of King Edward without fear of excess. These are not times for such excess. Here again there will be no disappointment. In council—sagacity, firmness, moderation. In the world—consideration, generosity, gracious ways, and a fine and liberal patronage of the Arts. This is every man's forecast of the reign of Edward the Seventh.

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN BY CYRIL DAENVPORT



HERE is a considerable amount of literature concerning the interesting subject of the coronation ceremonies followed by our English kings and queens. Some of these books are generally authoritative; but as a rule they deal with particular coronations and the proceedings on those occasions only. The actual ceremony itself is largely religious, and the priestly character of the sovereign is clearly recognised in the liturgical part of the office, as well as in part of the vesting and of the enduing with some of the pieces of the regalia. The most important modern authority on the subject is a very valuable and curious little vellum book of thirty-three leaves and some miniatures, which is still preserved in the older part of the library at Westminster Abbey. It is known as the *Liber Regalis*, and gives a detailed account of all the words spoken and ceremonies observed at the coronation of Richard II. The opening words show that not only is the order as here given intended to recount what happened at that particular coronation, but also that it indicates how such things should properly be conducted in the future. The words are, 'Hic est ordo secundum quem Rex debet coronari pariter et inungi.' Truly the form as given in the *Liber Regalis* is that which has in the main been closely followed whenever the coronation of our kings has been carried out in a ceremonial fashion. A similar order has been used for continental sovereigns. Indeed, in all Christian countries, it may be said, in the main point the ceremonial order for the coronation of a king is alike, apart from certain small differences in detail. After the introductory sentence come the prayers, and instructions as to the anointing and enduing with the various items of the regalia, each of which has its symbolical meaning; and most of these ancient jewels have their nearly exact counterparts now in the Tower among the regalia of her late Majesty Queen Victoria; the vestments also are represented in name as well as in general shape among those which were used at the last coronation and until lately were preserved in the Robes Office at St. James' Palace.

The general sequence of the different proceedings appears to have been begun by the act of consecration or anointing with specially prepared oil or cream. In mediæval times this ceremony was most important and the longest. The anointing was not only on the head, as it is now, but also on several other places on the upper part of the body. In one of the figures of a vestment worn by James II. can be seen the openings left for this anointing, after which they were tied up with ribbons fixed for that purpose. Then followed the enduing with the linen under-vestment called a 'colobium sindonis,' white and simple; then the 'tunica talaris,' probably



The Crown of England
(“St. Edward's Crown”)

Engraved by the Author
with the special permission of
Her Majesty Victoria in 1857

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN BY CYRIL DAENVPORT



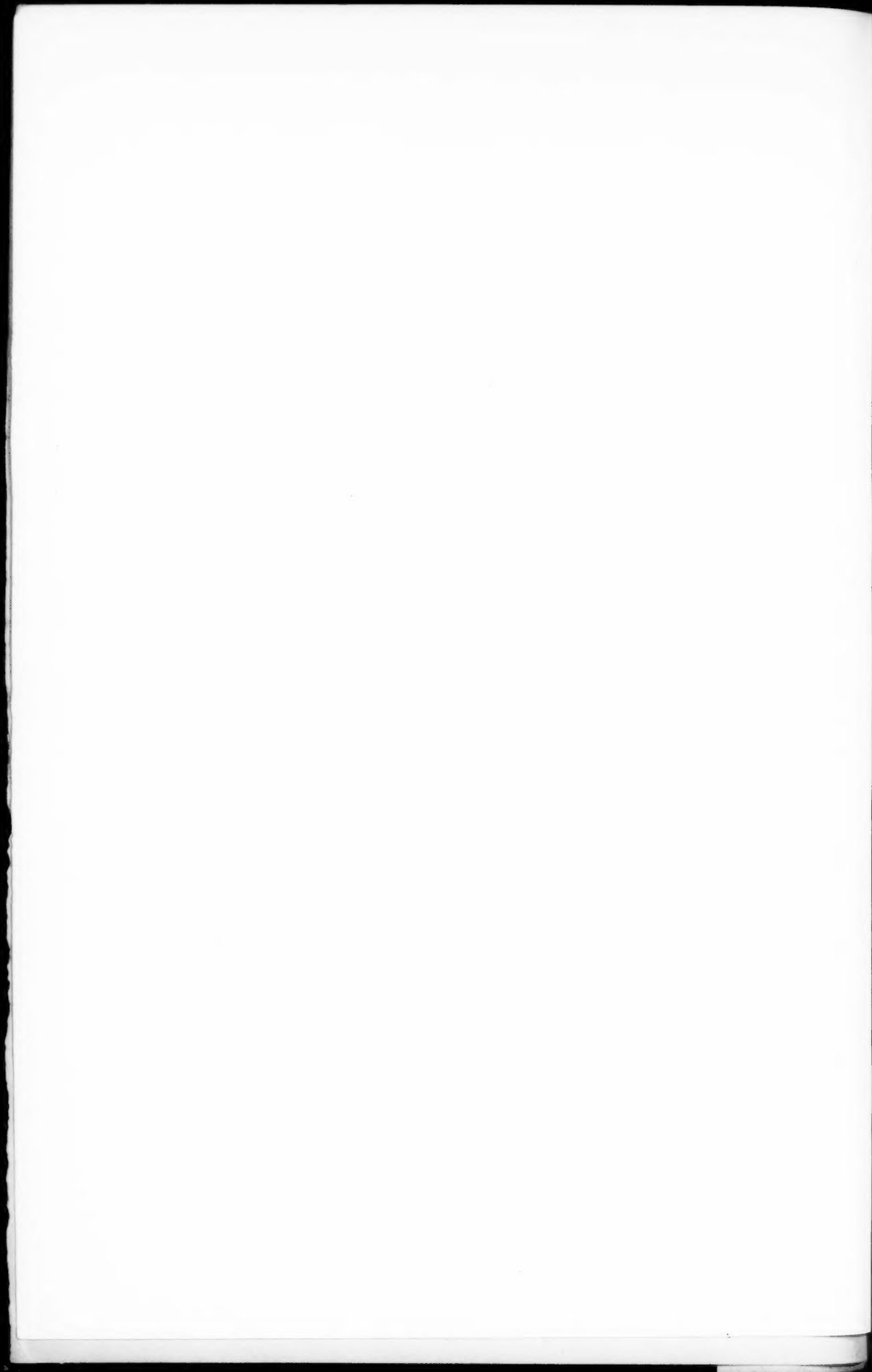
HERE is a considerable amount of literature concerning the interesting subject of the coronation ceremonies followed by our English kings and queens. Some of these books are generally authoritative; but as a rule they deal with particular coronations and the proceedings on those occasions only. The actual ceremony itself is largely religious, and the priestly character of the sovereign is clearly recognised in the liturgical part of the office, as well as in part of the vesting and of the enduing with some of the pieces of the regalia. The most important modern authority on the subject is a very valuable and curious little vellum book of thirty-three leaves and some miniatures, which is still preserved in the older part of the library at Westminster Abbey. It is known as the *Liber Regalis*, and gives a detailed account of all the words spoken and ceremonies observed at the coronation of Richard II. The opening words show that not only is the order as here given intended to recount what happened at that particular coronation, but also that it indicates how such things should properly be conducted in the future. The words are, 'Hic est ordo secundum quem Rex debet coronari pariter et inungi.' Truly the form as given in the *Liber Regalis* is that which has in the main been closely followed whenever the coronation of our kings has been carried out in a ceremonial fashion. A similar order has been used for continental sovereigns. Indeed, in all Christian countries, it may be said, in the main point the ceremonial order for the coronation of a king is alike, apart from certain small differences in detail. After the introductory sentence come the prayers, and instructions as to the anointing and enduing with the various items of the regalia, each of which has its symbolical meaning; and most of these ancient jewels have their nearly exact counterparts now in the Tower among the regalia of her late Majesty Queen Victoria; the vestments also are represented in name as well as in general shape among those which were used at the last coronation and until lately were preserved in the Robes Office at St. James' Palace.

The general sequence of the different proceedings appears to have been begun by the act of consecration or anointing with specially prepared oil or cream. In mediæval times this ceremony was most important and the longest. The anointing was not only on the head, as it is now, but also on several other places on the upper part of the body. In one of the figures of a vestment worn by James II. can be seen the openings left for this anointing, after which they were tied up with ribbons fixed for that purpose. Then followed the enduing with the linen under-vestment called a 'columbum sindonis,' white and simple; then the 'tunica talaris,' probably



The Crown of England
(*"St. Edward's Crown"*)

*From a photograph by the Author,
taken by special permission of
Queen Victoria in 1842.*



CYRIL DAVENPORT

cloth of gold or some other rich material, equivalent to the dalmatica still worn, and the sandals and socks which have been discontinued since, I believe, the coronation of James II. The stole was probably put on just after the dalmatica, and, at all events lately, hung straight down over the neck in front of each shoulder. It appears in several cases, however, to have been worn crossed on the breast; it is so shown on a beautiful gold bulla of the Emperor Frederick III., made during the fifteenth century.

Then come the sword, an emblem of military dominion; then the spurs; and at last the pallium regale, a four-square cope without arms or arm-holes, 'cum aquilis aureis,' which eagles are embroidered in silver on the mantle worn by Queen Victoria.

After the pallium is the crowning with the crown, the giving of the ring and the two sceptres, one with the cross and the other with the dove, both of which are accurately represented in the Tower to-day. There is no mention of the orb in the *Liber Regalis*; but it certainly was used. It is shown on the great seal of Edward the Confessor as a simple sphere; afterwards it appears regularly on the great seals of our sovereigns. It is often shown with a long stem rising from it, and may indeed be only a modified form of sceptre. As it is now, it no doubt signifies the dominion of Christ over the entire world, and is used by all Christian kings and queens.

Note how nearly the ceremonies of anointing and the prayers used all through resemble those used at the consecration of a bishop; also the curious fact that most of the vestments and regalia have actually a priestly analogy. The crown represents the mitre; the sceptres are the bishop's staff and crozier; the 'colobium sindonis' is the alb or rochet; the 'tunica talaris' the dalmatica; the stole is actually the same in both cases, as is the ring; and the imperial mantle is the cope. The sword and the spurs alone are military. The orb does not seem to have anything to do with either. It is in itself the unique symbol of Christian sovereignty, and is never carried except by an actual individual ruler.

All the subsequent books dealing with the coronation follow the order as given in the *Liber Regalis*; but several of them give many interesting details as to particular coronations, and certain of the larger works are finely illustrated.

Sir Edward Walker, Garter Principal King-at-Arms, has left a circumstantial account of the proceedings at the coronation of his Majesty King Charles II., on April 23, 1661. The manuscript, certified to be authentic by Sir 'George Nayler Clarenceux,' was printed and published by T. Baker in London in 1820, with nine engraved and aqua-tinted plates of various objects—regalia and vestments—used at the ceremony, copied from the original drawings as given by Sir Edward Walker himself. These small illustrations are singularly interesting. They show with great accuracy the first forms adopted

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN

for the new regalia which were made for Charles II. to supplant those which had been ruthlessly destroyed under the commonwealth. The designs found upon them are supposed to be as nearly like those of the destroyed pieces as it was possible to make them. In 1661 John Ogilby published a relation of his Majesty's entertainment passing through the City of London to his coronation. It is illustrated by large engravings. That was followed in the next year by a more important work on the same subject, illustrated splendidly with elaborate views of the procession, mostly engraved by Wenceslaus Hollar. The letterpress for this book was revised for publication, at the king's command, by Sir Edward Walker, Garter. A still later edition was published in 1685 by William Morgan, and it is a very valuable authority on the order of the coronation procession. It is to be noted that the figure of the king is shown under a canopy and wearing the peers' crimson velvet cap turned up with miniver, without any coronet over it. As far as I know, this is the only occasion on which the peers' cap is ever worn alone; in the case of all other peers the coronet invariably accompanies the cap. At the same time, it is obviously within the right of any peer to wear his cap without the coronet at his discretion; but it would be difficult to say on what particular occasion this would be the correct official dress. Evidently it is the proper official headdress of a king on his way to be crowned; it is shown in other contemporary drawings. It is probably a modified form of the ancient cap of maintenance.

The coronation of King James II. has found a skilful chronicler in Francis Sandford, Lancaster Herald-of-Arms, who wrote a careful account of it, which was published in 1687 by Thomas Newcomb, under the title of 'The History of the Coronation of . . . James II., King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, and of his royal consort, Queen Mary.' It is excellently illustrated with large engravings, of which nineteen show the details of the procession, and two the different articles of the regalia and the vestments. The best of these engravings were executed by W. Sherwin and S. Moore. Sandford received a secret-service payment from the king of £300 towards defraying the expenses of this work, which came to about double that sum.

Particular mention is made here of the well-known ruby which was certainly set in the State crown of Charles II., and is said to have belonged to a king of Granada in 1367, who was murdered by Don Pedro, King of Castile, because of it. It is said to have belonged then to Edward the Black Prince, and to have been presented to him by Don Pedro after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria. It is supposed to have been worn by Henry V. in his helmet-crown at Agincourt in 1415; since which time it has been a crown jewel. How it survived the destruction of the regalia under the commonwealth is

CYRIL DAVENPORT

nowhere recorded. There was, however, a commission appointed by the House of Lords soon after the Restoration to seize and secure any of the crown jewels that could be found ; and Mr. Kynnersley, afterwards an officer of the wardrobe to King Charles II., was nominated to carry out their instructions. Possibly the great red stone was recovered in consequence of this precaution. It is mentioned by Sandford as 'a wonderful large ruby set in the middle of one of the four crosses (on the circlet of the crown), esteemed worth ten thousand pounds.' The stone is now the centre ornament of the front cross-patée on Queen Victoria's State crown. It is an irregular drop-shaped oval, measuring about two inches in length, and is highly polished on the natural rounded surface. It is pierced on its longer axis after the Oriental fashion, having probably been originally used as a bead on a necklace ; the upper opening of the piercing is now filled up with a small ruby set in gold. It is really a magnificent specimen of a red Spinel or Balas ruby, a stone which can be scratched by the ruby and will itself scratch the garnet, and belongs to a mineral species entirely different from that of the true ruby, which is one of the many varieties of corundum.

Another stone in the State crown of James II. is mentioned particularly by Sandford. It is the faceted sphere on which the cross rests at the top of the crown, and is described as 'one entire stone, of a sea-water-green colour, known by the name of an Agmarine.' The stone is still kept, or said to be kept, with the regalia in the Tower, and this, as far as figure and description go, is the same ; but it is not an Aquamarine, being indeed only pale green glass.

There is a view of the coronation procession of William and Mary in an account published in 1727 ; in which tract also there is a general record of the coronation ceremonies as observed in England.

Richard Thomson, the antiquary, wrote an account of the ceremonies observed at the coronation of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, with a plate of the procession engraved by F. Deeves, in which, in manner similar to that of Charles II., their Majesties are shown wearing peers' caps alone. It was published in London by John Major in 1820. An earlier account of the same ceremony was published anonymously in 1761.

In 1820 a curious little tract was published by the Rev. Jones Dennis, which gives much interesting information concerning the symbolical meaning of the various pieces of the regalia, and particularly considers the liturgical part of the coronation service. Another tract, called the 'Round Table,' was published anonymously in the same year ; but this concerns itself more especially with the coronation procession.

The most splendid of all the books yet published concerning any English coronation is that which was begun by Sir George Nayler,

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN

Garber King-of-Arms, the first two parts of which were published in 1824. It is a large atlas folio, and illustrates the chief incidents in the coronation of King George IV. on July 19, 1821. The drawings were made when possible from the actual personages. It is said that all the figures are good portraits. They were chiefly made by Chalon, Stephanoff, Pugin, and Wild, and are exquisitely engraved in delicate pointille work with some aqua tint. Many of the copies are partly printed in coloured inks and partly coloured by hand. The robes and costumes worn by the royal dukes and the different peers in their degrees are so accurately and beautifully shown that this book is an absolute authority in these ceremonial details. It is said that the Government allowed Sir George Naylor £5000 towards the cost of this book, but that, even with this help and the large fees paid by the personages figured in it, it was not a financial success. It will always remain a splendid example of a book produced without regard to cost. The text is subsidiary. It is printed in gold letters; on each page is a cartouche above the engravings, which occupy the lower part of each leaf. The materials contained in these two parts were afterwards incorporated with supplementary matter and republished in a smaller form in 1839. Sir George Naylor's plates are beautiful; but they are wrong in one particular. All the peers' coronation robes look as if they are new, and several of these peers bear old titles. It is curious that the one official occasion on which old clothes are thought more of than new is this very one of the coronation. The more faded and worn a peer's robes are, the more he values them—on the excellent ground that to some extent they bear visible witness to the antiquity of his title.

My friend, Dr. J. Wickham Legg, an acknowledged authority on all liturgical matters, published a valuable tract on the 'Sacrings of the English Kings' in 1894. It is illustrated by photographs of the vestments worn by Queen Victoria at her coronation. My own book on 'The English Regalia' was published in 1897. Owing to the great help of photography, and the skilled chromolithography of Mr. William Griggs, I was able to illustrate the monograph with several valuable and fairly accurate plates of all the more important pieces of the regalia as they then were. For reproductions of this kind, photography is undoubtedly of the greatest value, and, although the plates given by Walker, Ogilby, Sandford and Naylor are of inestimable authority, they would be infinitely more so if they could have been photographed instead of having been drawn by hand.

From the time of Richard II. until that of Charles II., whenever a king had to be crowned he usually proceeded in State procession from the Tower to Westminster. Several of these coronation processions were of great splendour. They were followed by the coronation in the Abbey itself and the banquet in Westminster Hall—the regalia

CYRIL DAVENPORT

having been brought from the Tower, and handed over, for the time being, to the Prebendaries of Westminster in their ancient capacity as 'Curators of the Regalia.'

In the time of Edward the Confessor, to whom many of the existing pieces are dedicated, the regalia were kept in the Treasury chamber in the cloisters at Westminster. The abbot and monks had charge of them as well as of the royal vestments. In time of trouble, however, the Treasure of England was for safety sent to the Tower, for a long time considered as the official residence of the sovereign; and during the reign of Henry VIII. the regalia were finally deposited in the Tower, which has been their official home ever since.

The coronations and coronation processions have formed a fruitful theme for many of our historians; long accounts of most of them can be read in the chronicles of Froissart, Fabyan, Hall, Holinshed, and (particularly) Heath. In Rymer's 'Fœdera,' Nichol's 'Royal Progresses,' and Planché's 'Regal Records' there will be found much information concerning them.

Before the coronation procession left the Tower there used to be a creation of knights of the Bath, which order was instituted at the coronation of Henry IV. in 1399; but this ceremony has been discontinued since the time of Charles II., and the creations now made at the sovereign's pleasure.

The processions often went by water; the royal barges and other barges belonging to the great officials and magnates were lavishly gilded and decorated. Among the most gorgeous of these processions were those of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. This last is described in a tract by Richard Tottell, published in 1558; and there is a figure, now in the Tower, of the queen on horseback in the actual dress she wore in the procession.

The coronation procession came to an end when James II. decided that the cost was too great for the result. He, however, spent more than a hundred thousand pounds instead on dresses for the queen.

Most of our sovereigns since William I. have been crowned at Westminster. The Anglo-Saxon kings were usually crowned at Winchester or at Kingston. Some of our kings have been crowned twice or even more frequently. Henry II., for example, was crowned at Westminster, Lincoln, and Worcester; Richard I., at Westminster and Winchester; Henry III., at Gloucester and Westminster; Henry VI., at Westminster and Paris; Charles I., at Westminster and Holyrood; Charles II., at Scone and Westminster; George IV., at Westminster and Hanover. On the other hand, Henry III. was crowned only at Gloucester, and Edward V. was not crowned at all. The crowning was usually performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who also anointed the

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN

sovereign with the holy cream contained in the golden ampulla, a little of which was poured out in the coronation spoon, the archbishop having dipped his fingers into this.

Although at the coronation of George I. there was no actual second coronation, he was in fact crowned 'King of France,' and, in order that there should be no doubt as to the fealty of his foreign subjects, two sham dukes were provided to represent the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy. These two persons were garbed in the proper dresses of their supposed rank and acted in every way as if they actually were the persons represented. This is, I believe, the only case in which the place of a peer has been supplied by proxy with full privileges. On the occasion of the Peace of Amiens in 1802, George III. finally renounced the title of 'King of France' on the part of the English sovereigns.

Henry II. associated his son Henry in the regal power, and the son was crowned at Westminster on June 14, 1170. Thus there were at this time actually two kings of England, and they both exercised the right to sign State documents. The ceremony was repeated in 1172; this time the son's wife was crowned with him; thus there were now two kings and two queens. The two kings went together on a tour throughout the kingdom, promising justice to every one—a promise, says Roger of Hoveden, which they fully performed.

Henry VII. was crowned by Lord Stanley on the battlefield of Bosworth. Afterwards the ceremony was carried out in the usual manner at Westminster. The place where the crown was found at Bosworth is still called 'Crown Hill.' The crown had been thrown away by Richard III., the last English monarch who fought in his crown. It stuck in a hawthorn bush, and was found by Sir Reginald Bray. Henry afterwards used a hawthorn bush as one of his badges; it may be seen in a device at either end of his tomb at Westminster Abbey and also in one of the coloured windows there.

Charles I. wore white robes at his coronation, and is consequently sometimes called the 'White King.' The usual dress has been of rich colouring—purple, crimson, and cloth of gold. At Charles's coronation the doves at the top of one of the sceptres was accidentally broken and had to be hurriedly repaired.

The crown itself has had several narrow escapes from falling to the ground at the coronation, which would naturally be considered a very bad omen. In the time of Henry I., Ralph of Escures was Archbishop of Canterbury; but he had the palsy, and so it was decided, without his cognisance, that the coronation itself should be performed by Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who was steady-handed. However, when the Archbishop saw the Bishop beginning to place the crown on the royal head, he found strength enough to do battle

CYRIL DAVENPORT

for his right, and struggled successfully with his reverend brother. He managed to put the crown on the king's head ; but his shaking hands knocked it off again, and it was only just saved from reaching the ground by the near officials, who managed to catch it.

Richard I. crowned himself, and dispensed with the usual services of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bells are said to have been mysteriously rung all over the country on the occasion of his coronation, and a bat hovered all the time about the altar in the Abbey.

John having lost the regalia, near Wisbeach, his successor, Henry III., was for the time without a crown : so he was crowned only with a fillet of golden wire. Thereupon a curious edict was issued to the effect that for one month no one was to appear in public without wearing a chaplet. This was in order to show that everybody fully acknowledged that the king had been at all events crowned in the spirit.

Queen Mary I. has been likened unto Elizabeth ; but in the matter of costume she was quietness itself. Nevertheless, she had something of the Tudor love of magnificence. At her coronation her head-dress was so heavy with jewels that she had to support it with her hand. She refused to be crowned in the chair that her brother Edward had used, and was crowned in one specially sent to her by the Pope, which chair is said to be preserved at Winchester.

There was great trouble about the crown made or altered for James II. It was not properly fitted before the coronation, and kept tottering all the time. It slipped off at last, but was caught by Algernon Sidney, who cleverly improved the occasion, saying 'This is not the first time, your Majesty, that my family has supported the crown.'

William III. and Mary II. were joint sovereigns, and for them the regalia were doubled. This accounts for the two orbs now in the Tower. Queens Consort have been crowned and have possessed sceptres ; but the orb is given to reigning sovereigns only. Mary even went so far as to be girded with the sword. At his coronation William forgot his purse, and had to borrow £20 from Lord Danby.

Queen Anne was so crippled with gout that she had to be held up at her coronation, and there was so much carelessness that, after the banquet in Westminster Hall, the plate and linen which had been used were stolen.

It was said at the time of George I.'s coronation that more bad language had been used at that ceremony than at any other of a similar character. The reason of this is not far to seek. The king knew no English, and the English officials knew no German ; but each of them knew a little Latin. Everything had to be explained

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN

to his Majesty in this language—with, no doubt, very embarrassing results.

At the coronation of King George III., the Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham, forgot to bring the sword of state, and borrowed one from the Lord Mayor. The king remonstrated with Lord Effingham, who in his anxiety and trouble answered that he had taken care 'that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible.' A large diamond fell from the crown on this occasion, and was supposed to foretell the loss of the American Colonies.

At George IV.'s coronation the crown again nearly fell to the ground. It was being carried by the Lord High Steward, the Marquis of Anglesea, and slipped from its cushion, but was luckily caught before it reached the ground.

The most magnificent of all the English coronations was that of George IV., which is said to have cost £238,238. On the other hand, that of William IV. was so meagrely set forth that it was popularly called a 'Half-crown-ation.'

The coronation chair in Westminster Abbey is known as 'St. Edward's Chair.' It was brought by Edward I. from Scotland in 1296, and since that time all our sovereigns, save Mary, have been crowned upon it at Westminster. When Cromwell was installed Lord Protector, the chair was taken to Westminster Hall for him. The stone which is kept just under the seat is the ancient Scottish throne, used for the coronation of the kings of that country since the time of King Fergus, about 330 B.C., who brought it from Ireland. Tradition says that it is the stone on which the patriarch Jacob slept in the plain of Luz. King Kenneth of Scotland placed it in the Abbey of Scone in 850 A.D. He is said to have found it at Dunstaffnage, and the stone is in fact a piece of the rock which is plentifully found near that place—of which the castle is built. The Mohammedans say that Jacob's stone is now kept at Jerusalem. King Kenneth, however, felt no doubt as to the ancient history of the stone, and had it enclosed in a wooden chair, of which the existing replica was made for Edward I. It is kept in St. Edward's Chapel at Westminster, and on the occasion of a coronation is upholstered in cloth of gold and generally done up in a temporary way; but it must be allowed that the authorities of the Abbey have not by any means taken loving care of this most valuable relic.

It was dedicated by Edward I. to St. Edward the Confessor, and was gilded and in places inlaid with glass mosaics. There was originally an engraved plate let in to the top of the stone on which were the words:

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti hunc quocunque locatum
Inveniunt lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem.*

CYRIL DAVENPORT

It was said to groan whenever any monarch of the Scythian race sat upon it, and there is concerning it an old Irish prophecy to the effect that,

Unless the fixed decrees of fate give way,
The Scots shall govern and the sceptre sway,
Where'er this stone they find, and its dread sound obey.

Thus the possession of this stone assures to his Majesty dominion over Scotland. A similar tradition in India assures the sovereignty of Hindostan to the owner of the great diamond, the Koh-i-Noor, formerly set in the armlet of Shah Shuja.

The most splendid examples of ornamental crowns now remaining are specimens of Byzantine work at its best. Apart from Oriental crowns and the domed crowns shown on Assyrian marbles—from which source, however, in all probability, we derive many of our forms—the most ancient European crown of which anything is left is probably that of Constantine Monomachos, Emperor of the Eastern Empire in the eleventh century. This crown, as many of the Byzantine crowns are, is composed of a series of plates hinged together. There are seven plates of gold splendidly enamelled with full-length figures of the Emperor on the largest and central plate; those of his wife Zoë, Theodora, and dancers are on the others. The plates were found in 1860 in a field at Nyitra Tranka, in Hungary. A restoration of the entire crown has been made by the antiquary Bock. It is now preserved in the museum at Buda-Pesth.

Of about the same date is the beautiful crown of St. Stephen, the Royal crown of Hungary. This is probably the most beautiful example of its kind. It is composed of a deep circlet of gold, divided into panels, alternately adorned with wonderful subject pictures in enamels, mostly portraits of angels and saints, and set with large jewels cut *en cabochon*. It is crossed over the top by two broad flat arches, also of hinged plates alternately enamelled and gemmed; and from the upper edge of the circlet project nine arches of gold, alternately pointed and rounded, containing *plique-a-jour* transparent enamels of a clear green colour. From the centre of the circlet, in front, rises a single plate of enamelled gold, with a figure of Christ enthroned between two trees. Three *Cataseista*, or chains, depend from the lower edge of the circlet. These chains were commonly used on the early crowns of our Saxon kings, and may be seen on coins, great seals, or enamels, from the time of Alfred the Great until that of Henry I. This crown has a long and well-known history. Fifty kings, it is said, have been crowned with it. On one occasion it was saved from destruction by Queen Elizabeth of Hungary. She had it turned upside-down, and it did duty as a bowl. It was filled with baby's food, and had a spoon in it. The shape of the crown would certainly render this story quite possible. It is kept in the castle at Buda-Pesth in an

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN

iron box with seven keys, and the casket cannot be unlocked unless all the seven are used at the same time. As the reigning Emperor has one of the keys, and his six greatest magnates have all the others, it may be imagined that the *Corona Sancta* does not often see the light of day.

Another magnificent crown is that of the Holy Roman Empire, known as 'the Crown of Charlemagne,' which is now kept in the Royal Treasury at Vienna. It also is considered to belong to the eleventh century; but, even if part of it do so, it is likely that much of it is more recent. It weighs fourteen pounds, and is composed of eight plates hinged together, alternately ornamented with enamels and thickly set stones cut *en cabochon*. On the top of the centre plate in front is a cross, and from the base of this to the opposite point at the back of the crown there is a broad arch of open work thickly set with pearls, into the design of which are worked the words 'I.H.S. Nazarenus Rex Judæorum.' On it also is an inscription—probably added during the twelfth century—'Chronradus Dei Gratia Imperator Aug.'

This crown is very interesting to us in England. For a long time it was used as one of the bearings on our Royal coat-of-arms. When George I. came to the throne of England, among other changes in the Royal escutcheon he substituted his own family coat for the fourth quarter used by his predecessor, France and England quarterly. The new coat showed Brunswick inpaling Luneburg, in the base point the coat of Saxony, and over these 'an escutcheon gules, charged with the crown of Charlemagne, or,' as a badge of the office of High Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire. King George II. used his coat in the same way; but George III. altered it in 1801, and resumed the original fourth quarter, keeping his family coat as an 'escutcheon of pretence,' over all in the middle of the shield, and ensigned with the electoral bonnet, which in 1816 was changed into the crown of the kingdom of Hanover.

George IV. and William IV. both used this coat-of-arms, with the crown of Charlemagne in the middle of it; and it was finally discontinued on the accession of Queen Victoria.

The Iron crown of Lombardy—*Corona Ferrea*—is reputed to be made of the nails which were used for the crucifixion of our Lord. Thereby it has a sanctity which no other crown possesses, and whenever it travels it is accorded Royal honours. The iron band, which is miraculously preserved from all rust, is fixed within a circlet of six-hinged golden plates of Byzantine workmanship, ornamented with enamels and jewels. It is kept in the Cathedral at Monza in an octagonal recess within an ornamental cross. Tradition says that it was given to Queen Theodolenda by Pope Gregory the Great in the seventh century, and Charlemagne was crowned with it. It was used for the coronation of Henry VII. of Luxemburg in

CYRIL DAVENPORT

1311. Among other kings who were crowned with this crown was Charles V., Emperor of Germany. Napoleon crowned himself with it at Milan in 1805, and it has been used at the last two coronations of the Emperors of Austria. It was restored to Italy by Austria in 1866.

On the Pala d'Oro at Venice are two beautiful enamel portraits of Byzantine sovereigns. One is probably intended for Alexis Comnenus I.; the other, for his wife, Irene. They both wear crowns of gold plates hinged together as were those of the crowns already described. The Royal crown of Bohemia, known as that of St. Wenceslaus, is yet another of Byzantine workmanship; above the broad circlet rise enormous fleurs-de-lys of thin beaten gold, thickly set with large jewels, and it has small arches.

All these crowns are different in design, and each of them has been made without any apparent reference to any preceding form. Most of them have been actually used again and again for the crowning of the kings of the countries to which they belong. We have no such inherited crown. It is extremely likely that even if we had possessed such a treasure from early times it would have been destroyed by order of the Government during the Commonwealth.

There is no reason for considering that any really important ancient crown ever existed here. Still, it is recorded that among the regalia destroyed in 1649 were two items which show that up to that time some care had been taken of treasures which would now be of incalculable value. These items, as they appear in a list of the regalia broken up and sold, are as follow :

	£	s.	d.
Queene Edith's crowne, formerly thought to be of massy gould, but upon trial, found to be of silver gilt; enriched with garnetts, foule pearle, saphires, and some odd stones. Poiz. 50½ oz. valued at	16	0	0
King Alfred's crowne of goulde wyer worke, sett with slight stones. Poiz. 79½ oz. at £3 per oz.	248	10	0

The foule pearles mentioned as being in Queen Edith's crown were probably what we now value so highly as black pearls. It is unfortunate that there are no drawings of either of these most curious crowns. The next of the important European crowns are comparatively modern; but there are some most curious and beautiful domed caps among the various pieces of the regalia of Russia. The finest and the most ancient are perhaps the so-called crowns of Kiew, Kazan, Astrakhan, Siberia, and the Crimea. They are all of Byzantine character, and several of them are richly adorned with large jewels. The crown of Russia itself is of a most beautiful form, and thickly set with diamonds. The form is double-lobed, like that of the Austrian and Polish crowns, and is so shaped as an evidence of the character of the crowned sovereign being identical with that of the patriarch. It is, in fact, a glorified patriarchal mitre.

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN

Each of these splendid examples of design and goldsmiths and jewellers' work is unique. No two are alike, and there has been no consecutive development. Although our existing regalia have no such virtues as these to boast of, we can, I believe, show that our St. Edward's crown is indeed, as far as the design of it goes, a form which has come about by reason of a long and regular evolution from very simple beginnings.

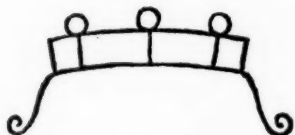
The safest authorities for the forms of ancient English crowns are the coins which were made at the same time, and the great seals. Both of these are official. In most cases they are trustworthy authorities; but they are not always so. To go no farther back than the head of Queen Victoria as shown on the most recent of our coinage, the crown is shown of a radically incorrect shape, and it is astonishing that the design was allowed to be issued in that form.

The earliest shape of an English crown is to be found on a penny of Æthelstan. It shows a head of the king wearing a helmet on which is a circlet with three points rising from it; at the top of each is a single pearl. On the great seal of William I. he is shown wearing a similar circlet with three points at the top of each of which are three pearls. Here is the prototype of our fleur-de-lys. On the crown shown on the great seal of Henry I. we see the same circlet with the same three points; but now each is topped with an actual fleur-de-lys. On the great seal of Henry I. the three fleurs-de-lys have lost the points on which they were raised, and they are shown settled down right upon the circlet itself, which is much broader. On a penny of Edward I. the circlet shows the three fleurs-de-lys as before, but now with a small pearl on a little triangular foot between each two of them. The next change is a very important one. I think it was made to differentiate the English design from the French. The French had reached the fleur-de-lys in another way. It was used then and always as the chief ornamental design upon the circlet of the French crown. Indeed, at the time of Edward I. and his immediate successors there was probably little difference between the crown of England and that of France. But our Henry VI., who also was crowned King of France, found it necessary to invent some new form of crown for his seal 'for foreign affairs,' and he made this difference by simply squaring the rounded forms of his existing fleurs-de-lys. The result is a coronet with three squared fleurs-de-lys, or, as they soon became, cross-patées, with the small raised pearl as before between each two.

Henry VII. is shown to have combined in his great seal the cross-patées of Henry VI. with the fleurs-de-lys of the Edwards, using them alternately. He adopted for good the arches across the crown, with an orb and cross at the top. There had been at various times some attempts at arches across the crown. They show on

CYRIL DAVENPORT

DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE EVOLUTION OF THE ORNAMENTATION ON THE ENGLISH CROWN



Crown of Alfred the Great, with three pearls and pendants. From the Dowgate Hill Brooch.



Crown of Henry I., with three trefoils and pendants. From his Great Seal.



Crown of Edward I., with three fleur-de-lys and a pearl between each two. From a silver penny.



Crown of Henry VI., with three cross-patées. From his first Seal for Foreign Affairs.



Crown of Henry VII., arched, with cross-patées and fleur-de-lys alternately on the circlet. From his Great Seal.



Crown of Henry VIII., showing the type of the present crown, arched, and with cross-patées and fleur-de-lys alternately. From a shilling.


ST. EDWARD'S CROWN

a penny of Edward the Confessor; on pennies of Harold II., William I., and Stephen; and on the third great seal of Edward IV. But all these were isolated cases, and it may be considered that the arches were finally adopted as a necessary part of the English crown by Henry VII. They are taken as symbolical of supreme sovereignty. The arches used by Henry VII. were pointed, and it remained for Henry VIII. to give us the arch depressed in the centre which has been used ever since. Thus, our crown is possibly a form which has been arrived at by a regular series of evolutions; and it is so far unique in the history of crowns.

'St. Edward's Crown' was made by Sir Robert Vyner, the Royal goldsmith, in 1662, for the coronation of King Charles II. It was supposed to be made as nearly as possible like that which had been lately destroyed. It has been considerably altered in details since Sir Robert Vyner's time; but essentially it is the same. Beyond the design there is not anything particularly interesting about it. The workmanship is slight; the jewels are not remarkable; the enamels are poor. On the cross at the top, however, are some very fine pearls. As a piece of jewellery this official 'Crown of England' has been always overshadowed by the State crowns which have been made use of by Charles II. and all his successors. Into these State crowns has been put all the available jeweller's skill, and all the historic jewels that could be properly utilised. In the State crown with which Queen Victoria was crowned, there are set not only the large Balas-ruby, but also the great pierced sapphire which, with other Stuart treasures, was bequeathed to George III. by Cardinal York. In the centre of the cross at the top is another magnificent sapphire which is said to have been found in the reign of St. Edward the Confessor; it was buried with him in his shrine at Westminster. It is credited with the power of protecting its wearer against the cramp.

India might be fittingly represented in the new State crown (if there is to be one) by the addition of the Koh-i-Noor to the other historic jewels which have so long done brilliant duty in that most honourable position.

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY, 1844-96 BY CANON MAC COLL

T is instructive to note how little, as a rule, nations have to do with the shaping of their own foreign policy ; and experience seems to show that this is more often the case under representative institutions than under autocratic rule. Under an autocracy there is no barrier between the monarch and the multitude, and in a season of national excitement the Sovereign is thus more amenable to popular pressure than a government resting on a popular basis. A false step by an absolute monarch may involve forfeiture of his throne, possibly of his life and dynasty. A false step by a Cabinet may be ruinous to a nation eventually ; but at the moment it appears to involve no more than the fate of a ministry. The responsibility of his action is thus brought more immediately home to the unlimited monarch than to the constitutional minister. If George III. had been an absolute monarch, or Edmund Burke Prime Minister, we should not, in all probability, have lost the American Colonies. But because we had a monarch who was not personally responsible for the policy of his government however much he might influence it, and a stupid Prime Minister who felt that the monarchy was not staked on his action, we lost the opportunity of being at this moment a nation dominating Europe and America—*i.e.*, the civilised world. So that unless a constitutional minister is a man of great capacity, courage, and disinterested patriotism, he is apt in a national crisis to be more dangerous to his country than an autocrat. And the fact of his being only *primus inter pares* of a dozen or more colleagues adds to the danger. Unknown to the public, his own wisdom—perchance superior to the collective wisdom of his colleagues—may be overruled in Cabinet council. His only remedy is resignation, which means the dissolution of his ministry, possibly of his party. Few men have courage enough to stand that test. It may even happen that a minority of a Cabinet, perhaps one or two, if they are men of determined will, may coerce the majority into a policy which the majority may disapprove. At the beginning of a new century and a new reign, it may be useful to give a few illustrations of my thesis from the records of the late reign. Most of my illustrations will naturally be from the history of our relations with Russia during that period : because Russia is the only European country with which we have been at war, and with which our relations have, on the whole, been least friendly.

‘It is really painful,’ said Prince Gortchakoff, in the midst of the crisis of 1877, ‘to see two great States, which together might regulate European questions to their mutual advantage and the benefit of all, excite themselves and the world by an antagonism founded on

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

prejudice or misunderstanding.'¹ In another dispatch the same year the Russian Chancellor said—to the disgust and indignation of Prince Bismarck—that if only Great Britain and Russia would come to a friendly understanding 'not a cannon would be fired in Europe without their consent.' It was hardly an exaggeration, and it must be owned that it is England rather than Russia which has always put obstacles in the way of such an understanding. A cordial understanding with this country, both in Europe and in Asia, was an article in the political creed of the Emperor Nicholas to which he clung with almost the fervour of a religious devotee. He had witnessed the horrors of the Napoleonic wars, culminating for Russia in the patriotic immolation of Moscow; and he believed that the best security for peace lay in a friendly understanding between the two Powers which then dominated between them both land and sea. For the purpose of threshing out all differences and difficulties between the two countries, with a view to mutual confidence, he came to London in the year 1844 on a visit to the queen, and had friendly interviews with the Prime Minister (Sir Robert Peel), with his Secretary for Foreign Affairs (Lord Aberdeen), and with the Duke of Wellington (Commander-in-Chief), for whom the Tsar had an unbounded admiration. The result was a thorough understanding with the Conservative Government in respect to India, Persia, Central Asia, and Turkey. On his return to Russia, Nicholas instructed Count Nesselrode, Chancellor of the Empire, to embody the agreement with the British Cabinet in a memorandum, of which a copy was sent to the Government of Sir Robert Peel. That most important document is doubtless in the archives of our Foreign Office, which, however, has never published it. But it was published by the Russian Government, and some extracts from it will serve to exhibit the policy of Russia in a light somewhat different from the ordinary view of it held in this country since the Crimean war. The following extracts will explain Russia's attitude towards the Ottoman Empire :

Russia and England are mutually penetrated with the conviction that it is their common interest that the Ottoman Porte should maintain itself in the state of independence and of territorial possession now existing in that empire; this political combination being the one which best accords with the preservation of general peace.

Agreed as to this principle, Russia and England have an equal interest in uniting their efforts to strengthen the existence of the Ottoman Empire, and to avert all dangers by which its security may be threatened. With this object, the essential thing is to allow the Porte to live in peace, without agitating it by diplomatic worries, and without interfering in its internal affairs. To put this system in practice, two things must not be lost sight of. They are as follows. In the first place, the Porte has a constant tendency towards freeing itself from the engagements imposed upon it by the treaties which it has concluded with the other Powers; and it hopes to do this with impunity because it relies upon the jealousies of the Cabinets. It

¹ Parl. Papers, 'Turkey,' No. 2 [1877], p. 736.

CANON MAC COLL

believes that if it fails in its engagements towards one, the others will take up its quarrel, and will shield it against all responsibility.

It is essential not to confirm the Porte in this illusion. Each time that it fails in its obligations towards one of the Great Powers it is the interest of all the others to make it sensible of its fault, and to exhort it seriously to render justice to the Cabinet which seeks reparation. As soon as the Porte sees itself not maintained by the other Cabinets it will yield; and the differences which may have arisen will disappear through the medium of conciliation, without any conflict taking place.

A second cause exists for the complications inherent in the situation of the Porte: the difficulty of bringing into accord the respect due to the sovereign authority of the Sultan, founded on the Mussulman law, and the concessions due to the interests of the Christian population of the empire.

This difficulty is not to be denied. In the actual condition of the European mind the Cabinets cannot with indifference see the Christian population of Turkey subject to flagrant vexations and to religious intolerance. This truth must be impressed on the Ottoman ministers, who must be persuaded that they can only count on the friendship and support of the Great Powers on condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte being treated with tolerance and mildness.

While they insist on this truth, the foreign representatives must, on the other side, use all their influence to maintain the Christian subjects of the Porte in submission towards the sovereign authority. Guided by these principles the foreign representatives must act between themselves in a perfect spirit of concord. If remonstrances are addressed to the Porte, they must bear a character of unanimity without any one Power putting itself forward exclusively. . . . If all the Great Powers adopt frankly this line of conduct they may hope with reason to preserve the existence of Turkey.

It is impossible, however, not to see what elements of dissolution are contained within this empire. Imperious circumstances may hasten its fall without its being possible for the united Cabinets to prevent such a result, inasmuch as it is not given to human foresight to trace beforehand a plan of action for such an unexpected case. . . . In the uncertainty which weighs upon the future, one fundamental idea seems alone capable of practical application. It is this: that the danger which may result from a catastrophe in Turkey will be much diminished if Russia and England understand one another as to the course to be pursued by both in common. . . . The reasons for aiming at this accord are very simple. By land Russia exercises on Turkey a preponderating influence: on sea England occupies the same position. Isolated, the influence of these two Powers might do a great deal of harm; combined it may do much good. Hence the utility of a preliminary understanding before taking action.

This idea was adopted in principle during the Emperor's stay in London. It has resulted in a conditional engagement to the effect that if anything unforeseen should occur in Turkey, Russia and England would concert together as to what course they should follow in common. The objects with which Russia and England would have to come to an understanding may be thus formulated: (1) The maintenance of the Ottoman Empire in its present condition for so long a time as this political combination may be possible. (2) If we see beforehand that it is breaking up, a preliminary understanding to be arrived at as to the establishment of a new order of things destined to replace that which now exists; and precautions to be taken in common that no change occurring in the internal situation of that empire may threaten the security of our own States and the rights which the treaties guarantee to them respectively, or the maintenance of the European equilibrium. . . .

It is with the view of assuring this result to the interests of all that Russia and England should come to a preliminary understanding between themselves, as agreed upon by the Emperor with the Ministers of her Britannic Majesty during his stay in England.

This Anglo-Russian agreement embraced also the mutual relations of Russia and England with regard to Persia and Central

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

Asia. Seven years afterwards Nicholas came to the conclusion that the Ottoman Empire was tottering to its fall, and he proceeded, in confidential communications with the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg, to develop the idea of his agreement with the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel. The gist of the Tsar's policy is given in the following passage :

With regard to Constantinople I am not under the same illusions as Catherine II. On the contrary, I regard the immense extent of Russia as her real danger. I should like to see Turkey strong enough to be able to make herself respected by the other Powers. But if she is doomed to perish, Russia and England should come to an agreement as to what should be put in her place. I propose to form the Danubian Principalities, with Servia and Bulgaria, into one independent state under the protection of Russia ; and I declare that Russia has no ambition to extend her sovereignty over the territories of Turkey. England might take Egypt and Crete ; but I could not allow her to establish herself at Constantinople, and this I say frankly. On the other hand, I would undertake to promise, on my part, never to take Constantinople if the arrangement which I propose should be concluded between Russia and England. . . . If an Emperor of Russia should one day chance to conquer Constantinople, or should find himself forced to occupy it permanently, and fortify it with a view to making it impregnable, from that day would date the decline of Russia. If I did not transfer my residence to the Bosphorus, my son, or at least my grandson, would. The change would certainly be made sooner or later, for the Bosphorus is warmer, more agreeable, more beautiful than Petersburg or Moscow ; and if once the Tsar were to take up his abode at Constantinople, Russia would cease to be Russia. No Russian would like that. There is not a Russian who would not like to see a Christian crusade for the recovery of the Mosque of Saint Sophia ; I should like it as much as any one. But no Russian would like to see the Kremlin transported to the Seven Towers.

But whilst Nicholas, in the interest of Russia, did not desire the fatal prize of Constantinople for himself, he declared frankly that he would spend his last rouble and last soldier in preventing any other Great Power from possessing a city which in hostile hands could throttle the commerce of Russia and close to her fleet the road to the Mediterranean. The Tsar was willing to let Austria exercise a protectorate over Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and he suggested that the problem of Constantinople should be solved by making it the federal capital, under the protection of the Great Powers, of the States which he proposed to substitute for Ottoman rule in the region of the Balkans and the Danube.

Nicholas was an autocrat of an austere type ; but he had great qualities—a high sense of honour, transparent sincerity, and an established reputation for veracity. Still, after all, the best criterion of the sincerity of a Sovereign or a statesman is whether his professions coincide with his interests or those of his country. Apply that test to the professions of Nicholas with regard to Turkey, and they will be found to stand the test. Undoubtedly the policy which he proposed was the best for Russia. And was it not the best for England also ? No British patriot, who considers the matter attentively and without prejudice, will hesitate to accept as his own Lord Salisbury's

CANON MAC COLL

declaration, four years ago, that every sane Englishmen would now gladly welcome the policy proposed by Tsar Nicholas half a century ago.

But, unfortunately, when the time came for giving practical effect to the agreement made by Nicholas with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen men of a different calibre presided over the destinies of the British Empire: first, Lord John Russell, with Palmerston for his headstrong and unruly lieutenant; next, Lord Derby with Disraeli as his second in command nominally, but, as leader of the House of Commons and the ablest man in the Cabinet, in reality the director of the Government's policy. Then came 'the Government of all the talents,' and the Crimean war when, in Lord Salisbury's classical phrase, 'we put our money on the wrong horse'—a blunder which we have been repeating ever since. The history of England discloses no more tragic war—not merely for the waste of precious lives and enormous treasure, but even more for the vicious policy which it bequeathed to us, and which has clung to our body politic ever since like the poisoned shirt of Nessus. It was not a war demanded by the nation. It was not a war desired by the Sovereign or the Government. It was a war into which the nation and the Cabinet were juggled by three men: one a member of the Government, self-willed, dexterous, and not too scrupulous; another, a representative of the Government abroad, passionate, vindictive, with a fancied wrong to avenge; the third, a taciturn schemer, of vast ambition, and an expert in the arts of conspiracy. Such were the triumvirate who made the Crimean war: Lord Palmerston, Sir Stratford Canning (afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), and Louis Napoleon. The motives of the French Emperor and of Stratford Canning are well known. The former, unlike Sir Stratford Canning, could forgive a personal wrong. But he was ambitious to revive the Napoleonic legend and to establish a dynasty that should be equal if not superior to any in Europe; and this he found to be impossible while Tsar Nicholas was the leading potentate in Europe.

Nicholas was a stickler for the sanctities of treaties, and of the Treaty of Vienna in particular. On that treaty the settlement of Europe and the balance of power reposed. Its infraction would open the floodgates of revolution and plunge Europe again into the ruinous anarchy out of which the defeat of the Grand Army by Russia and the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo had delivered it. Now the Treaty of Vienna proscribed the whole race of Napoleon from occupying any European throne, and President Louis Napoleon, in prosecuting his candidature for a revived empire, had denounced the Treaty of Vienna, and hinted not obscurely his intention to modify it in the interest of France. That was enough for Nicholas. He avowed his determination to prevent the restora-

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

tion of a Napoleonic empire—a determination which he modified so far as to recognise Louis Napoleon as Emperor, but not as the possible founder of a dynasty. And when the other reigning Sovereigns—Austria and Prussia in violation of their promises to the Tsar—saluted the elected Emperor of the French as ‘*Mon frère*,’ Nicholas greeted him coldly as ‘*Mon ami*.’ Napoleon, therefore, felt that to vanquish Nicholas was a matter of life and death to the fulfilment of his ambition.

Sir Stratford Canning nursed a grudge of a less lofty sort. Nicholas had refused to accept him as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, a slight which Sir Stratford never forgave and vowed to avenge. This is not an inference from his subsequent conduct, but an avowal from his own lips. The late Lord Bath told me the following story, and gave me leave to publish it whenever and wherever I chose. He chanced to arrive in his yacht at the Dardanelles when the allied fleets of France and England were anchored there waiting for a favourable wind to take them to Constantinople, for a large proportion of the ships were sailing vessels. There being no telegraph then to Constantinople, the British Admiral begged Lord Bath to inform the British Ambassador that the allied fleets would be at Constantinople as soon as the wind permitted. The French Emperor, Palmerston, and Sir Stratford had cleverly manœuvred the British Government into the fatal step of ordering the British fleet to Constantinople in combination with the French fleet; but in the absence of telegraphic communication Sir Stratford did not know of the success of the scheme. When he learnt it from Lord Bath he jumped from his seat and, oblivious of his visitor's presence, walked up and down the room muttering aloud: ‘Once the fleets are here, there *must* be war. It cannot be avoided. I shall take care that it is not avoided. I vowed to have my revenge upon that man, and now, by God, I've got it.’ The various manœuvres by which he ‘got it’ are recorded in the Blue Books. Let it suffice here to say that the intrigues culminated in one of the most flagrant diplomatic outrages on record. The Turkish fleet had been for some time perpetrating acts of aggression upon Russia, while for some weeks Russia, owing to the Tsar's anxiety for peace, did not retaliate. At last it did retaliate with effect, whereupon the Emperor of the French proposed that the British and French Governments should forbid any Russian warship to leave port on pain of being forcibly sent back or sunk. Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet rejected the outrageous proposal in spite of Lord Palmerston's urgent advocacy of it, backed by Lord John Russell. A few days later Palmerston resigned office, but was taken back after ten days on his own terms—namely, adoption of the French Emperor's deliberate insult to Russia, which was of course tantamount to a declaration of war in the most aggravated form. The farce of negotiations for peace was

CANON MAC COLL

thus rudely ended, and a disastrous war begun, ostensibly in defence of public right, in reality for the sake of gratifying the ambition of Louis Napoleon, and avenging the *amour propre* of a vain and rancorous British official.

There were two illustrious persons in this realm who in that crisis did their best to prevent the catastrophe. The queen addressed to the Cabinet, through Lord Clarendon, a most able and wise memorandum, from which I make the following extract :

It appears to the queen that we have taken on ourselves, in conjunction with France, all the risks of an European war without having bound Turkey to any conditions with respect to provoking it. The 120 fanatical Turks constituting the Divan at Constantinople are left sole judges of the line of policy to be pursued, and made cognisant at the same time of the fact that England and France have bound themselves to defend the Turkish territory. This is entrusting them with a power which Parliament has been jealous of confiding even to the hands of the British Crown. It may be a question whether England ought to go to war for the defence of the so-called Turkish independence ; but there can be none that, if she does so, she ought to be the sole judge of what constitutes a breach of that independence.

Words of wisdom and sagacious statesmanship, but written in vain. Lord Palmerston, backed in a vacillating honest way by Lord John Russell, dominated the Cabinet and dexterously furthered the tortuous policy by which Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, while obeying his instructions, was assiduously and insidiously undermining them by his private suggestions to the Porte. On November 27, 1853, the Prince Consort writes as follows :

The prospects of a peaceful settlement in the East do not improve. Lord Stratford fulfils his instructions in the letter, but he so contrives that we are constantly getting deeper into a war policy. Six weeks ago Lord Palmerston and Lord John carried a resolution (in the Cabinet) that we should give notice that an attack on the Turkish fleet by that of Russia would be met by the fleets of England and France. Now the Turkish steamships are to cross over from the Asiatic coast to the Crimea, and to pass before Sebastopol ! This can only be meant to insult the Russian fleet, and to entice it to come out, in order thereby to make it possible for Lord Stratford to bring our fleet into collision with that of Russia according to his former instructions, and so make a European war certain. Of course, this is merely a surmise. Still, there are under-currents without end.

The Prince's surmise proved only too true. The Turkish fleet, after transporting troops and Bashi-Bazouks to the Circassian coast to aid the Circassian tribes against Russia, paraded defiantly before Sebastopol. The Russian fleet came out to give battle, chased the Turkish fleet to Sinope, and there destroyed it. Turkey, be it remembered, had declared war against Russia weeks before this, though Russia, on the advice of the Powers, refrained from taking up the gage of battle—in the hope of a pacific solution. The destruction of the Turkish fleet, after so defiant a challenge, suggested by Lord Stratford, was a most legitimate act of war. But it was announced to the British public as ' the massacre of Sinope.' Again I quote the Prince Consort :

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

The defeat of the Turks at Sinope upon our element—the sea—has made the people furious ; it is ascribed to Aberdeen having been bought over by Russia, and Palmerston is the only English Minister ! . . . One almost fancies oneself in a lunatic asylum.

Again :

The defeat at Sinope has made the people quite furious. Treachery is the cry, and, guided by a friendly hand [Lord Palmerston], the whole Press has for the last week made 'a dead set at the Prince' (as the English phrase goes). My unconstitutional position, correspondence with foreign Courts, dislike to Palmerston, relationship to the Orleans family, interference with the army, &c., are depicted as the causes of the decline of the State, the Constitution, and the Nation ; and, indeed, the stupidest trash is babbled to the public—so stupid that (as they say in Coburg) you would not give it to the pigs to litter in.

The order to the Russian navy to remain in *Porte*, while Turkey was given a free hand, followed, and war was the inevitable consequence—a war hatched in the brain of the Emperor Napoleon for his own private ends ; manipulated with consummate craft by the British Ambassador at Constantinople in order to avenge a personal affront ; and forced on the British Cabinet by the dexterity and masterful will of Lord Palmerston. Lord Stratford's violent and vindictive temper, and his rancour against the Tsar, were well known. 'How that man tortures himself and every other person !' wrote Sir Robert Peel some years before.¹ Yet this man—the most unfit in the British Empire for the task—was, under Palmerston's influence, sent out to Constantinople to conduct negotiations which required for their success qualities the very reverse of those which distinguished the British Ambassador.

When war became inevitable the Prince Consort sent to the Cabinet a long and singularly able and statesmanlike memorandum on the policy at which the Government should aim. The drift of that policy is indicated in the following passage :

The war ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the *Porte*, and will probably lead, in the peace which must be the object of that war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilisation, than the re-imposition of the ignorant, barbarian, and despotic yoke of the Mussulman on the most fertile and favoured position of Europe.²

It thus appears that the original author of the 'bag and baggage' policy was not Mr. Gladstone, but the late Prince Consort. Lord Aberdeen and his Cabinet, with the exception of Lord Palmerston, were in favour of the policy. Lord Palmerston denounced it as 'aiming at expelling from Europe the Sultan and his two millions of Mussulman subjects' : as gross a misrepresentation as the criticism, twenty-three years afterwards, on Mr. Gladstone's policy. The Prince, like Mr. Gladstone, proposed to put an end to Turkish rule

¹ Sir Robert Peel's Papers, ii. 485.

² See Sir Theodor Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort,' ii. pp. 521-533.

CANON MAC COLL

and administration in the Christian provinces of European Turkey. There was no question of the expulsion of a single Mussulman as such.

Constitutional Government is an admirable thing; but it has its disadvantages and failures. It is impossible to read dispassionately the diplomatic history of the Crimean war without being forced to the conclusion that if the Queen and the Prince Consort had been able to carry out their own policy unhampered by a divided Government, an ill-informed Parliament, and an inflammatory Press, they would have settled the Eastern Question on a durable basis without war. That war was very popular at the time. It is now universally admitted to have been a calamity to this country. It has dislocated our foreign policy by the insane fear of a Russian invasion of India. Civilised nations, even assuming them to be unscrupulous and immoral, do not make great and ruinous wars without a purpose. What could Russia gain by invading India even if she drove us out of it? Would the conquest pay her? Most assuredly it would not. But any one who will take the trouble to think out the problem can hardly doubt that the conquest of India by Russia under present conditions is an impossibility so patent that no sane Government would make the venture.

But Russia wants an outlet to the Pacific Ocean and the Mediterranean? Doubtless. And why should she not have it? The objection rests on the baseless assumption that she is our chronic foe, and our chronic foe because she wishes to invade India. Let us purge our minds of that craze, and then it will be seen that Great Britain possesses nothing which Russia covets, except capital, which Russia solicits on favourable terms for the development of her virgin soil and abundant resources. What Russia needs and seeks is a long spell of peace, not Quixotic adventures.

She aims at annexing Persia? I doubt it. But if she did England would be a considerable gainer. A commercial nation like ours always profits by the annexation of barbarous territory by a civilised Power, with or without an 'open door.' The fact is, no civilised Power can close its door effectually against its neighbours' commerce. In spite of their protective tariffs, our annual trade with the United States is £138,500,000; with France, £71,500,000; with Germany, £61,500,000; with Holland, £44,500,000; with Russia, £34,000,000; with Belguim, £31,000,000; with China, which looms just now so largely in the popular imagination as a mine of enormous commercial value, only £10,000,000, exclusively of Hong-Kong, which is a British possession. Yet China is highly civilised compared with Persia. There is no greater fallacy in the history of commerce than that 'trade follows the flag.'¹ Our trade

¹ See an able address by Mr. McEwan, late M.P. for the Central Division of Edinburgh.

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

with foreign countries amounts to £554,000,000; with our colonies to only £184,000,000. I remember a speech of Mr. Chamberlain on the eve of the General Election of 1880, in which he showed that a protective policy was no match for free trade. He gave a striking example. In spite of the high protective tariff, he said, his own firm beat the American screw-manufacturers so completely in their own markets that a syndicate of American screw-makers offered him £5000 a-year if he would send no more screws across the Atlantic. He accepted the offer, and was paid regularly. Some of our cotton manufacturers also undersold the American manufacturers in America. But, apart from special cases, a civilised Government, in spite of all protective duties, is of necessity a better customer for a rich commercial country like England than an uncivilised country.

Russia was our most loyal ally in our wars against Napoleon, and it will be our own fault if she be not our friend again. It is of the interests of my own country that I am thinking. A good understanding with Russia is now more to our advantage than to hers. How is it that one British Government after another, Liberal and Tory, while agreeing as to the importance of a good understanding with Russia, takes no step to bring it about? By the Anglo-Turkish Convention, for example, we are bound to defend the Asiatic territories of the Sultan under conditions which we can neither fulfil nor disregard without dishonour. Here they are :

If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them, be retained by Russia, and if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia, as fixed by the Definitive Treaty of Peace, England engages to join his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms. In return, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the *two Powers*, into the government and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories. And, in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagements, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England.

See how this agreement works. The one argument to which the Ottoman Porte is amenable is the argument of force. I don't reproach the Sultan or his Government on that account. So long as that Government remains independent, it cannot be otherwise. For the Turkish Government, like all Mussulman Governments, is a theocracy of a unique kind. The history of religions exhibits nothing at all like it. The Mosaic system was a theocracy, but of a totally different sort. It is represented as communicated to Moses through the medium of ideas which he was left free to deliver to men in any form or language which seemed to him good. Moreover, the Mosaic revelation did not profess to be final ; on the contrary, it claimed to be preparatory and provisional, pointing

CANON MAC COLL

explicitly to a greater prophet than Moses, and to a grander revelation in the future in which the Mosaic revelation should be developed and fulfilled. The Pentateuch claims to be written by Moses, though under Divine inspiration. The Korân occupies an entirely different position. In the belief of every orthodox Mohamedan the Korân differs from the Bible and all other religious books in one supreme and essential particular—namely, that it existed from all eternity in the Arab tongue before the throne of Allah, the one uncreated God. It is thus coeval, in every word and syllable, with the Most High : without beginning of days or end of life. From the heavenly tablets it was copied by the Angel Gabriel in *suras* or chapters, and dictated to Mohamed in an audible voice, word for word, as occasion required in the course of twenty years. This doctrine is laid down in plain terms by Ibn-Khaldun, the most learned and one of the most authoritative and renowned doctors in the realm of Islam. He held high office in the Moorish Kingdom of Spain ; and, after travelling extensively in Mohamedan countries in Asia and Africa, he died as Grand Mufti of Cairo. No greater authority on the doctrines and policy of Islam can be named, and, indeed, no orthodox Mussulman would question Ibn-Khaldun's description of the place held by the Korân in the creed of Islam.¹

The Korân is thus the last expression of the divine will to man.² Beyond it there can be no development, no growth, no reform. The mere idea of reform would be an impiety. The constitution of Turkey being thus theocratic and its foundation an unchangeable creed, any one who allows his reason to operate without prejudice will instantly see the folly and absurdity of asking the Sultan to alter in the slightest degree the cruel and degraded status of his Christian subjects. He cannot do it without apostasy. It would be like asking the Pope to put Protestants, Agnostics, and other heretics on a footing of equality with his Catholic subjects. Turkey is not governed by a political constitution, but by an immutable religious creed, of which one of the fundamental articles is the perpetual servitude and outlawry of the non-Mussulman, who has not, never had, and never can have, any rights under independent Mussulman rule.

How is it that, with the exception of Russia, the Cabinets of Europe do not realise this cardinal fact? What is the use of asking reforms from a Sovereign who cannot grant them without

¹ See Ibn-Khaldun's *Prolegomena*, vol. i. pp. 194-5.

² 'Ultimo e massimo apostolo Maometto ; l'ultima edizione de' Comandi del Creatore Scritta ab eterno ; recitata a brani dall' angelo Gabriele all' apostolo illiterato, il quale veniva ripetendo la rivelazione, e si chiamolla *Korân*, ossia lettura.' *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia*, Scritta da Michele Amari, vol. i. p. 51. The illustrious author of *The Sicilian Vespers* is a classical authority on the doctrines and principles of Islam under the most favourable conditions.

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

an act of formal apostasy which would cost him his throne and life, yet without bearing any fruit whatever? There is only one condition under which the Mussulman can accept such reforms without sin—coercion. His religion makes him practically a fatalist. He submits meekly to *force majeure*, regarding it as the decree of Allah. In India, Egypt, Algeria, Turkistan, Bosnia, the Mussulman yields to fate and accepts the inevitable. In Turkey, Morocco, Persia, Afghanistan, justice to the non-Mussulman is a sheer impossibility.

It follows that the Anglo-Turkish Convention, which was Lord Beaconsfield's master-stroke of diplomacy, was in reality an absurd political paralogism. It engaged this country to defend the Asiatic territories of the Sultan against Russia on conditions which the Sultan could not possibly fulfil. He signed the Convention, for that cost only a drop of ink, like similar conventions that other Sultans had signed in abundance before him. But I do not blame Lord Beaconsfield in particular. Doubtless he shared the strange illusions of other Prime Ministers and of able Ambassadors that went before and followed him as touching Turkish reforms. Several Liberal Governments have been in office since Lord Beaconsfield. They denounced the Anglo-Turkish Convention in Opposition, and treated it like the Ark of the Covenant in the sanctuary of diplomacy when they acceded to office.

What is the result? The Anglo-Turkish Convention stipulates for reforms on behalf of the Armenians in return for British guarantee of the Sultan's Asiatic possessions against Russian aggression. The result to the Armenians has been disastrous. Instead of giving them any reforms, the Sultan has massacred 200,000 of them throughout his dominions, and harried and ruined the rest. He believed—and the event justified his belief—that the Anglo-Turkish Convention secured him against all risks of punishment. In the statesmanlike agreement between the British Government and the Russian in 1844 the Tsar said with truth that an understanding between Great Britain and Russia—the one predominant at sea, the other on land—would always command obedience at the Porte, not by useless paper stipulations, but by the suasion of irresistible force; while their isolation, and still more their antagonism, would encourage the resistance of the Sultan and make the lot of the Christians worse. That is precisely what has been happening ever since the Crimean war till the immunity enjoyed by the Sultans, through playing Russia and England against each other, culminated in the Armenian massacres. Russia could have stopped the massacres, but was barred by the Anglo-Turkish Convention. It has been said that England would not have interfered even if the Sultan had called upon our Government to resist Russia in virtue of the Convention. But if England would not have interfered, why should she not have cancelled the Convention? We should, in that case, have had

CANON MAC COLL

to restore Cyprus to the cruel rule of the Turks? That does not follow. The Sultan is in the debt of England and France to the tune of nearly £100,000 annually, and the tribute which we pay the Sultan for Cyprus is absorbed by the interest of the Turkish loan which the British and French Governments have guaranteed against Turkish bad faith. Let England hold Cyprus as a material guarantee against an irredeemably bad debt, and hand it over eventually to Greece. Anyhow, the Anglo-Turkish convention is an intolerable anomaly, discreditable to this country and most injurious to the Christians of Turkey. It is a perpetual menace and a standing affront to Russia. And when it is sometimes said that it is obsolete, a mere diplomatic miscarriage signifying nothing, I must call attention to another episode which is well calculated to make Russia suspicious and wary.

In a signed article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 16, 1896, Mr. Frederick Greenwood made the following startling revelation on the authority of Lord Beaconsfield, whose confidence he enjoyed :

Disraeli's policy during the Russo-Turkish war was a policy of armed intervention. He would have fought the Russians in alliance with the Turks. If he could he would have raised Turkestan against the Russians at the same time for the relief of our Indian frontier : measures to that effect were considered, if not arranged ; that was what he proposed to do and would have done but for the strong opposition of his colleagues in the Cabinet. His motive? . . . It is true that Disraeli was a Jew, was pleased with the grandiose, would no doubt have liked to link his name with a memorable Eastern enterprise, and was probably grateful to those Mohamedans who were so kind to his people. . . . Disraeli thought this policy good, because it bolstered up the British Empire, and did so not in keeping up Turkey, but in keeping Russia down.

Mr. Greenwood says that the plan of campaign against Russia was completely drawn up. One day he found Lord Beaconsfield beating his hands in great distress because he had just heard of the death of the general who was to command the army of invasion from India against the Russian possessions in Central Asia. I knew of this secretly-arranged campaign on unquestionable authority before I read Mr. Greenwood's article. In addition to the attack from India, British troops were to be landed at Trebizond and an attack made on Russia from that side also. Why did the plan miscarry? Because Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet refused to sanction it. Only one Cabinet Minister, Lord Beaconsfield told Mr. Greenwood, supported him. My information is that the proposal was defeated by only one vote. In any case, I believe the opposition in the Cabinet was led by Lord Salisbury, who thus saved this country from a war which would have been not only ruinous and unjustifiable, but disastrous to the Conservative party in addition. Here we have the explanation of Lord Beaconsfield's threat of 'three campaigns' against Russia on the issue of Russia's ultimatum to Turkey in

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

1877. Mr. Greenwood, who knew Lord Beaconsfield's mind, explains that Minister's intention in this sensational policy :

His motive was the postponement to a far future of the dictatorship which England is now [September, 1896] compelled to acknowledge. What is unintelligently called bolstering up the Turkish Empire was the seizing of an opportunity of rolling back the half-crippled Russian armies in ruin, breaking down the Russian prestige in Asia, and therewith destroying all idea of Russian ascendancy for many a decade.

As if a high-spirited nation of nearly one hundred and thirty millions and boundless resources could be thus crumpled up 'for many a decade!' Napoleon failed to do it with an army, compared with which any efforts of ours in union with Turkey would have been insignificant. England made the experiment nearly half a century ago in union with France, Sardinia, and Turkey, and with more damage to herself than to Russia. But what about the morality of the enterprise, apart from its statesmanship? At the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war Lord Beaconsfield laid down certain conditions of England's neutrality, which he described as 'the charter of our policy.' Russia promised to observe those conditions, and she confessedly observed them. Yet a campaign was secretly arranged against her. She was to be suddenly attacked; her armies were to be 'rolled back in ruin'; her 'prestige in Asia' was to be destroyed—all to safeguard India and prevent Russian ascendancy in Europe! It is well to bear this in mind when Russian bad faith is urged as a conclusive reason against a friendly understanding with a nation whose friendship is of more importance to us, and whose antagonism is more dangerous, than those of any other nation in Europe. Our policy towards Russia is charged to the brim with folly and peril. We have no intention of fighting her. The risk would be too great even if there were a sufficient cause. Where, then, is the sense of an exasperating policy of suspicion, pinpricks, defamation, and menaces? Why insist on regarding Russia as the one chronic foe against whose hostile designs we must be ever on the alert? I am told, on good authority, that it is a rule of our navy—at least in the Far East—to shadow every Russian warship with one or two British warships. Can anything be imagined more irritating to a great nation than to find itself thus put into the category of 'suspects' and have all its movements dogged by the detectives of another nation professing to be friendly? Individually, Russians and Britons get on excellently together, whether as soldiers or civilians. Is it not time, in our own interest, to turn over a new leaf and abandon a policy which has no basis in reason, justice, or common sense? In the Far East we cannot compete for influence over China with a nation whose land frontier is conterminous with the Chinese frontier over more than four thousand miles. To rely on an anti-Russian alliance with Japan would be at once foolish and to ourselves injurious: foolish, because

CANON MAC COLL

Russia can always outbid us in an alliance with Japan ; injurious, because Japan is a much more dangerous commercial rival in China than Russia. France is already Russia's ally, and it is a cardinal article in the policy of Germany to keep always on good terms with Russia. Besides, as matters are, Russia is a far better customer of ours than China, and if she were to annex the whole of China our gain would be far greater than our loss. The absorption of Manchuria by Russia will undoubtedly benefit our trade, and that Russia will absorb Manchuria eventually there can be but little doubt. In her position England or Germany would do the same. Germany, without any excuse at all, has practically annexed the Province of Shan-tung, with the volunteered good-will of the British Government. On the other hand, Russia has been forced to repel a Chinese attack on the frontier of Manchuria, and can now claim the right of conquest. I think, for my part, that the Government of the Tsar would have been wiser to take that line frankly. In any case, we had better make up our minds to the fact that Manchuria will soon be as completely within the sphere of Russian influence as our native States in India are within the sphere of British influence. It is certain that not a single European Government—certainly not our own—will effectually interfere to prevent that consummation. What, then, is the use of a policy of impotent snarling—a policy which is not only impotent but also mischievous and undignified ? Our growls will not stay Russia's hand ; and to encourage China to resist, when we have no intention to give her material aid, would be to precipitate that partition which we profess to deprecate—to say nothing of the cowardice of such policy. Would it not be wiser to accept the inevitable and try to arrange terms with Russia ere it be too late ?

Another episode in foreign policy goes far to show that Gortchakoff was not very wrong when he declared, in 1877, that if England and Russia would only agree to be friends 'not a gun would be fired in Europe without their consent.' France paid the enormous indemnity imposed upon her by Germany with an ease which upset all calculations. Bismarck had reckoned that it would take France at least thirty years to pay the milliards due to Prussia ; and meanwhile a German army was to occupy the principal strategic points in France, a provision which left France at the mercy of her foe. The first attempts of the Republic to adjust the budget and restore the country's military strength yielded results surpassing the hopes of the most sanguine French patriots. The Government of Berlin took alarm, which became so acute in 1875 that both Moltke and Bismarck determined to anticipate the resurrection of France by striking her down a second time with such a blow as would render her helpless for generations. And this war was to be undertaken,

EPISODES IN FOREIGN POLICY

forsooth ! in the interest of peace and of humanity. Marshal von Moltke is reported to have said :

We cannot better our means of attack, and France is every day improving her system of defence. The decisive moment has arrived. Later, war will cost the two nations a hundred thousand men more. To prevent its becoming a war of extermination, we must have it at once. It is not only as a commander and a German that I say this : it is also as a man and a Christian.

The iron Chancellor agreed, and preparations for the new campaign began. When everything was ready an ultimatum was to be delivered to France forbidding the increase of the French army beyond a figure dictated by her recent conqueror. At that critical moment the Tsar and Queen Victoria, to whom the plot had become known, intervened with their veto (the queen knew she could rely on her Government and people), and one of the greatest crimes of the nineteenth century was averted. Bismarck, thus foiled, boldly and angrily denied that there was any intention to invade France, and accused Gortchakoff of having invented the story in order to gain credit for having prevented the mythical war. The late accomplished Lord Arthur Russell told the following anecdote, which he wrote down from the lips of his brother, Lord Amphill, at the time British Ambassador at the Court of Berlin :

Odo described to me dramatically the interview between the two Chancellors, during which he was present, and supported Prince Gortchakoff, in accordance with the instructions he had received from the Foreign Office. Prince Gortchakoff informed Bismarck that the Tsar did not desire to see France weakened any further. Bismarck was writhing under desperate efforts to control his temper. Gortchakoff repeated, '*Allons ! allons, mon cher Bismarck, tranquillisez vous donc. Vous savez que je vous aime beaucoup. Je vous ai connu depuis votre enfance. Mais je ne vous aime pas quand vous êtes nerveux. Allons, vous allez devenir nerveux ! Tranquillisez vous donc, allons ! Allons, mon cher !*' A short time after this interview Bismarck complained to Odo of the preposterous folly and ignorance of the English and all other Cabinets, who had mistaken stories got up for speculations on the Bourse for the true policy of the German Government. 'Then, will you,' asked Odo, 'censure your four Ambassadors who have misled us and the other Powers ?' Bismarck made no reply.¹

My space is exhausted ; but have I not said enough to show the folly and the jeopardy of our attitude towards Russia ever since the ill-starred Crimean war ? A good understanding with that great and growing Empire is the key to a safe British foreign policy. And let it be remembered that the friendship of Russia carries the political goodwill of France. We hear much at present of our trade interests in China. They are but a flea-bite compared with our potential trade interests in the Ottoman Empire. And we are looking quietly on while Germany is gradually ousting us from that vast region of undeveloped wealth, open everywhere to a great naval Power possessing an immense commercial marine. Russia and

¹ Lord Arthur Russell allowed Sir M. Grant Duff to copy this note into the last volume of his '*Notes from a Diary*.'

CANON MAC COLL

France are both jealous of the encroachments of Germany in Syria and Asia Minor, and would gladly co-operate with us in checking or forestalling her. But we look on supinely, and even occasionally 'give a leg-up' to our keenest and most formidable commercial rival on this side of the Atlantic. Our commercial primacy is very seriously threatened by America and Germany, and it is in our commercial primacy that our political strength lies. Yet we persistently pursue a policy of drift, as if we still possessed a monopoly of the world's trade as before ! 'And what will ye do in the end thereof ?' The question calls for a speedy answer.

THE SIKHS AND THEIR GOLDEN TEMPLE BY THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY



DURING a visit to Lahore we were taken over the College of Young Chiefs, where youths varying in age from twelve to one or two and twenty are educated. It is intended to confer upon them the benefits of English public-school life without isolating them from their own people and leading them to look down upon the institutions of their forefathers. Athletic sports are in great favour, and an energetic game of football was in progress when we arrived.

No boy can be admitted who is not 'durbari,' entitled to a seat in durbar when the Viceroy or the Governor receives the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Apart from being thus 'eligible for presentation at court,' the scholars vary much, not only in age, but also in rank and fortune. One or two live in houses of their own, with a whole retinue of servants; others have sets of rooms overlooking the playground, while some occupy a single room in a row set apart for the reception of those who cannot afford more extensive accommodation. Each of the apartments near the playground is labelled, somewhat after the style of an undergraduate's rooms at Oxford, with the name of the occupant painted outside the entrance door. Among the rooms mainly allotted to young Sikhs, where unmistakable designations ending in Singh predominated, we were struck by a name which almost looked as if a Scotsman had taken up his abode in this oriental seminary. 'Granth Sahib' was printed in large letters by the side of one of the ordinary low doorways. I was about to inquire as to this Mr. Grant, when we were invited to enter, and instead of the usual furniture and ornaments, differing little from those of a schoolboy at home, we found a bare room with a large volume laid in state on the floor, covered with a coloured cloth and with a few flowers strewn upon it as a token of veneration.

This, then, was the Granth (pronounced *grunt*)—the sacred book of the Sikhs, and the sole tangible object allowed for their adoration.

The authorities at the Lahore college are very particular in facilitating, and indeed encouraging, the observance by their charges of the rites of their various faiths. Each little room which we entered had a small illuminated card hanging up stating, in English, the proper hours for the prayers of the Mahommedan, or the Poojah (worship) of the Sikhs, with an intimation that the sub-committee considered that the boys ought to attend to their religion. The Mahommedans have a pretty little mosque of their own, and the room of Granth Sahib is used from time to time by a Guru, or teacher, who comes to read the scriptures to his young disciples.

COUNTESS OF JERSEY

We had an opportunity of hearing the Granth read and translated when we visited the tomb of the great Sikh leader Ranjit Singh. The tomb itself was remarkable. In the middle was a large and elaborate marble crown, shaped like a jewelled head-dress or turban, surrounded by eleven smaller crowns. The four most ornamental of these represented the four princesses, and the others the seven slave-wives who performed suttee on the funeral-pyre of their lord. In two of the corners were two more crowns commemorating two pigeons that flew into the flames, and as voluntary suicides were considered deserving of the same honour as the women.

When we had admired these memorials of self-sacrifice, a priest offered to read from the holy book, and a Sikh gentleman who accompanied us kindly translated the sentences. These were expressions of devotion to, and confidence in, the Almighty, which might perfectly have found a place in the Psalms of David. 'Who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight' might well be adopted as a motto by the Sikhs; but I doubt whether their scriptures are as warlike as is their practice or our Old Testament.

To see the real glory of the Sikh worship, however, a visit to Amritsar is necessary, and this we were fortunate in paying on a fine autumn day when brilliant sunshine flashed from golden tower and marble pavement. Amritsar means the Pool of Immortality, and derives its name from an ancient pool or reservoir found on a piece of land given by the great Moghul Emperor Akbar to Ram Das, the fourth of the ten Gurus who are revered by the Sikhs as successive holy prophets and leaders of their sect. In fact, these ten Gurus directed the Sikhs very much as the prophets from Moses to Samuel ruled the Hebrews until they demanded a king.

It is said that a Byraghee or ascetic disputed Ram Das's right to the land, as he asserted that it contained a pool dedicated in bygone days to Ramchunder, the deity to whom he was devoted. Ram Das demanded proofs, which the Byraghee could not offer, and then the Guru manifested his own superior claim to be the representative of whatever god pervaded the hidden waters, by digging into the earth on the right spot and disclosing the ancient steps of the sacred reservoir. The spring, thus restored to light, was soon widened into a large tank, and during the three hundred years which have elapsed since its discovery it has been adorned and beautified until it presents the glowing spectacle of to-day.

On reaching the holy precincts we were first led up some steps into a portico, where was a sofa covered with gorgeous brocade. Here our shoes were put aside for velvet slippers richly embroidered with gold, and we were introduced to the high priest, a most courteous and venerable old gentleman with a good expression of countenance. Unfortunately, we had to communicate through an interpreter, as he could not speak English. Later the Military

SIKHS AND THEIR GOLDEN TEMPLE

Governor of the Temple, a gallant old native colonel, came on the scene. He was very polite, but laboured under the same disability as to language.

When we were properly shod, we were taken first on to the marble esplanade surrounding the lake or tank, where some school-children under charge of their master sang us a native song ; and we saw the fine houses of the Sikh chiefs which are built around the Temple premises. These gentlemen contribute largely to the maintenance of the shrine, and reside in its neighbourhood when they come to pay their annual devotions.

We then ascended a tower from which we could admire the Temple and its picturesque surroundings. Imagine in the middle of a lake a small island entirely covered by a building which appears from a little distance to be chiselled out of gold and set to float upon transparent waters. It has a dome, a tower, and pinnacles covered with gold ; the lower part is of marble so richly decorated with colour and precious stones that the eye can distinguish nothing but the effect of a mediæval casket magically enlarged to the size of an ordinary church. Beyond the consecrated grounds the ancient town of Amritsar extends in every direction till it loses itself in the fertile plains of the Punjab. There is but one blot on the scene—the municipality has built close to the marble esplanade an offensively modern brick tower. Pity that Ram Das cannot work another miracle and cause it to disappear in a night.

Having come down from the tower, we skirted another side of the lake, and, turning a corner, reached a marble bridge or causeway. We passed on to it through a little archway, also richly painted, and saw, let into one of its walls, a white marble tablet bearing in raised letters the inscription 'XXX Sikhs.' This regiment before departing for the Tirah campaign came to pray in the Temple, and on its return the survivors made this votive offering. In this campaign the Sikhs performed prodigies of valour, and were warmly praised by Sir William Lockhart.

Crossing the bridge, we entered the Temple proper, and found ourselves in a vaulted hall, if possible still more gorgeously adorned than the exterior of the building ; the gilded ceiling is made additionally dazzling by small looking-glasses ; birds, flowers, and animals form the inlaid work of the walls. A very ordinary time-piece was suspended near one of the four entrances ; but we were informed that Lord Curzon had promised to provide a clock worthy of the surroundings.

Here an elaborate service was being performed. A magnificent copy of the Granth lay open before a Guru who, seated on the ground, was chanting verses in a loud sing-song voice. All round were seated assistants playing music and joining in the chant. Others were waving chowries over the sacred volume, and votaries

COUNTESS OF JERSEY

were trooping in, casting down offerings of coins and flowers. The service, however, admitted of interruption—a special donation could be announced to the assistants, and a grateful response introduced into the anthem.

From the hall we ascended to upper galleries in the tower, from which the scene in the chamber below could be surveyed ; then, having retraced our steps across the bridge, which had golden lamp-posts on either side, we were taken into another chapel on the mainland. This is a kind of military chapel or sacristy in which the Granth is deposited at night on a golden bed. Here are carefully preserved the arms of former Gurus, whose portraits are painted on either side of the entrance. During our visit to the Temple we were garlanded with flowers, and received at intervals little nests made of sweetstuff, and pugaris of fine linen. Before we took our grateful farewell of the high priest, he presented us with tiny volumes bound in red silk containing the Japji, or Morning Prayer of Guru Nānuk. We have since been favoured with a translation, part of which runs as follows : ' True is the Lord, true is His name, and language expresses His infinite love. What shall we offer Him in return for His bounties? We must meditate every day early at dawn on the greatness of His holy name. He is the destroyer, the preserver, and the sustainer of all.'

The Sikhs are baptized with a mixture of sugar and water stirred together with a dagger or some other weapon. This ceremony is generally performed when a youth reaches the age of sixteen ; after which he is bound to carry a weapon. Presumably he is not pledged to wear it always, as the Sikhs we saw were not all armed.

The Sikhs are further directed (like Samson) to wear their hair unshorn ; they are to eschew tobacco, and to bathe from time to time in the pool of Amritsar. Women are occasionally, but not always, baptized.

The original faith of these warrior saints was of a comparatively mild description. Their founder was Nānuk, born in 1469, in the neighbourhood of Lahore. His father was a Hindu ; but, as both Hindus and Mahommedans lived in that part of the country, Nānuk had the opportunity of studying the tenets of both, and was satisfied with neither. He asserted that he had read the Koran and the Vedas, but nowhere had he found God. Ultimately he began to preach to men collected from divers races and faiths, calling upon them to repent of their sins, to live virtuously, and to worship the One Invisible God, the Creator, self-existent and everlasting, who in the day of reckoning would ask concerning man, ' What has he done ?' He believed, like the Hindus, in the gradual purification of the soul through transmigration, and its ultimate reward in union with the Deity. Like the Mahommedans, he desired to free his fellow men from the debasing influences of idolatry and the shackles

SIKHS AND THEIR GOLDEN TEMPLE

of caste, teaching that the Supreme Being is no respecter of persons. His followers were called 'Sikhs,' which simply means 'disciples,' and when he died at the age of seventy, beloved and respected, he left a religious, not a political, community to honour his memory. He appointed, not his own son, but one of his faithful followers, to carry on his work. Ram Das, already mentioned as fourth in succession, remained an esteemed subject of the Great Akbar; but his foundation of Amritsar as centre of the Sikh faith no doubt awoke the political spirit which was hereafter to bear such startling fruit. The fifth Guru, Arjun, reduced the customary offerings of the faithful to a systematic tax, and from the writings of his predecessors and his own contributions produced the first edition of the Granth or 'Book.' His successor, Har Govind, was a mighty hunter, and led his followers to battle, though for the most part as an adherent of the Emperor Jehanghir and the Imperial Government. By the time that the ninth Guru succeeded matters had become stormy. Aurungzebe, who, unlike the great and tolerant Akbar, was a tyrant and a bigot, ultimately put to death Teg-Bahadur as a rebel, and thus made him a martyr in the eyes of his disciples.

Govind, the tenth Guru, and the last revered as an inspired prophet, was son of Teg-Bahadur, and determined to avenge his father's death and to found a new nation. Some of the Sikhs had from time to time fallen away from the true faith and founded divers sects; the Mahommedan empire, already waning, had become a persecuting power. Govind would re-unite his followers and carve for them an earthly kingdom while offering them hopes of a heaven. He claimed to inherit the spirit of Nānuk transmitted to him as one lamp imparts its flame to another; but he sternly forbade his followers to worship him as divine, threatening eternal damnation to any who should presume to do so. Govind himself only speaks of his message to mankind as revealed to him in a celestial vision; but, as in most religions, the masses were not satisfied without the addition of a miraculous story. The legend recounts that Govind, after austere devotions, demanded of the mother-goddess of mankind how in olden times the hero or demi-god Arjuna transpierced multitudes with an arrow. Being informed that such power was attained by prayer and sacrifice, he invited a famous Brahmin possessed of supernatural gifts, and assembled the multitude of his followers to witness the awful ceremony which he intended to perform. A vast altar was prepared for the burnt offering, and Govind was told that the goddess would appear to him as an armed shade, and that he must greet her undaunted and ask for fortune. When the fateful moment came, however, the Guru, struck with awe, could only salute the apparition with his sword. The goddess accepted the homage, touched the sword, and caused a divine weapon,

COUNTESS OF JERSEY

an axe of iron, to appear in the flames—a sign that the Sikhs thereafter should be the warrior-sons of iron.

Though the omen was propitious, Govind was told that his impulse of fear had rendered the sacrifice incomplete, and that either he, or one dear to him, must die to ensure the triumph of his faith. Govind, who seems to have been only half heroic on this occasion, said, smiling sadly, that he had still work to do in the world, and that his father's spirit was unappeased. His sons were restrained by their mother; but twenty-five disciples sprang forward, and the one chosen gladly perished in the flames.

Govind then proceeded to found his church, which he called the Khâlsa—an Arabic word which may be interpreted 'free' or 'special,' and is commonly used to distinguish the lands held directly by a chief from those of his tributaries. To abolish caste, he himself baptized five of his faithful disciples—a Brahmin, a Khutree, and three Sudras—and hailed them as 'Singhs,' or Lions, the distinctive name which he adopted for himself and his followers. Many of the twice-born Brahmins objected to this breaking down of barriers; but the Guru was largely reinforced by the warlike adventurers of those northern climes, and he contrived to inspire his adherents with the martial ardour and religious zeal which moulded the Sikh nation and has endured till the present day. To worship God in truth and sincerity, to lead pure lives, to abhor idolatry, and to devote themselves to waging war against their enemies, were thenceforward to be the chief tenets of the Sikh faith. Govind composed the supplemental book of the Granth, part of which contains an account of his own adventures. His career was stormy and chequered. His sons were slain by the Mahommedans, and he himself was finally stabbed in his sleep by the sons of an Afghan whom he had killed. Thus died the last apostle of the Sikhs in 1708, having apparently failed in his aim to raise an empire on the ashes of the Moghul dominion. Govind, however, had formed a nation. Although the Sikhs were dispersed and almost crushed at the time of his death, he had kindled a flame which was not to be extinguished. Never again would the Singhs, the Lions, submit to a tyrant, or the Sikhs, the Disciples, utterly abandon the purity of their faith. Little by little they reappeared, always fighting, and, though sometimes sustaining crushing defeats, ever returning to the fray.

At length the famous Ranjit Singh came upon the scene. He was the son of one of the most powerful of the many chieftains who formed the Sikh confederacy towards the close of the eighteenth century, chiefs who sometimes fought one another and sometimes united against a common foe. By marriage, by diplomacy, by conquest, Ranjit Singh gradually obtained possession, first of the Punjaub, where he made Lahore his capital, and subsequently of Mooltan, Cashmere, and Peshawur. Though a man of little education, he had

SIKHS AND THEIR GOLDEN TEMPLE

great political instinct, and early in his reign perceived that it would be far more advantageous to ally himself with the English than to attempt to oppose them by force of arms. In 1809, therefore, he made a treaty with them, by which he agreed to limit his subsequent exploits to the land north and west of the River Sutlej. These engagements he kept scrupulously. He was a great admirer of British discipline, and formed, on the model of the Company's army, bodies of Sikh infantry, some of whose uniforms and muskets may still be seen in the fort at Lahore. Towards the end of 1838, this great ruler met the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, at Simla; and of their meeting an eye-witness writes: 'The glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold were presented on this occasion to the imaginations of the European spectators, and native eyes were once more gratified with one of those gorgeous spectacles of oriental magnificence, once habitual to them, which are now, like their temples and tombs, fading into dreams of the past under the wand of European retrenchment.' It is strange to read this lament over bygone splendour, made over sixty years ago and still echoed by the Anglo-Indian of the twentieth century.

When Ranjit Singh died, in the following year, 'the melancholy intelligence of the demise of this faithful and highly valued ally of the British Government' was officially announced in a general order from Simla. Though in reality a powerful monarch and skilful general, Ranjit Singh had never assumed the title or exercised the tyranny of a despot. He protected the Khâlsa or Sikh community, and ruled his dominions at large on feudal principles, which seem to have suited the inhabitants very well. He attributed his successes to the Almighty, and asserted that his conquests and his administration were alike carried on for the sake of the Guru, for the advantage of the Khâlsa, and in the name of the Lord. The little band of seekers after truth who had listened to Nânuk had grown in three centuries and a half into a great people, only restrained from over-running Hindustan by being confronted with an imperial race, with whom they were soon to try their strength in a harder contest than any which they had yet undertaken.

No worthy successor upheld the sceptre of Ranjit Singh. For six years the territories which he had governed were distracted by the dissensions of rival generals, ministers, and queen-mothers. The treaties which he had made were disregarded, and in December 1845 a Sikh army of 60,000 men and 150 guns crossed the Sutlej and invaded British territory, to be repulsed in four pitched battles, fought within three weeks, hardly contested, and gained at heavy loss. In the last, the battle of Sobraon, three hundred and fifty British were killed and over two thousand wounded; but the defeated Sikhs in attempting to escape across the Sutlej suffered terrible carnage. Hundreds fell under the fire of the horse-artillery, and hundreds upon hundreds

COUNTESS OF JERSEY

were drowned in the vain endeavour to ford the river. 'Yet,' says Captain Cunningham, 'no Sikh offered to submit, and no disciple of Govind asked for quarter. The victors looked with stolid wonderment upon the indomitable courage of the vanquished, and forbore to strike when the helpless and dying frowned unavailing hatred.'

The triumph was complete, and the British dictated terms of peace, by which a portion of the Sikh territory was annexed to the British dominions, while Dhuleep Singh, infant son of Ranjit, was recognised as rajah in his father's place.

Peace, however, was not of long duration. In 1848, while Major Henry Lawrence, Resident at Lahore, was home on sick leave, two British officers were treacherously murdered at Mooltan. The British were unprepared, and a general rising followed. At the battle of Chillianwallah, though the English claimed a victory, they lost 2400 officers and men killed and wounded, four guns, and the colours of three regiments.

In the following month—February 1849—Lord Gough, the British commander, completely retrieved his reputation by the great victory of Guzerat, when he defeated 60,000 Sikhs, reinforced by many Afghans, who were afterwards chased back ignominiously to their native hills.

It was evidently impossible to leave any nominal independence to the restless tribes of the Punjaub. As neighbours they would be a perpetual source of danger; as subjects and soldiers they might bring fresh strength to the British Government. Dhuleep Singh was pensioned off, and the Punjaub formally annexed; as a British province it bears lasting witness to the personal influence and administrative genius of Henry and John Lawrence.

When the Mutiny broke out great anxiety was felt as to what would be the attitude of these formidable Sikhs, whose prowess the English had known to their cost only eight years previously. Would they not join the rebel populations, to whom they were nearer akin both in blood and in faith than they could possibly be to their new over-lords?

The shades of the past fought then against the Mahommedan and for the Briton; the Sikhs had never forgotten the martyred Gurus and warriors who had been done to death by the princes of Delhi in days gone by. The English had defeated them in open battle; but they had ruled them justly and had never interfered with their faith. The Sikh will not turn against the leader whose salt he has eaten; and so in that dark hour the warlike tribes of the Punjaub never wavered. The sons of the Khâlsa swept down to avenge the blood of their martyrs on the descendants of the murderers, and stood by their English officers with magnificent fidelity.

SIKHS AND THEIR GOLDEN TEMPLE

As it was then so it has been ever since. In the frontier wars, in Afghanistan, in China, and wherever else he may be called upon to draw his sword, there is no soldier of the Empire upon whom more absolute reliance may be placed than the long-haired Sikh, who when fighting for his Sovereign believes that he is serving the God of Battles.

A SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE I. BY W. H. MALLOCK



From age to age social conditions change, each age leaves in its writings, its art, its buildings, records which stamp it with a peculiar character of its own, and show us that the aspect which human life wore then, differed more or less widely from that which it wears now. But these records, however copious with regard to the conditions of life, are comparatively scanty with regard to life itself. They enable us to see the streets of the past, the houses, the plate, the dresses; but of the peculiar daily life to which these things belonged, they tend to be, for a very intelligible reason, scanty in exact proportion as the facts of that life are important. The routine of daily existence, with all its vanishing features, except in literature, leaves no record at all. Of such features the most important are those which are most familiar; and in proportion as they are familiar to his contemporaries, a writer omits to describe them. Why should he describe what his contemporary readers will assume? The consequence is that descriptions of daily life, which may be practically complete for the generation to which the writers address them, become incomplete as that generation passes, and as the dead take to their graves a fund of unwritten knowledge, which, because during their lives it was so obvious, is after their deaths so irrecoverable.

Many of the descriptions of even so recent a writer as Dickens are already, for this reason, ceasing to be wholly intelligible; and if we turn from Dickens to the novelists of the eighteenth century, we shall find the same fact exemplified in a still more striking way. Fielding and Smollett both give us voluminous accounts of the lives of country gentlemen and their families; but vividly distinct as certain of the details are, the impression produced by their chapters, on a reader of the present age, resembles that which would be produced by a chromolithograph, which is only half printed, a number of the colours being missing, required to complete the picture. We can understand something of the aspect of Squire Allworthy's house. We can understand perfectly the dramatic situations which arise in it; but we do not get—if I may borrow a phrase from Mr. Lecky—any comprehensive map of the daily life of the inmates—of the hours at which they rose, breakfasted, dined, and went to bed; of their daily amusements at various seasons of the year; of their intercourse with their neighbours; of their visits at country houses; of their relations with the world of London; of their literary and artistic culture. Fielding and other novelists tell us little of these things, because they assumed that their readers had a full and inevitable knowledge of them; and this knowledge imputed to the reader was, as it were, the background on which

A GEORGIAN SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD

these artists painted all their pictures. But for us such knowledge, instead of being inevitable, is, of all kinds of knowledge, that which is most elusive ; and it is constantly inspiring the imagination with a vain desire to possess it.

The foregoing observations are applicable to the life of all past periods ; but I have applied them particularly here to life in the eighteenth century, and more particularly still to the life of our country gentlemen's households, partly because the life of those households, though in some ways so near our own lives, is in others so remote and different that it seems to belong to fairyland ; and partly because I desire to introduce the sympathetic reader to some vivid and curious evidences as to what that life really was, which I came on by what was, to me, a singularly delightful accident. These evidences consist of a diary, kept with minute and yet artless care by the daughter of a Gloucestershire squire, in the years 1723 and 1724, about a quarter of a century previous to the publication of 'Tom Jones.' Not only is the diary itself an exceptionally interesting document, but also the house in which a copy of it is preserved—the house which was the writer's home—and a large tract of country surrounding the house, still retain, owing to very unusual circumstances, much of the aspect which they wore when the writer herself lived.

Stanway House, which is the property of the Earl of Wemyss, and at present the home of his eldest son, Lord Elcho, enjoys the rare privilege of being nearly ten miles from a railway on one side, and eleven miles on the other ; and there is in the whole neighbourhood hardly a visible sign of the new order of things which railways have been instrumental in producing. The post-town, unknown to Bradshaw, seems to have been asleep for a century. The lonely way-side cottages, the villages, the farm buildings, and the many petty manor-houses, show rarely so much as a patch of modern masonry. Their heavy slated roofs are furred with moss ; and their buff-coloured stone gables, and the mullions of their square-headed windows, have on them all the same dim bloom which time alone can give. Among such surroundings stands Stanway, at the foot of the Cotswold Hills, up the green slopes of which its well-timbered park rises. Kip published an engraving of it at the beginning of the eighteenth century—a bird's-eye view embracing some neighbouring fields and cottages. Kip, in this case, has been more than usually accurate ; for the picture corresponds in almost every detail, to the house and its adjuncts, as they meet the eye to-day. There are the same cottages nestling into the same hedgerows, the same barn, the same paddocks, the same unrestored church almost touching the house ; the house itself also, chimney for chimney, roof for roof, window for window—one might almost say pane for pane—is the house that Kip copied in the days of Pope and Addison.

W. H. MALLOCK

As one comes on it suddenly, driving through this primitive region, and sees it, in its beautiful antiquity, lying in its secluded hollow, and surrounded by an unnatural peace, it seems something too good to be true. It seems like a dream within a dream. Nor is this air of antiquity an outward appearance only. Everything within corresponds to it. The spirit of the eighteenth century there too reigns supreme. For this there is a peculiar reason. Before Lord and Lady Elcho came to it, and made it their home, it had not been lived in for something like a hundred years. Lord Wemyss' family became possessed of it early in the reign of George III., by a marriage with Miss Susan Tracey, an heiress, who inherited it from Mr. Tracey, her father, and was aunt to the writer of the diary. This lady's husband had houses and interests elsewhere; and after her marriage, Stanway, though kept in perfect repair, remained, till a recent date, a forgotten and abandoned dwelling. Thus when its present occupants came to take up their abode in it, they found it but little changed from what it had been in the Georgian epoch. Life seemed to have been arrested there about the year 1770, and they have carefully abstained from making any but the most necessary additions or alterations.

The family of Tracey is one of the most ancient in Gloucestershire; though the Traceys of Stanway were not the principal branch of it. It is enough here to mention that Mr. Ferdinando Tracey was Squire of Stanway in the reign of Charles II.; that he had by his wife, a daughter of Sir Anthony Keck, a son John, who succeeded him in 1682 and married the daughter of a neighbour, Sir Robert Atkyns; and that this Mr. John Tracey was the father of Anne, the diarist. Viewed in the light which his house, his connections, and his daughter's diary throw on him, this forgotten squire is, in certain respects, a more interesting historical character than many persons who figure in the pages of the biographer and the historian. He is an excellent type of an important and little understood class—the Georgian country gentlemen—who were, on the one hand, remote from the London world, but were, on the other, superior, beyond all comparison, to the awkward boor, with a pack of hounds and a pedigree, and with no literature but a book or two of sports and heraldry, whom Macaulay, misled by the literary caricatures of the time, offers us as a figure typical of our squirearchy as it existed then.

Let me first give the reader some further description of his home, and then we will turn to the diary, for an interpretation of the life lived in it. Stanway House is an irregular gabled structure, built round three sides of a square, and consisting, on each side, of a line of rooms and a passage. It can accommodate, under modern conditions, a party of about fourteen, exclusive of servants; but visitors, in the days of Mr. John Tracey and his daughter, would, on

A GEORGIAN SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD

occasions, allow themselves to be packed more tightly. Before the front door is an oblong walled enclosure, which is entered from the road through a gate-house, built by Inigo Jones, and communicates, by means of a wicket, with the church and the walled churchyard. The front door admits the visitor to a somewhat narrow passage with a dining-room on the left, hung with pictures of Mr. John Tracey's contemporaries; and a large hall on the right, which goes up to the roof. It is about forty-five feet in length; at one end it has a minstrel's gallery, and at the other it is lit by a beautiful oriel window. It is flagged with white stone, and is furnished with oak chairs, a long black shuffle board, and some marble-topped side-tables, resting on heavy gilded legs, and supporting bowls and vases of blue and white china. Hung high on the walls are some portraits, and a few fragments of armour. Its condition is practically the same as it was in the days of the first Georges. From this hall, by a flight of some half-dozen steps, one ascends to a passage from which opens the small main staircase. At the end of the passage is the principal 'parlour' or drawing-room, about thirty-two feet by twenty; and a farther passage admits one to two other sitting-rooms. One of these is the library, which is specially interesting from the fact that no books have been added to it for a hundred and thirty years. These apartments are in the wing facing the garden; and the garden front, the most modern feature in the house, having in the middle of it a handsome classical doorway, has been absolutely untouched since its construction, at the end of the seventeenth century. The gardens themselves, and the grounds immediately surrounding them, have undergone considerable changes; but a large and elaborate picture, in one of the bedroom passages, shows precisely what they were at the time to which we are now referring. Directly before the house was a beautifully kept bowling-green. Beyond the bowling-green was a broad canal, or lake, now filled up. Beyond the canal, down a steep wooded slope, came an artificial cascade, by which the canal was fed; and high on the hill-side, embowered in tall trees, and reached by winding walks, stood a garden-house, of classical design, surmounted by a kind of obelisk. On the opposite side of the house, adjoining the servants' offices, were three or four walled kitchen-gardens, the stables, and some scattered farm buildings, these being surrounded by paddocks and deep pasture. The picture represents the aspect which Stanway might have presented on any summer afternoon in the reign of George I. Three gentlemen, in red coats and long wigs, are playing bowls on the bowling-green; several gardeners, in their shirt sleeves, are looking on. A little way off, some ladies are boating on the canal; a stout cleric, who has been taking a solitary walk, is solemnly eyeing some distant object through a telescope; and milkmaids are seen, in blue-and-white-striped dresses, carrying home on their heads the brown

W. H. MALLOCK

wooden milk-pails. The whole scene conveys an impression of almost idyllic peace—of a dignified seclusion unruffled by the outer world. Miss Tracey's diary will show us how far this impression is correct.

I shall begin by giving the reader some short extracts from it as a sample; but, as it is essentially a record of small and recurring incidents, it is a document the significance of which must be explained by an abstract, rather than by extracts. At the time when it was written, the Stanway family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Tracey, four daughters, including Anne the writer; and four sons, Robin, Antony, Thomas, and John. The diary opens thus:

A.D. 1723. *Nov. 19.*—Mourned for the loss of our friends, and would not be comforted by Major Baghot and T. Baghot.

Nov. 20.—Fatigued with cleaning out the old study. Heard the affair of Mr. Capon's losing his mistress. Taught Kitty and Nancy whist.

Nov. 21.—Worked very hard at my gown in Willy's cloth. I imagine 'twould be finished by Easter if I worked as hard every day.

Nov. 22.—The family meal lessened by my Papa's and most of the servants being gone to Winchcomb for the swearing. My mamma and I at Mrs. Warren's.

Nov. 23.—Had the pleasure of hearing that our dear friends got safe to Tew, and were well.

Nov. 24, Sunday.—Dressed my head! Church morn and afternoon. Mr. Wynde and Mr. Charles here. Even concluded with a barrel of oysters.

Nov. 25.—Papa hunting with Lord Tracey and Sir W. K. Mamma and I hard at work. Mrs. Nelly Warren and her brother here.

Nov. 26.—Papa rode out upon the hills with Mr. Wynde. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham and the Wilsons dined here.

Nov. 27.—Papa went up to the hills in order to hunt. Rain sent him home again. The weather too bad for any of us to stir out.

Nov. 28.—Lord and Lady Tracey and Sir W. Keck etc. dined here. We played three pools at commerce. That is, the ladies did.

Turning over a page or two we come to the following entries:

Dec. 18.—Saw the brawn collard. Mr. Wynde dined here. Begun a receipt book for Cousin M. Keith.

Dec. 19.—Worked hard. Mr. Wynde here. Had a sad fit of the tooth-ache.

Dec. 20.—Papa hunting. My Mamma and I had nothing to do but to hear the description of a chase from Nando, all the rest being thrown out.

Dec. 21.—Did nothing particular. Work, etc., as usual. Even concluded with cards, and Burnett's history. Mr. Callan here.

Dec. 22, Sunday.—Indulged myself with wearing my wrapping-gown. Church as usual. Dr. L. p. on Christianity. Heard the moving account of poor Lord Russell's trial.

Dec. 23.—Papa gone to B—— to give Mr. Greenvil the oaths. Mama and I employed in writing. Mr. Kirkham and Mr. Bradley here.

Dec. 24.—Papa and my brothers hunting. Stayed till 'twas almost dusk. Mama and I worked. Kitty read. Master Carter here.

Dec. 25, Christmas Day.—Began the Xmas but indifferently, having a fainting fit in the morn. Spent the day in going to church, etc. The evening, Burnet.

Dec. 26.—I went a hunting. Had extraordinary good sport. Rode briskly (to use Mr. Fletcher's term). Three Bradleys here. Mama wrote ballads. Mr. T. Field came at night.

A GEORGIAN SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD

Here again is a specimen, taken at random, from the diary seven months later :

July 1, 1724.—Worked a little, and played on the spinnet. We all dined at Barton where we had a nice entertainment. Met Mr. Allen there. The weather excessive cold.

July 2.—The Guiting family dined here. Spent the day with a great deal of satisfaction. Mama and Brother Jack not well at night, which made me very uneasy.

July 3.—Got up very early and went on horseback with Kitty to Evesham. Bought myself a nightgown at Mr. Inglis's, and breakfasted with Mr. Keck. Invited Mr. Izod to dinner : and lay all the afternoon.

July 4.—Dined at Mr. Kirkham's by invitation, with Papa, Mama, Brother Robin, Nando and Kitty. Poor Jacky not well enough to go. Played upon the spinnet in the morn.

Sunday, July 5.—After spending the day as usual, in being at church twice, Mama and I went to Guiting, where we met Mr. Egerton and lady. As we were going, had the misfortune to break the pole of the chariot, and was obliged to stand under a hedge till the coach was fetched to convey us.

July 21.—Worked a good deal, feasted with blackberries, played at cards with good success.

July 22.—Papa, Mama, Kitty and I, in the coach at 8 o'clock to go to Barrington, where we spent the day very agreeably. Met Mr. and Mrs. Webb there, and reached home after having gone thirty-five miles and a half.

July 23.—Went with Papa in the chariot to Borton, where he left me, and took Mr. Mostyn with him to dine at Mr. Overberry's. I passed the time very agreeably. At home late.

July 24.—Danced and walked about in the morn. Worked mitre in the even and walked about to see the Turkey-fowl at Goody Stephen's, when Papa and Robin rode out. We played whist in the kitchen garden by candle-light. Mr. Izod dined here.

These extracts are sufficient to show the character of the diary, as it would strike the casual reader—a monotonous record of days of little things. But when all these trifling incidents are analysed, collated, and arranged, it will be found to yield us a most striking and vivid picture of a life which differs from our life as much as the dresses of that period differ from the dresses of our own.

The daily routine of the Stanway household was as follows. The various members rose late or early, as suited their convenience, generally very early ; and they all met at breakfast at about eleven o'clock. Dinner as a rule was at four ; but in the short days of winter it was occasionally at half-past three ; whilst, for one cause or another, it was sometimes postponed till six. In the former case, at six, there was tea ; and at nine, a solid supper. In the latter there was no supper ; but at nine o'clock there was tea. On Sunday, there was generally morning and afternoon service in the church adjoining the house, at which all the family attended with the utmost punctuality ; but whenever there was no service, as seems now and then to have been the case, prayers were read in the hall.

The occupations and amusements of the family varied, of course,

W. H. MALLOCK

with the seasons. During November, December, and January, the squire and his sons hunted twice a week, and once a week during the two months following. Occasionally, though not often, the writer of the diary would accompany them. They shot also during the season—apparently about once a fortnight. Sometimes the huntsmen started as early as eight o'clock and were home in time for the eleven o'clock breakfast. Sometimes they started later and did not return till dusk, in which case dinner would be put off till six. Sometimes the squire would be absent on magistrate's business. Sometimes he would ride for exercise over the unenclosed Cotswold Hills.

As for the ladies of the family, they were generally up by eight, even during the winter. Most of Miss Tracey's mornings, and often her afternoons also, was devoted to needlework, music lessons, and dancing lessons. She made many of her own dresses, embroidered her finest gowns; now and then she did plain sewing for her brothers, and she would even give up part of an evening to the cutting out of socks. She was a practitioner of all kinds of fancy work: she made flowered tops for gloves; she knitted purses; there was no kind of embroidery which she did not do: whilst she and her mother between them manufactured a set of silk partridge nets—a task which seems to have occupied them for a great number of weeks. She several times mentions that she and her mother sewed from eight in the morning till four, when they went to dinner; though industry such as this was exceptional. But besides sewing and fancy work she had other useful occupations. She and her mother together superintended the household. They stood over the upholsterers when they came to cover the furniture. They watched the cook collar the brawn; they kept receipt books and gave copies of them as presents to their friends; and though they do not seem to have entered into the practical work of the kitchen, a week rarely passed one evening or which did not find them in the still-room making gooseberry paste, sweet-meats, mince-meat, or lemon jelly. Miss Tracey was also the presiding genius of the dairy and the poultry yard, and not seldom of the kennels.

Yet, with all these occupations, the young lady had ample leisure for the accomplishments of music and dancing, and, as we shall see, for much besides. Music and dancing were taught her by two masters who used to come to the house periodically and stay ten days at a time. The former she calls 'Old Glanvill,' the latter 'Tommy Field.' Half of a morning would be sometimes devoted to her dancing lesson and the other half to needle-work; and in Tommy Field's absence she would constantly practise her dances, especially in the winter, when she did so to keep herself warm, and would go through all her steps, for her mother's edification, in the parlour. Her lessons in music seem to have given her more trouble,

A GEORGIAN SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD

for she often complains of having been kept by Old Glanvill 'drudging' all the morning at the spinet or the harpsichord; but she delighted in playing to her family, especially 'in consort with her mother,' the one performing on one of these instruments, the other on the other. She and her sisters, moreover, were much given to serious reading. They studied 'Burnet's History,' 'Clarendon's History,' 'Wellwood's Memoirs,' and 'Blunt's Natural History,' which, together with similar books, they used to read out to each other. A farther occupation which claimed much of the diarist's time was letter writing. At a period when we are accustomed to think that correspondence was infrequent and difficult, a week rarely passed during which this young lady in the country did not receive and answer at least four or five letters—her copious answers being written at the rate of two in a morning.

None of the ladies during the winter seem to have had much out-door exercise, unless we give that name to drives in the coach or chariot. Except for these, they were satisfied with an occasional day's hunting, a short walk on gravelled paths, or a visit to the kennels and the poultry yard, the slightest inclemency of the weather being enough to confine them to the house. At other times of the year they walked more and oftener. Miss Tracey would stroll about in the garden, of a morning in the early spring, meditating and watching the primroses. As the weather became warmer, they spent much of their time out of doors. They floated in a boat on the canal. They made excursions to the 'groves' and summer-houses in the grounds, where they constantly had tea in the afternoon or the late evening, sometimes playing whist there at nine o'clock by candle-light. They would ramble also through the meadows or by the banks of 'a purling brook'; or go two miles on foot to visit some neighbouring cousins. But though, at the best, they were not very active pedestrians, from April to the end of October the young ladies were constantly on horseback, riding considerable distances by themselves, or in the company of their father and their brothers. Thus Miss Tracey and one of her sisters started at eight one morning and rode to Evesham, eleven miles away, where they bought a nightgown, and had breakfast with a friend. As for the gentlemen of the party, they were in the saddle almost every day, and on days when they did not ride they spent hours together on the bowling-green.

Their amusements indoors consisted of music, of dancing, of card-playing—their games being picquet, ombre, commerce, and whist—and of listening to one of the party reading some book aloud, the principal readers being Miss Tracey and her father. The books chosen for this purpose were occasionally books of history, but more often poems, plays, and essays. Mr. Tracey, for example, read out Congreve's comedies, 'The Old Bachelor,' 'The Double Dealer,' and

W. H. MALLOCK

'The Way of the World,' besides many other dramas, such as 'The Tender Husband,' 'The Humourist,' 'The Captain,' and 'The Fatal Constancy,' whose names are now forgotten. Miss Tracey read out Rowe's tragedy of 'The Fair Penitent' and 'The Shipwreck'; but her favourite literature, beyond all comparison, was *The Tatler*, with which she delighted her home circle, and which she devoured privately in her bedroom. Once a week the family had another excitement. This was the appearance of a box from London which arrived by carrier, either on Saturday night or on Sunday morning; the unpacking of which enlivened the Sunday afternoons, and out of which came all sorts of delightful things—new books, new pieces of plate, cambrics, hollands, and linings, and not infrequently new jackets for the young ladies. Sunday was a red-letter day also for a further reason. They always on that day had 'fine fish' for dinner, generally presented to them by some friend; and they always at supper had oysters, which Miss Tracey used to open beforehand—once, as she pathetically records, cutting her thumb in doing so.

It is easy from these details to reconstruct a typical day spent by this squire's family a hundred and eighty years ago. Miss Tracey gets up at half-past seven and dresses with the help of a maid. At eight o'clock she has a dish of chocolate. Then for an hour and a half she writes letters in her bedroom. Then she joins her mother in one of the small parlours, and the two embroider purses, or sew petticoats till eleven. At eleven the whole family meet together at breakfast, which the mother's presence always makes a delightful meal. The gentlemen have come in from riding and are ready for bowls afterwards. The family are ten in number, the parents and eight children; and to them we may add Old Glanvill and Tommy Field. At noon, breakfast being over, one or other of these two carries Miss Tracey off to a lesson in music or dancing, keeping her hard at work till half-past one or two, whilst the voices of her brothers come through the window from the bowling-green. As soon as she is set free she returns to her mother's sitting-room—works with her for another hour, or else plays a duet with her, or shows off the new steps she has just learnt from her dancing-master. At half-past two she goes down to the kennels. She inspects Chloe's puppies and settles the name of the prettiest. She then has an interview with the hen-wife and discusses the condition of the poultry, picking her way carefully amongst the dirt and puddles of the yard, in order that she may not sully the daintiness of her high-heeled shoes. She then returns to the house, finds out her sister Kitty, and either gives her a lesson in ombre, or reads her Lord Clarendon's History, till it is time to change their frocks for the dinner at four o'clock. After dinner, if the weather is wet, the ladies all stay indoors. Some of them work; one reads aloud; or one plays on the harpsichord; and those who are working show each other new

A GEORGIAN SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD

stitches. After an hour or so of such employment they generally take to cards and play at commerce or ombre, till tea at six o'clock brings back the father and brothers from the bowling-green or the Cotswold Hills. When the days are long, from half-past six to nine, they walk or ride or play cards in the garden; till the dews, of which they seem all to have had a wholesome horror, send them in to supper and a bowl of punch. After supper Mr. Tracey reads two acts of a comedy, or perhaps, on some saint's day, a sermon, while the mother and the young ladies work. Then for an hour or so they all return to cards, sitting at two tables; and at eleven they go to bed. Or the day has possibly been enlivened by some other diversion—by a sword-dancer and a juggler who used to make the round of the country; by one of the gentlemen of the party dressing up as a lady; by Miss Tracey dressing up as a man; by Tommy Field giving a performance on his violin; or by Old Glanville, who gives them an entertainment consisting of 'the life and actions of Mrs. Bovey's coachman set to music.'

This daily routine, however, of strictly family life, was being constantly varied by the presence of guests, callers, and visitors; and by the paying of calls and visits in return. Thus, for example, during one week towards the end of November, we find that on Monday and Tuesday, they have two visitors staying. On Thursday, these having gone, two more arrive; and on Friday, two more—cousins who lived ten miles off. On Saturday the house party is augmented by five diners; the party at dinner being seventeen or eighteen people. Next Monday there are five more guests, and the dinner-party is equally large. The same thing happens on Tuesday. On Thursday and Friday also neighbours dine with them. Then follows a week during which they are almost by themselves; then a week during which they have two or three friends staying with them; and then for a fortnight the house is quite full, the party consisting of sixteen or eighteen people, and three card-tables being made up every night. During this period members of the Stanway party dine four times, and breakfast once, with neighbours. In the spring and summer we find them equally sociable. Between the middle of April and the first week in May they drive or ride out, to breakfast, to dine, or to pass the afternoon with neighbours every other day, occasionally starting as early as eight o'clock, and reaching their friend's house at eleven after a drive of seventeen miles.

On May 5, the whole of the Stanway family go to stay with some relations who live about ten miles away, on a visit which lasts very nearly three weeks—the squire and his wife and two daughters making the journey in the coach, the two other daughters and all the sons on horseback. The house is full of company, and during the latter part of the time the number of the

W. H. MALLOCK

house-party mounts up to twenty-seven. This is the only occasion during the period covered by the diary, on which Miss Tracey stayed for more than a day out of her father's house ; and her account of the visit is very circumstantial and interesting. The gathering at first was a trifle stiff and prim, though Miss Tracey created a sensation the morning after her arrival by appearing in her 'worked gown,' which surprised the whole company, not only by its beauty but still more by the fact that this splendid garment was finished, all the country-side having long known that it was in preparation. After breakfast that day the ladies did fancy work, while Miss Tracey read to them 'The Fair Penitent.' In the evening the company entertained themselves by admiring the Indian cabinets, and seeing the curiosities contained in them taken out and exhibited. Next night every one was still so stiff that Miss Tracey pulled her gloves off and on all the evening in order to keep awake. The following day, however, reserve at last breaks down, and laughter takes the place of stiffness. The young people amuse themselves by seeing their hostess make oat-cakes, or by walking in the 'grove,' exchanging tender confidences, and staying out 'till the dew proved dangerous.' On other days they play whist between dinner and supper in the Park House. After supper they have music, round games, and whist, and they are 'much diverted by our old friend the juggler.' In the mornings the young gentlemen find their way to the fish-ponds. The young ladies read Gay's poems, compare their work, drink tea in the grove, 'sit on the mount' or walk, or for two hours together have 'a consort in the music room.' Excursions are made to the houses of neighbouring friends, and those who go return laden with gossip, descanting on 'the surprising fineness of Mr. D.'s cascade,' and 'his elegant way of living,' or on Lord D.'s 'pictures and furniture.' One day the young ladies make almond cakes till dinner-time. Another day they get up early in order to allow of their maid's going off betimes to some servants' festivity in the neighbourhood. The principal event of another day is an eclipse which the party watch from the Park House, where the view is not blocked by trees ; and the last evening of the visit is enlivened by some foot races in the park, which gather together 'a vast concourse' of spectators.

When the Tracey's return to Stanway they have no visitors for a week or so ; but the whole house resounds with the noise made by the servants, who are practising morris dances for the impending 'Whitsun-Ale.' When this festival is over the household resumes its normal condition. Visitors begin to arrive again as before. A day rarely passes without a neighbour coming to breakfast, dinner, or tea. There are generally two or three guests, sometimes more, in the house, and they stay for periods varying from three days to a month. Near neighbours are constantly dropping in for breakfast,

A GEORGIAN SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD

for dinner, and sometimes even for supper. Now and then there is a large formal dinner-party, which usually happens to be augmented by a few uninvited guests, sure of a welcome; and twenty people or more sit down at the hospitable board.

The conversation seems to have consisted very largely of local gossip. Sir Richard's courtship, Miss Warren's new gown, Mrs. D.'s new saddle, the passage of Sir John's coach through the park on its way to London, the robbery of a butcher in a neighbouring wood, the illness of Goody Jones, the death of Goody Dightwood, or the confinement of a tramp's wife in the barn, would supply a sufficient topic for many a dinner and breakfast. But sometimes a friend would be present, familiar with the London world, who would 'talk very agreeably about the quality.' Sometimes a couple of clergymen would take all the conversation to themselves, and argue for a good two hours about the merits of the rival universities; whilst another clergyman—an old friend of the family—consumed an entire evening by a dissertation on God's providence as evidenced by the preservation of some sailors on the coast of Greenland, an account of which he had been reading in some new work on geography.

It is commonly supposed that the Georgian country gentlemen were grossly intemperate as a class, and rarely rose from dinner sober. There is nothing in Miss Tracey's diary which gives countenance to this supposition. Drunkenness could not have been common at dinner in the circle in which she lived; for immediately after dinner, whenever the season permitted, the men played bowls, or rode, or walked with the ladies, or, if confined to the house, took part in some indoor amusement; and Squire Tracey at all events must have been habitually sober after supper, because after supper for an hour he would read aloud to his family.

Such, then, was life in an English squire's household—as seen from within, as depicted by a most observant member of it—a hundred and eighty years ago. The picture thus presented to us is remarkable for many reasons. In the first place, instead of the coarseness and rustic ignorance which the London wits of the time and many modern writers might lead us to expect, we have a picture of people, simple indeed, but polished—by no means deficient in education and literary culture, singularly gracious and amiable in all their family relationships, and singularly hospitable and open-hearted to their neighbours. In the second place, we have a most striking and vivid illustration of the movement and vitality evinced by the social life of the upper class in what was then a very remote district. Houses then were in visiting distance of one another, whose owners to-day have never crossed one another's thresholds. The circle of friends and neighbours amongst whom the Stanway family lived comprised their kinsman, Lord Tracey, who lived but three miles

W. H. MALLOCK

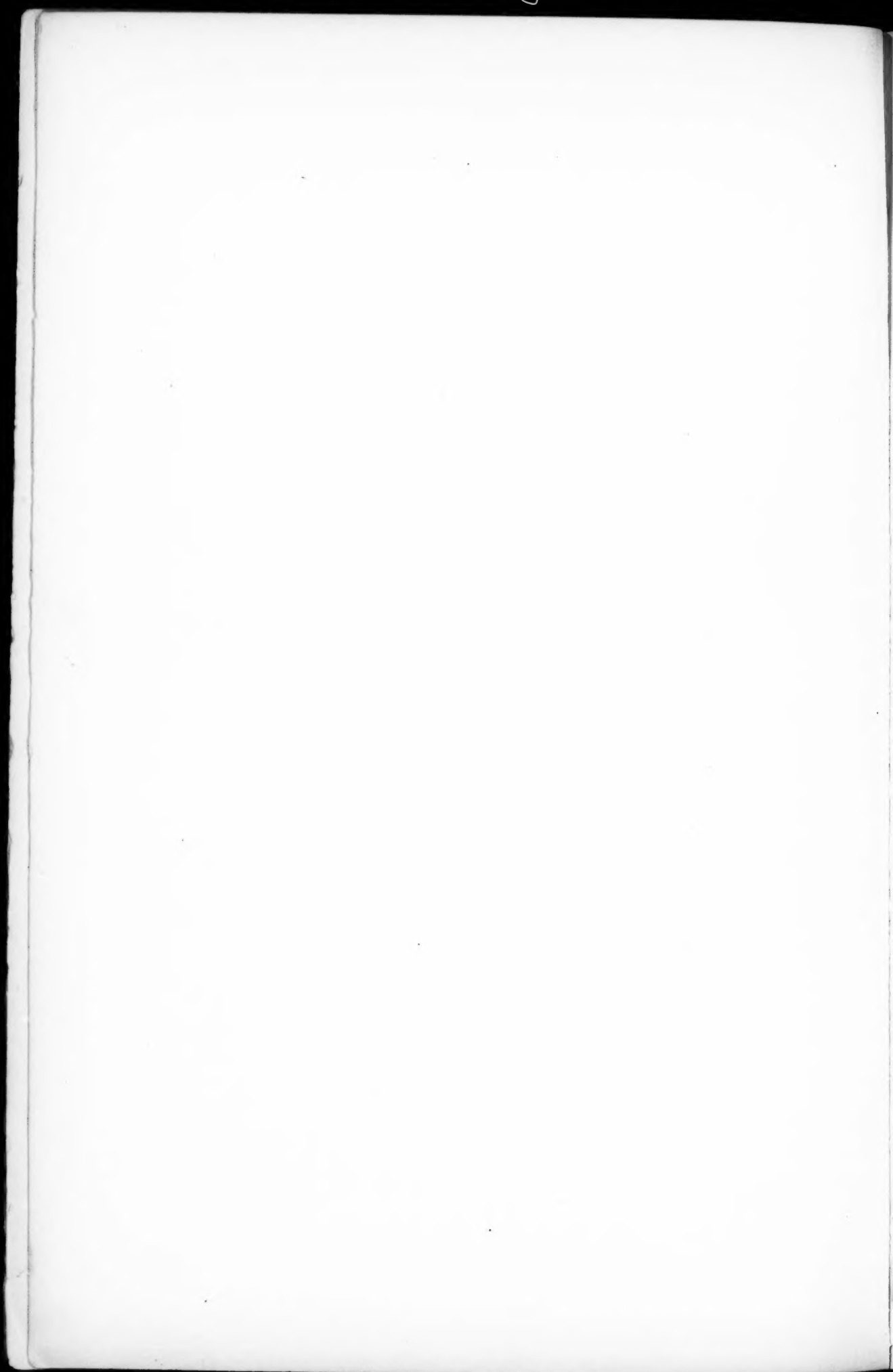
away from them ; some other Tracey cousins, who had a house in Lord Tracey's park, Sir Richard Cox, Sir John Rushout, Sir John Packington, Sir John Dutton, a number of other squires, some of whose descendants still live in the old family homes, a still greater number of their relations—younger sons and old maids—whose houses may still be seen in villages such as Broadway, and some half-dozen neighbouring clergymen. Many members of this circle were people of considerable wealth and connected with some of the most important families in the kingdom. Their houses were stately and commodious ; their hospitality was profuse ; their stables and coach-houses were filled with horses and carriages ; London millinery ornamented their wives and daughters ; the newest London books found their way to their libraries. All these observations apply to the Stanway family in particular ; yet the Stanway family from one year's end to another never moved beyond the borders of their own county and rarely more than seventeen miles from their own door. They lived, in fact, in a circle of about thirty-five miles in diameter. Within this circle all the world was familiar to them. The world beyond it was practically an unknown region. To us so circumscribed a life would seem dull and narrow enough, because it is easier now for a person in Squire Tracey's position to spend three months in London, in Paris, in the South of France, or in Egypt, than it was for Squire Tracey to spend three weeks out of Gloucestershire. But though the new life has pleasures and excitements which the old did not possess, the old had a charm which is beyond the reach of the new, and was due to the very absence of our own more varied experiences. The limits of the life of the Georgian squire were enlarged by the fact that all his interests, hopes, occupations, ambitions, and memories were contained within the circuit of the same familiar horizons and associated with the same valleys, hedgerows, lanes, market towns and villages, and the lodges, the gables, and the deer parks, of the same squires, his neighbours. His world was large to him because he had no other. His own house and pleasure-grounds, because he rarely deserted them, were for him and his family amplified into a kind of kingdom. An excursion to the grove, or tea in the park house, was an adventure which provided them with a whole afternoon's excitement ; and their various occupations, amusements and dissipations, their reading, their dancing, their music, their sports and their household duties—all followed one another in an atmosphere of spacious leisure—an atmosphere full of a sense of individual duties to be done, but unvitiated by any sense that the world as a whole needs mending. To those who regard such a condition of things with sympathy, the life of the Georgian squire and the dignified and beneficent oligarchy of which he formed a part will seem, as viewed in the light of Miss Tracey's diary, to belong to a sort of Golden Age. To recall that

A GEORGIAN SQUIRE'S HOUSEHOLD

age in imagination, to live again through its irrevocable summers, is a delight to many who neither regret it nor greatly admire it. Nowhere to myself has it ever come back more vividly than where, with Miss Tracey's diary to assist in the evocation of it, it came back to me in the rooms, the passages, the gardens, and the groves of Stanway, where the living voices of to-day 'were as the voice of the dead,'

And all along the valley, by rock and stream and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

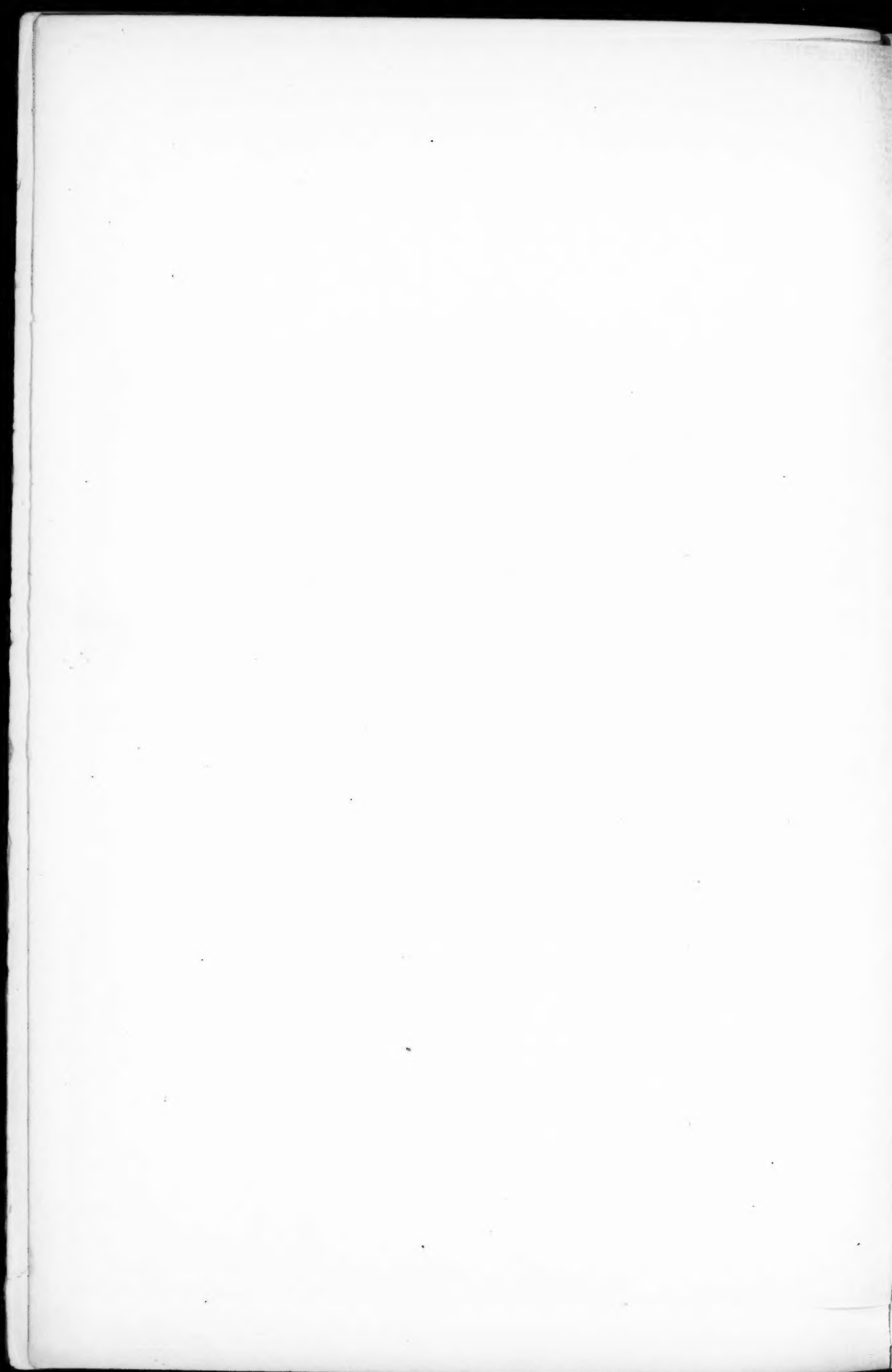
MADAME DE POMPADOUR





*Jeanne Antoinette Poisson
Marquise de Pompadour*

From the painting by Boucher at Hampton Court Palace

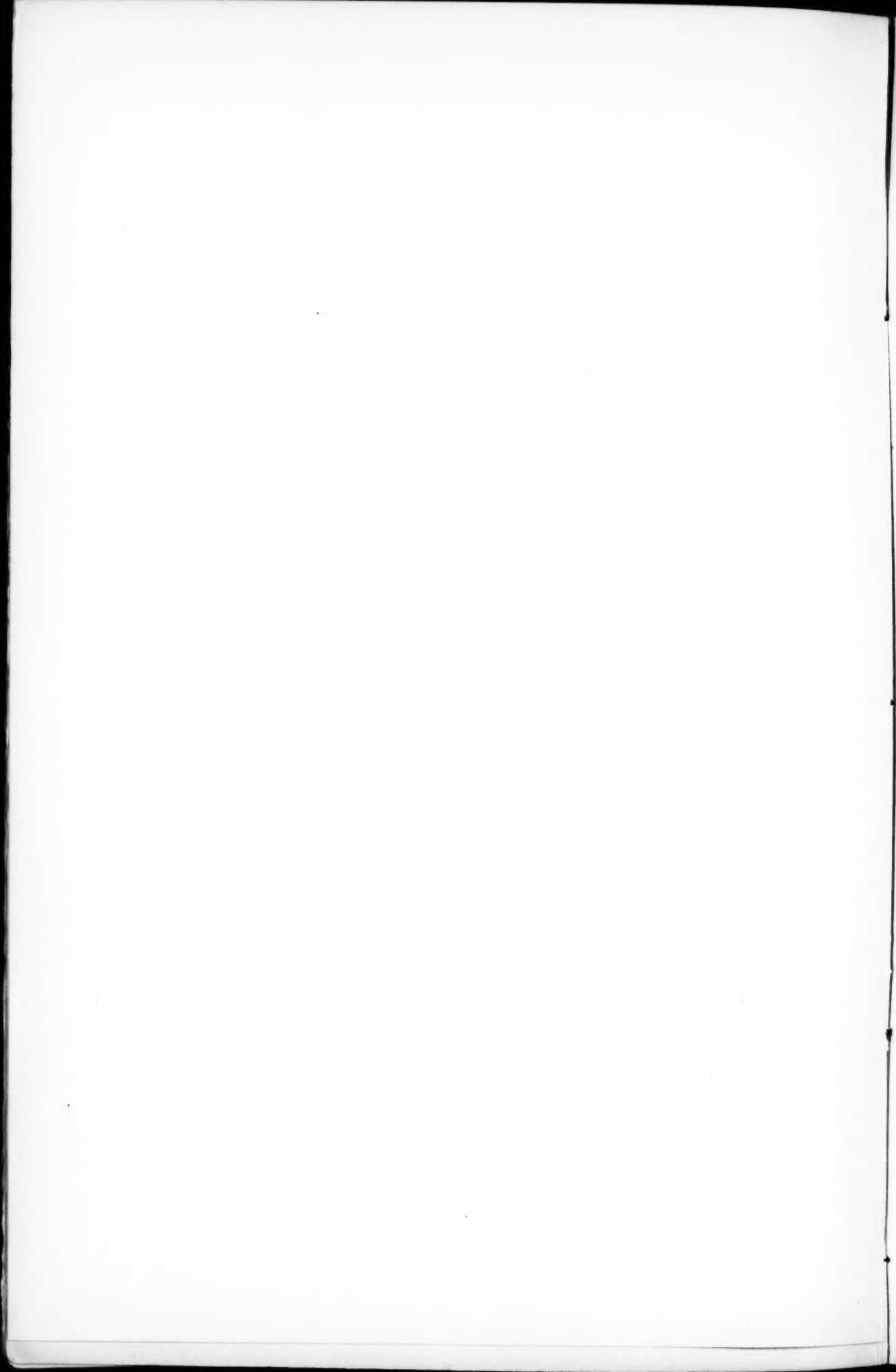




Jean Electric Engraving Co.

*Jeanne Antoinette Poisson.
Marquise de Pompadour.*

From the painting by Boucher at Hampton Court Palace.



JEANNE ANTOINETTE POISSON, MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR



COTILLON I., Cotillon II., Cotillon III.' In these words the gnarled and witty King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, summed up the reign of a contemporary sovereign, Louis XV. of France, *le Bien-Aimé*, as his subjects named him with a smile on their lips and something different in their hearts.

Châteauroux, Pompadour, Du Barry! In the last number of *THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*, we saw *Cotillon III.*, Madame Du Barry, the last and most worthless of the crew. Here we have presented to us *Cotillon II.*, Madame de Pompadour, whilom Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, the child of a felon and a mother about whom the less said the better.

As Marquise de Pompadour, Jeanne Poisson has made herself immortal. What more could a woman wish? What art there is in the choice of a name, when the opportunity is presented! This lady had wits enough to appropriate the name of Pompadour, attracted more by its sound, we imagine, than by its antiquity.

For a time, it may be said, Madame de Pompadour governed France. It might also be alleged that there have been times when France was governed worse. The reigning Sultana was ambitious, but benevolent. She liked power and the excitement of wielding and retaining it; but she was as much disposed to do good as to do harm, which is more than can be said of most royal mistresses. If she was extravagant, she was not rapacious. She had a pretty taste in books and china, in pictures and music. She dressed well; in this art she was both refined and coquettish. She was witty enough to captivate Voltaire, and would have liked to lead Jean Jacques by a string if only she could have caught him.

Taking her all in all, if such people must be—and history seems to show this—one would wish them to be Pompadours and not Du Barrys, or those dreadful Kielmansegges, Schulenberges, or Walmodens, who disgraced and disfigured the Court of the early Georges.

It may be said that nothing in life became Madame de Pompadour so well as her leaving it. She was tactful enough to die at forty-two, in the twentieth year of her reign, with still unfaded beauty, and without having lost the affections of her royal lover or having been supplanted by any rival.

Altogether a very successful career, if hardly one to recommend for imitation!

LIONEL CUST.

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING. FROM
THE CHINESE BY ROBERT K.
DOUGLAS



ONE bright day in early spring a group of Pekingese beggars were lying basking in the sun under the wall of the temple of the God of War. They had evidently finished their morning rounds and had just devoured to the last crumb the cakes and rice which they had extorted from the shopkeepers in the district. A Chinese sage says, 'A wise man does not eat to repletion.' If that sage was right, these beggars were certainly wrong. They had plainly gorged themselves, and were lying about in those attitudes and rags which are so picturesque in pictures, but so loathsome in reality. Conversation was not brisk, for the minds of Chinese beggars do not range as a rule beyond personal gossip and professional disputes. They had already engaged in a round of abuse against the Beggar King for his exacting demands on the fruits of their labours, and had lapsed into satisfied silence, when the sound of the hand-bell of a huckster attracted their attention to a man in the distance carrying two packets of cloth slung on a bamboo.

'Hai yah,' said one. 'Why, surely this is Old Curiosity Chang! Has he taken to a new trade, I wonder?'

'He needs to take to some trade or other,' said a one-eyed cynical looking pauper, 'with such a wife as he has got.'

'What about her?' asked the first speaker.

'Why, 'tis said there are pretty goings on at his house while he is away. Nothing but card-playing and romping. Every cash Chang brings home she seizes on for her amusements, and woe betide him if he doesn't supply her wants! But here he comes. Why, Old Curiosity,' he added to the new-comer, 'have you started a new business?'

'Yes. People wouldn't have any more of my modern antiquities, and so I turned hawker. But it does not suit me.'

'Why not?'

'I am not used to the kind of thing, and the women get the better of me. They wheedle and haggle until they take all the profit out of the goods. In fact, selling to them is as of little advantage as guarding a signal post, or waiting for a hare. But I must have another try, for I don't want to go home with an empty purse,' he added with a grim smile, at the recollection of Azalea's frown and shrill tones.

In pursuance of this laudable object, Chang slung his bamboo pole on his shoulder and disappeared round the corner, ringing his bell vigorously to attract customers. As he passed into the next street he was accosted by a man who, though nearly as ragged as the beggars whom Chang had just left, had, in his bearing, signs

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

of better days. At sight of the new-comer Chang dropped his load.

'Why, my benevolent brother Le,' he said, 'who would have thought of seeing you in this state?'

'And who,' replied Le, 'would have expected to see your honorable self hawking cloth?—you who never used to deal in anything more modern than vases of a thousand years ago,' he added with a knowing shake of the head.

'Well, you needn't laugh at my antiquities, for you never bought any,' said Chang good-humouredly. 'But how is it you are in this condition?'

'Want of money,' said Le sententiously. 'I was just pulling round after a bad time, when my house was burnt to the ground and I lost everything.'

'Where are you living now, then?'

'At yonder temple, with beggars as my fellow lodgers.'

'But they don't feed you, I suppose?'

'No: my late wife's father has up to this time kept me in rice; but now he has turned niggardly, and refuses to do so any more unless I oblige him in one particular.'

'What is that?'

'Marry again.'

'Well, that's easily done,' said Chang cheerily. 'There is pretty little Pomegranate, who is devoted to you and would marry you to-morrow.'

'I know she would,' said Le bitterly; 'but her father and mother have forbidden me the house, and declare that she shall never marry a man dressed in rags and without half a room in a hovel to call his own.'

This answer made Chang pause. He was a parasite by nature, and knew that Le's father-in-law was a rich man. This set floating a vague sort of idea in his not very clear mind that if he could help Le out of his present difficulty he might share in the wealth that would be showered upon his friend on the day when he married Pomegranate.

'I wish I could have helped you,' he said; 'and then perhaps,' he blurted out, 'when your father-in-law had set you up in business you would have done something for me.'

'Certainly I would,' replied Le, catching at the idea; 'and it now occurs to me,' he went on with a doubtful countenance, 'that you might help me if you would.'

'How?' asked Chang.

'Well, you see,' said Le, in the tone of a man who was on the brink of a risky proposal, 'we are great friends—aren't we?'

'Yes,' said Chang, with a perplexed expression.

'And we understand one another thoroughly?'

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING

'Yes,' said Chang.

'I shouldn't like to propose it to any one else; but I feel I can to you.'

'What is it?' said Chang, beginning to lose patience.

'Well,' said Le, 'if I could make my father-in-law believe that I was married he would set me up in business, and I should be able to espouse Pomegranate, whom I dearly love. But, in order to make him believe it, I must introduce some one to him as my wife. Your wife, being young and pretty, would make an admirable bride for the occasion. Will you lend her to me for an afternoon?'

Chang was not an over-scrupulous man; besides, Azalea's company had not added to his happiness, and he was very poor. But he was a Chinaman, with some trace of his countrymen's notion of the rules of propriety; and this proposal was more than even he could stand. His face flushed up in anger, and he replied, fiercely, 'Do you want to insult me? Do you suppose that because I am poor I am ignorant of right and wrong?' So saying, he slung his bamboo pole on his shoulder as though to move on.

'Wait a moment,' said Le: 'you don't understand me. My father-in-law lives ten miles out of the city. Both he and his wife are invalids; their eyesight is very bad; and they never go far from home. All I should have to do, therefore, would be to take your wife there in the morning, introduce her to the old couple as my bride, and bring her back to you in the afternoon. The old people will of course believe my story, and you and I will divide the spoils.'

Put in this guise, the proposal seemed much less shocking. Chang's countenance regained its normal appearance, and a greedy look came into his eyes.

'What you say puts another complexion on the affair,' said he. 'But suppose people heard of it?'

'They won't. Your wife will drive off one morning. I will meet her outside the city gate. We will make our call on the old people; I will take her back to the place of meeting; and she will drive home in the afternoon, no longer my bride but your wife. What does my benevolent elder brother say to this plan?'

'The plan is excellent, and if it could be safely carried out I would agree.'

'Of course we can carry it out,' said Le. 'The only difficulty I foresee is that I have no fitting clothes to go in. In fact, I have nothing but these rags.'

'I daresay I could manage to borrow some clothes for you,' said Chang; 'but I also have a difficulty. I don't know what my wife would say to the arrangement.'

'Let us go and ask her,' said Le.

So saying, the worthy pair set out, and after traversing several streets turned up a lane where stood Chang's abode. As they

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

approached the house Chang's steps flagged, and his face assumed the troubled expression of one who had a doubtful business before him.

'Just wait a minute,' he said as they reached the doorstep, 'while I go in and prepare matters.'

The beginning of this preparation was not propitious. Azalea was sitting on the divan, pouting. She was a pretty woman, and pouting became her.

'Have you had dinner?' said her husband, assuming a jocund air which ill became him in his present state of nervousness.

'Don't talk nonsense,' was the reply. 'How can I dine without money? How much have you brought me?'

'Don't make a row. I have a friend outside.'

'Who?'

'Le, who is likely soon to be a rich man. I will introduce him to you.'

So saying, he went out and returned with Le.

'This is your sister,' he said, and, turning to his wife, he added, 'And this is my brother, Le.'

The pair looked at one another: Le with admiration at the comely features of his 'sister,' and Azalea with undisguised disgust at the ragged appearance of her 'brother.' Without a word, she turned on her heel and left the room, beckoning to her husband to follow her.

'We are poor enough already,' she said: 'why do you bring another beggar into the house?'

'He is practically a rich man,' said Chang, fidgeting about. 'His relations are rolling in money.'

'What have his relations to do with you?' asked his help-mate.

'Rest against a big tree and you will participate in its shade,' said her husband enigmatically.

'Excellent! Where did you learn this wisdom?'

'Never mind: just listen to me. Le is a prospective millionaire, and we might make something out of him if you would help.'

'If there is anything to be got out of him, I will help with pleasure.'

'Well, matters stand thus. He has met with great misfortunes, and is now penniless.'

'He looks like it.'

'His father-in-law, who is rich, promises him a fresh start in life if he will marry again.'

'Then, why in the name of Buddha doesn't he?'

'He can't in his present condition, and that is what I want to talk to you about. I want to propose that you should pay a visit with him.'

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING

'What for?—to help him to arrange with a match-maker?'

'O no. What I want you to do is to dress as a bride and go with him to his wife's people and play the part of his second venture. You will just go to be introduced to the old people, make your obeisances, and come home again. This will bring us rice and fuel, money and clothes. What do you say?'

'What I say is that I won't go anywhere with a man dressed in rags and tatters. But even, if I were willing, what would our neighbours say?'

Chang in soothing words explained to her his intention of borrowing fitting clothes for Le to disport himself in as a bridegroom, and the plan of going and coming back proposed by that gentleman. Azalea, however, was not yet in a yielding frame of mind. It was perfectly true that she had not dined, and, being hungry, she was inclined to be cantankerous.

'I thought you had always prided yourself on the knowledge of the rules of propriety,' she said, 'and this is a nice proposition for so strict a moralist as you are to make to me.' At this juncture Le entered the room.

'Without the least intending to listen,' he said, 'I have overheard the jewelled words which have fallen from my elder brother and my sister, and from them I gather that my sister is unwilling to fall in with my plan. I therefore beg to take my leave,' and with many bows he retired from the apartment.

'There!' said Chang, really angry this time. 'See what you have done! We were on the road to fortune and you have spoilt it all!'

Azalea's opposition had only been half-hearted. She had no scruples on the subject of going, and as to the rules of propriety she had an inveterate grudge against them as hampering her movements and checking her flirtations. She had never for a moment intended to miss the chance held out by her husband of profiting by Le's stratagem, and his sudden departure had the effect of bringing out her natural self.

'Call him back,' she said: 'I will go with him.' The idea of dressing up as a bride in the silks and satins, jewellery and trinkets, which she knew that she would be able to borrow from her neighbours, had tickled her vanity. Besides, it would be an outing, and anything that would break the monotony of her home life had attractions for her. Chang, taking her at her word, hurried after Le and brought him back.

'You must have mis-heard what I said,' said Azalea without a blush. 'I am quite willing to go with you if the details can be arranged.' So saying, she invited Le to a seat on the divan; and the three plotters discussed at length the plan of action. After a considerable time it was arranged that the travellers should start at noon on the succeeding day, and, the matter having thus been settled, Le

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

took his leave and went straight off to the neighbourhood of Pomegranate's dwelling to tell her of his brightening prospects. The prohibition against his entering Pomegranate's house had been so sternly proclaimed that he dared not venture nearer than a neighbouring restaurant, whither, he knew, Pomegranate was in the habit of coming for pots of the family tea. As fortune would have it, he had not been waiting more than half an hour, and had not drunk more than two cups of souchong, when, to his delight, he saw pretty little Pomegranate step across the street towards the hostelry. She was a dainty little figure as in her trim robe, her trousers neatly tied in at the ankle above her little feet scarce three inches long, she walked with a willow-like motion, holding in her hands a teapot or best Peking ware. As she caught sight of Le her eyes brightened and a becoming blush lit up her dimpled cheeks.

'Why, Le,' she said, 'I am very glad to see you ; but what brings you here ? I am glad I came for the tea, instead of father.'

'I have good news for you, my beloved,' said Le. And then, while the tea man was filling her teapot, he explained to her the plan which he had arranged with Chang and Azalea. To his disappointment, the relation evidently did not convey unmixed pleasure to Pomegranate. The smile disappeared from her face, and she raised her eyebrows, arching them 'like a willow-leaf,' as she was wont to do when doubts oppressed her.

'I don't like the plan,' she said. 'I don't like your going with Mrs. Chang—and what a horrid woman she must be to agree to go with you !'

'It will only be for an afternoon,' said Le, 'and, besides, Chang is very poor, and I have promised to help him when we are married and set him up in business.'

'I should like that time to come, as well you know,' said Pomegranate ; 'but I would rather wait a little longer, on the chance of something turning up, than bring it about in this way. Besides, I don't see how you can escape somebody knowing about it, and I am sure if my father were to hear even a rumour of anything of the kind it would make him more determinedly set against our marriage than ever.'

'I didn't think you would object to it,' said Le, 'and I have made all the arrangements. I am afraid I can't get out of it.'

'Well, I shall be very glad when you are safe back,' said Pomegranate. 'What time do you expect to return ?'

'O, before dark,' said Le.

'Remember the gates shut at sundown,' said Pomegranate.

'I know,' said Le, 'and I shall be waiting for you here by the time that the drum in the big tower announces the end of the day. Will you come over then and let me tell you how I have got on ?'

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING

'Very well,' said Pomegranate; 'but I can't help wishing that to-morrow were over.'

So saying, she took her leave, and Le with a troubled mind hurried off to the temple of the God of War.

In good time on the following morning Le made his way to Chang's abode, where he found waiting for him an irreproachable silken robe and Graduate's hat which Chang had borrowed from a friend who had recently distinguished himself at the competitive examinations. In the requisite time in advance of Azalea, Le sauntered out of the west gate of the city, and seated himself beneath a group of cypresses which marked a graveyard to await his pseudo-bride. Once or twice he had been on the point of stopping the wrong cart, and had caused considerable agitation to the occupants of those vehicles. At length, however, he caught the welcome sight of Azalea's face through the curtains of an approaching carriage, and, stopping the driver, ensconced himself with a certain amount of alacrity by her side. The lady was looking particularly attractive that morning, having bestowed an unusual amount of care on her appearance; and the journey passed pleasantly enough to both of the impostors. Azalea was always glad to talk to a man, and Le in his borrowed garments looked different from the dishevelled, bedraggled visitor of the day before. Amid these circumstances the mule stopped all too soon at Mr. Wang's portal.

'Why, I declare, here we are!' said Le. 'I had no idea we had got so far. Now, remember,' he added, turning to Mrs. Chang, 'we must be very sober and discreet'—which, to tell the truth, is more than could be said with perfect candour of their conduct *en route*.

'You may depend upon me,' said Mrs. Chang: 'I'll be as sober as a judge.'

In answer to the driver's summons, the door of the house was thrown open by an old door-keeper, who recognised Le with delight.

'Why, it is his Excellency, my master's son-in-law!' he said. 'Tis long, sir, since you directed your jewelled chariot to this mean abode. Please deign to enter.'

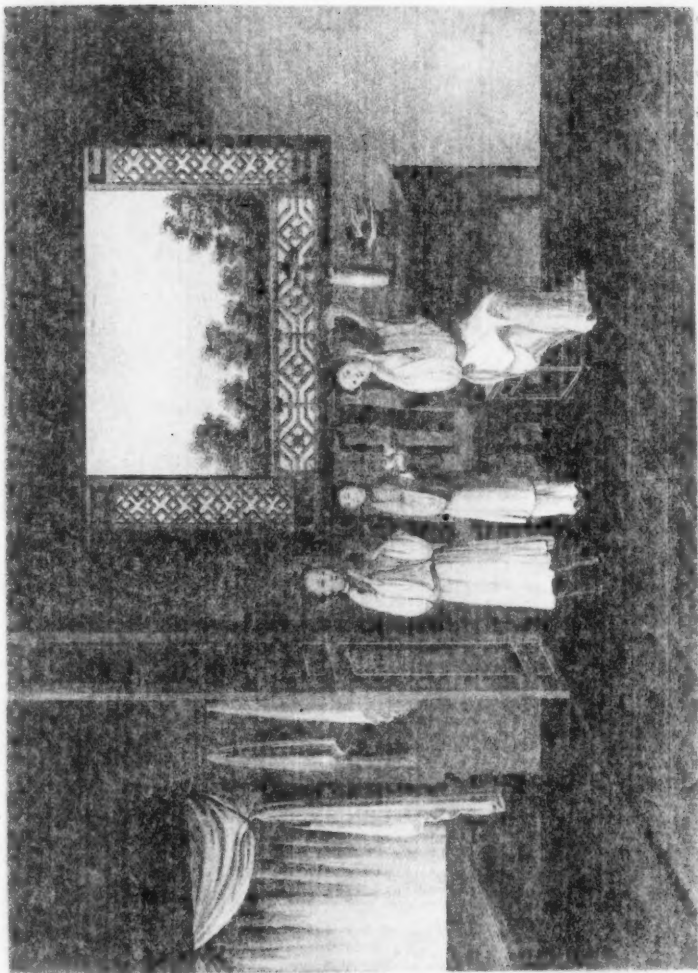
'It is a long time since I was here,' said Le; 'but I have been very busy. Are my father-in-law and mother-in-law at home?'

'Yes.'

'Then go and announce me to them, and say that I have come with my bride to pay our respects.'

Le and Mrs. Chang had scarcely dismounted from their carriage when the door-keeper returned with a cordial invitation to the visitors to enter the reception hall.

As Le conducted Mrs. Chang through the court-yard which led up to the saloon, that lady took mental note of the signs of wealth that abounded everywhere, some part of which wealth she



Willow-leaf greeting the Bride & Bridegroom.
From a Chinese painting.

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING

'Very well,' said Pomegranate; 'but I can't help wishing that to-morrow were over.'

So saying, she took her leave, and Le with a troubled mind hurried off to the temple of the God of War.

In good time on the following morning Le made his way to Chang's abode, where he found waiting for him an irreproachable silken robe and Graduate's hat which Chang had borrowed from a friend who had recently distinguished himself at the competitive examinations. In the requisite time in advance of Azalea, Le sauntered out of the west gate of the city, and seated himself beneath a group of cypresses which marked a graveyard to await his pseudo-bride. Once or twice he had been on the point of stopping the wrong cart, and had caused considerable agitation to the occupants of those vehicles. At length, however, he caught the welcome sight of Azalea's face through the curtains of an approaching carriage, and, stopping the driver, ensconced himself with a certain amount of alacrity by her side. The lady was looking particularly attractive that morning, having bestowed an unusual amount of care on her appearance; and the journey passed pleasantly enough to both of the impostors. Azalea was always glad to talk to a man, and Le in his borrowed garments looked different from the dishevelled, bedraggled visitor of the day before. Amid these circumstances the mule stopped all too soon at Mr. Wang's portal.

'Why, I declare, here we are!' said Le. 'I had no idea we had got so far. Now, remember,' he added, turning to Mrs. Chang, 'we must be very sober and discreet'—which, to tell the truth, is more than could be said with perfect candour of their conduct *en route*.

'You may depend upon me,' said Mrs. Chang: 'I'll be as sober as a judge.'

In answer to the driver's summons, the door of the house was thrown open by an old door-keeper, who recognised Le with delight.

'Why, it is his Excellency, my master's son-in-law!' he said. 'Tis long, sir, since you directed your jewelled chariot to this mean abode. Please deign to enter.'

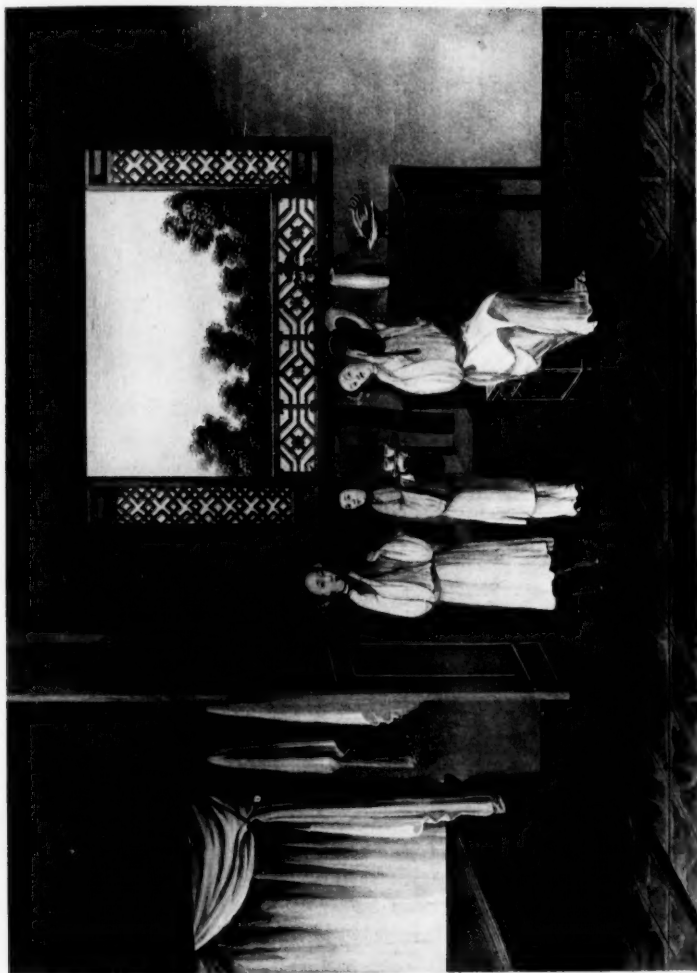
'It is a long time since I was here,' said Le; 'but I have been very busy. Are my father-in-law and mother-in-law at home?'

'Yes.'

'Then go and announce me to them, and say that I have come with my bride to pay our respects.'

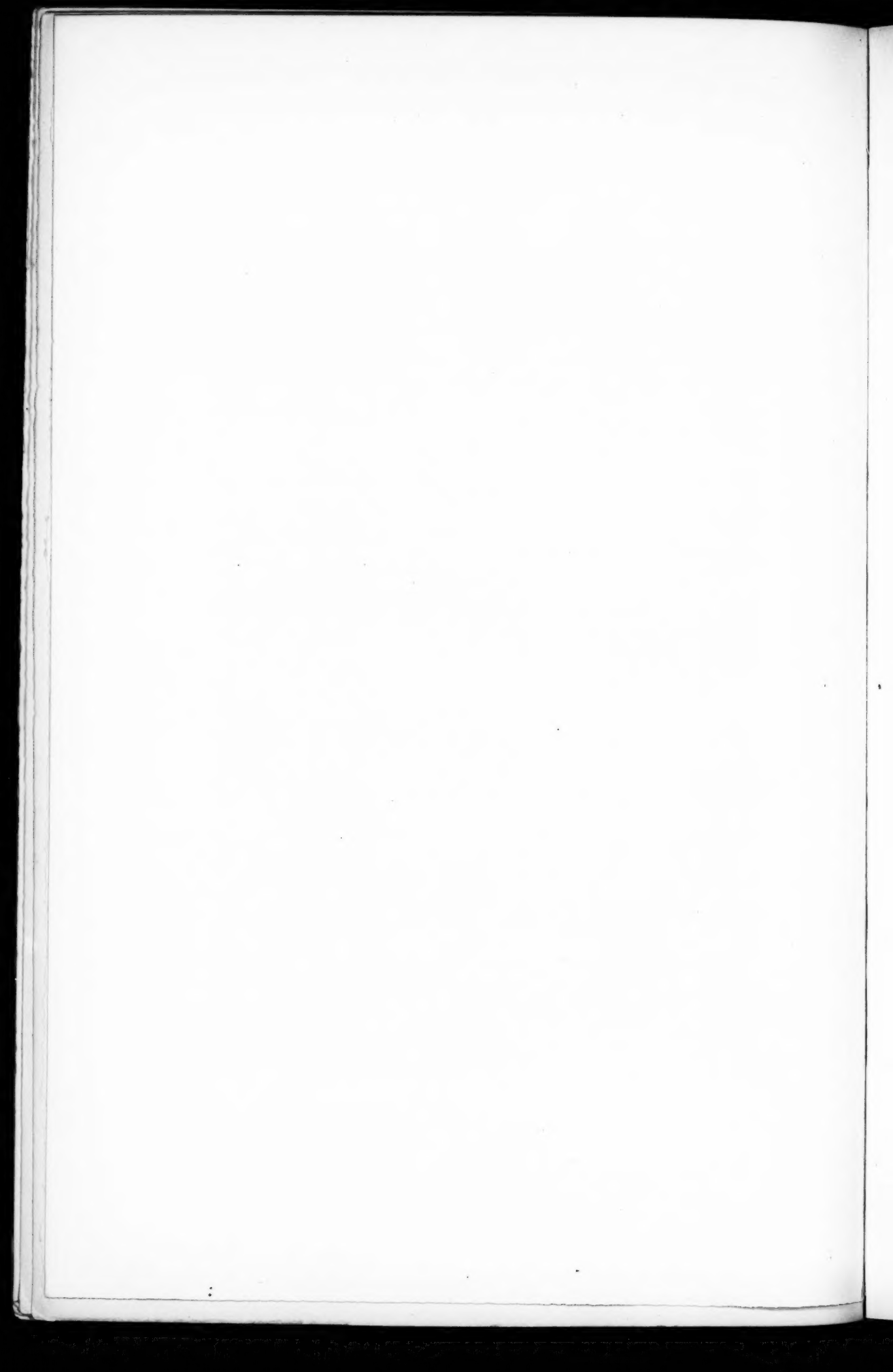
Le and Mrs. Chang had scarcely dismounted from their carriage when the door-keeper returned with a cordial invitation to the visitors to enter the reception hall.

As Le conducted Mrs. Chang through the court-yard which led up to the saloon, that lady took mental note of the signs of wealth that abounded everywhere, some part of which wealth she



James C. McGowan, Jr.

*Willow-leaf greeting the Bride & Bridegroom.
From a Chinese painting.*



ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

secretly imagined as passing into her possession as a result of her visit. Handsome rooms stood on either side of the courtyard, while flowers of every hue added beauty and fragrance to the central space. Servants came forward to make their obeisances to the young couple, and with quite a procession of attendants they entered the presence of the old people. As they approached, Mr. Wang, who had the round well-to-do look of the god of wealth, and his wife advanced to meet them with effusion.

'Ten thousand congratulations to you, son-in-law, on your marriage,' said Mr. Wang.

'This little one,' said Le, 'having taken to himself a bride has come, as in duty bound, to submit her to your lofty glance.'

'Please be seated, father and mother, that I may kotow before you,' said Azalea, preparing to go down on her knees and to strike her forehead in the dust at her feet.

'No, no; do nothing of the sort,' said Mrs. Wang. 'Willow-leaf,' she added, addressing a confidential and pretty maid who stood by, 'lift up the lady at once.'

'A very proper and pretty young woman,' was Wang's mental comment on Mrs. Chang. He was evidently taken with her, and was bent on showing them every hospitality.

Willow-leaf, however, was less enchanted with Azalea, and as she handed her tea she made a careful survey of her appearance, and in the privacy of the servants' room she confided to the other maids that Mr. Le's young lady was, after all, only a second-class piece of goods, and that her feet were three inches longer than they ought to be.

Willow-leaf's opinion, however, was not entirely unbiased, for in the days that were gone her pretty features and winsome ways had attracted Le's attention, and a flirtation more or less ardent had gone on between them. But none of these misgivings detracted from the pleasure felt by the old couple at seeing their son-in-law again settled in life, and, as far as their fading eyesight could discern, with a charming partner.

'When did your bride leave the threshold of her home, worthy son-in-law?' asked Wang.

'Three days ago,' replied Le—'and I must explain that I was unable to announce the event beforehand to your Excellencies, as the fortune-teller named so immediate a day for the wedding.'

'How many springs have you seen, my dear?' asked Mrs. Wang.

'Your daughter,' said Azalea, 'is twenty-four.'

While Mrs. Wang was putting these and other questions to Azalea, Wang, on hospitable designs intent, ordered the servants to spread a repast in the hall in honour of the bride and bridegroom.

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING

'Pray, don't take the trouble,' said Le, in some alarm. 'We have a long way to go, and, as we want to get back early, we will now, with your permission, take our leave.'

'I won't hear of such a thing,' said Wang. 'Was it ever known that on such an occasion a guest did not stay to drink a glass of wine? Why, if I were to let you go, even the winds and waves would record my inhospitality.'

Finding that opposition was vain, Le, with many sidelong glances at Azalea, consented to delay his departure a little.

Before long the feast was spread, and the old people were insatiable in their hospitality, insisting on their guests, who were now thoroughly uncomfortable and anxious, eating and drinking everything presented by Willow-leaf, who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in handing them an endless succession of delicacies. The obvious discomfort of the young people afforded Wang, who took it for modesty, the theme of many a merry jest.

'Don't be alarmed, my excellent son-in-law,' said he: 'you shall get home with your bride quite soon enough. Your slumbers will be all the sweeter for having made a good dinner, and I trust no noisy chanticleer will disturb you in the morning.'

Le assumed a forced merriment at this and other jocular remarks which Wang interpolated between the glasses of wine he drank to their honour and the hopes which Mrs. Wang expressed that their progeny might be plentiful. Over and over again Le rose to take his leave, but was as often forced back into his chair by a gentle pressure from his host. To offend the old people, he knew, would be ruin, and the cold beads of perspiration stood on his forehead as he saw the shadows lengthening in the courtyard. His discomfort was heightened by the warning and somewhat threatening glances which Azalea kept throwing at him, and at last his answers to Wang's festive remarks became so incoherent that the old gentleman thought that the wine must be getting into his head. At length, in despair, he rose, determined to start homewards at all hazards.

'But what is the use of your going now?' said Wang, beaming with jocund hospitality. 'The city gates are already closed, and you can't possibly get home to-night.'

The blow had fallen. The whole success of the undertaking had depended on their getting back in good time, and now there was nothing before the luckless Le but Chang's fury, a trial for abduction and his father-in-law's anger. What a rat must feel when caught in a trap, what a prisoner endures when he first hears the jail doors clang behind him—this was the kind of sensation to which Le and Azalea had to submit while they listened to the joyous banter of the Wangs.

'We shall make you comfortable, my dear,' said Mrs. Wang to

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

the bride. 'I have told Willow-leaf to have the guest-chamber prepared nicely for you, and I can lend you "things."'

'Thank you ; but can't we really get home ?'

'Quite impossible : so make up your mind to it. You shan't be disturbed too early in the morning,' she added with a sly chuckle, in which Willow-leaf joined. Le tried to laugh ; but the sound was so sepulchral that Mrs. Wang thought he must be ill. With due ceremony, Le and his bride were conducted by their host and hostess to their room. When the door was closed upon them and the steps of the Wangs had disappeared in the distance, they turned and looked each other in the face.

'What are we to do ?' said Le.

'It was your fault,' replied Azalea, 'and you must get us out of the difficulty the best way you can.'

'What do you think Chang will do ?'

'Do ? I can tell you what he will do. He'll be here by daylight, and unless we can put him off he will be furiously angry and prosecute you for abduction and me for —'

'O, don't,' said Le, as the idea of prison and tortures occurred to his mind. 'He can't do that, when we explain how matters stand.'

'You don't know his temper,' said Azalea. 'When he has got an idea into his head he is like a madman. And how, pray, are you going to explain our present position ?'

'How would it be if, when he comes in the morning, we were to deny all knowledge of him and to treat him as an impostor ? The old people will believe anything we say and will have him turned away from the door. We can afterwards make him understand how it has all happened, and when in addition we are able to fill his pockets he will quiet down into content.'

'Well, perhaps that is our only chance,' said Azalea. 'But shall you have the courage to do it ?'

'I will tell the door-keeper to send him about his business, and if we once get back safely I feel sure we shall be able to persuade him that we are innocent.'

'Well, let us try it, at all events,' said Azalea. 'But I am tired, and there is no reason why we shouldn't now make ourselves comfortable for the night.'

'Comfortable ?' said Le, grimly. 'There will be very little comfort for me. So, if you will lie down on that K'ang (or stove bed-place), I will take possession of this one.'

In due course the unhappy pair composed themselves for the night ; but the restless movements which proceeded from both sides of the room showed that either mentally or physically they were the reverse of being at their ease.

'It is very cold,' Azalea remarked after a time.

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING

'Horribly,' was the unsympathetic rejoinder.

Meanwhile Chang passed an equally disturbed night. As the afternoon advanced without any sign of the return of his wife he became anxious; and when the evening approached he could restrain his impatience no longer, but started off in the hope of meeting the wanderers on the road. As he turned each corner he constantly expected to come face to face with his wife's carriage. Carriages he met in abundance, but not hers. It was already becoming dark, and in his increasing anxiety he hurried through street after street, peering into each carriage with a pertinacity which gave offence to several fair ones, who put him down as a rude, inquisitive fellow. At last, when he came into the street leading up to the city gate, he espied to his horror the guard turning out to close the city for the night. With all haste he rushed on, and had just passed through the inner gate of the *enceinte* when it clanged behind him. He felt now that there was no time to be lost: so, without taking breath, he ran on to the outer gate, and, to his dismay, was just in time to see it close in his face, and to hear the heavy bolts securely fastened in their sockets. He was in despair. He could neither go out nor go back, and he knew that he must spend the night in all uncertainty about his wife's movements. His only hope was that the driver had taken another road and that so he had missed her. The black fear which oppressed him was that Le had played him false and had run off with his wife. There was one other man who had been caught in the same trap as he—a man who once or twice in the course of the night had attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had shaken him off and would have none of him.

After pacing up and down until he was exhausted, Chang huddled himself into an angle of the wall and tried to sleep. But the cold and anxiety kept him wide awake, and he had not closed an eye when, at daylight, appeared the men of the guard who were to give him his freedom. As soon as the folding gates began to revolve on their hinges he squeezed himself through and set off in haste for Wang's domicile. The festivities of the evening before had made the *munshang* (gatekeeper) drowsy, and it was some minutes before he could get an answer to his loud summons. At last the man appeared.

'Is Mr. Le here?' demanded Chang hurriedly.

'Yes.'

'And the lady who came with him yesterday?'

'Yes.'

'Where are they?'

'Why, where a bride and bridegroom should be at this time in the morning.'

'Where's that?'

'In bed, if you will have it,' said the man sulkily.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

'What do you mean?' shouted Chang in a fury. 'She is my wife.'

'Don't talk nonsense here,' replied the munshang. 'You have been drinking. Be off with you. You will rouse the whole house.'

'I am sober, I tell you,' screamed Chang, 'and if you don't bring Le out to me this moment I will not only rouse the house but I will rouse the whole street.'

Something in Chang's manner made the munshang pause, and after a hurried consultation with another servant who had come to see what the disturbance was about he agreed to tell Mr. Le what Chang had said.

'But stay here,' he added, 'and keep quiet while I'm away.'

So saying, the munshang passed into the inner courtyard and approached the bridal chamber.

All night long Le had lain tortured with anxiety. In the fevered moments of sleep which had visited him he was haunted by visions in which Chang appeared as a demon accusing him before a magistrate who was the personification of the judge in Hades, and was surrounded by jailers wielding every kind of torture. From such uneasy trances he awoke with violent starts, and with the perspiration pouring down his face. His quickened ear had caught the sound of Chang's first rap at the door. He had heard every word that had passed, and he followed the steps of the munshang one by one as he now crossed the courtyard and came to his door.

'Who is there?' he cried in answer to the messenger.

'There is a man outside named Chang, who wants to see your Excellency,' said the munshang.

'Did he say what about?' asked Azalea, through the door.

'Your slave dare not repeat what he said.'

'Say on,' said the lady: 'it is no concern of yours.'

'He had the audacity to say,' answered the munshang hesitatingly, 'that he wanted his wife.'

At this moment Wang and his wife appeared on the scene, having been disturbed by the wrangle at the gate and the conversation at the bridal door.

'What is all this about?' asked Wang.

'There is a man outside,' answered the munshang, 'who says that his Excellency Le has got his wife, and that he wants her.'

'But, virtuous son-in-law, I take it for granted that you married your wife in the regular manner, through a go-between—didn't you?'

'Of course he did,' put in Azalea.

'Well, then, there can be no difficulty about it. You had better confront the fellow and send him about his business.'

'O, certainly,' said Le; but his voice was so hollow and his face was so white that Wang became uneasy. Azalea, however, showed no such signs of misgiving.

A NIGHT OUT IN PEKING

'Let us go and face him at once,' she said, adding, in a whisper to Le, 'Remember, we must stoutly deny all knowledge of him.'

As they reached the front door, Chang sprang forward saying, 'Where have you been? Why did you not come home last night?'

'What business is it of yours,' answered Azalea, 'whether we came home or not?'

'Tell me, brother Le, that there is some mistake,' cried Chang in despair, turning to his former friend.

'Whom do you call your brother?' answered Le with the best show of bravado he could assume.

'Ah, you villain!' said Chang, springing at him. 'You have played me false, and I will be avenged.'

Fortunately for Le, the servant interposed to prevent Chang getting at him, and Chang, finding immediate vengeance impossible, turned to Wang and said, pointing at Azalea, 'That is my wife. And I shall now go straight to the magistrate and lodge a complaint against her and her betrayer.' So saying, he turned on his heel and disappeared down the road.

'Well, we have got rid of the man, at all events,' said Wang cheerily. 'It was probably an attempt at extortion, and we shall hear no more of it.'

'Exactly, exactly,' said Le with his teeth chattering, for he knew that he should probably hear a great deal more about it, and in a very unpleasant way.

'Now we will go to breakfast, and forget all about this impudent fellow,' said Wang.

And to breakfast they went. The viands were all good. The Wangs did their best to make their guests enjoy them; but that was impossible. Every mouthful seemed to stick in Le's throat, and even a sea-slug which Wang, as a mark of friendship, handed him on his own chopstick nearly choked him.

They had scarcely finished breakfast when a messenger from the magistrate brought a letter to his friend Wang, in which he said that a complaint had just been lodged against 'a pair of phoenixes who were reposing under the roof of his Excellency's palace,' and that in order to settle the charge which he, the magistrate, had no doubt was an attempt at extortion, he suggested that the lady and gentleman should 'direct their jewelled chariot to his mean abode.' And he signed himself 'Your stupid younger brother, Ting.'

Passing the note to Le, Wang said, cheerily, 'Take Ting's advice. Go straight to his Yamun, and settle the matter. Then home to dinner, and I will ask Ting to meet you. He is a good fellow.'

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS

'O, thank you, thank you,' answered Le, trying to assume a confident air. 'We will start off at once.'

The dinner hour came, and, instead of greeting the 'pair of phoenixes,' the magistrate came alone. To Wang's surprise, he asked for a private interview with him before sitting down to the meal. With many apologies and with abundant complimentary phrases, he told Wang that he had been imposed upon. 'At first,' he said, 'I thought it was a case of attempted extortion. But Chang had so much evidence on his side that, as Le gave nothing but a flat denial to it all, though in a half-hearted way, with not nearly the boldness of the woman, I thought it necessary to apply the ankle squeezers—very gently, very gently,' he added, as he saw Wang start. 'And then the whole story came out. From beginning to end it was an attempt to impose on your honour, and each one is as bad as the other.'

'What have you done with them?' asked Wang.

'I have flogged the two men, and sent the woman back to her home.'

'They richly deserve their fates,' said Wang, whose anger had risen at the idea of their having attempted to impose upon him, 'and if ever I help that rascally son-in-law of mine again may I be—But let us go to dinner.'

On the evening before, Pomegranate had been punctual at the trysting place, and had waited at the restaurant as long as she could make any excuse to stay. As the evening advanced she took up her station at the door of her house, hoping that she might yet meet her graceless lover. Grief and distrust oppressed her at his continued non-appearance, and the worst fears took possession of her. A sleepless night was followed by an anxious day, and it was not until late in the evening that she heard any news of Le—and then through a most unsympathetic channel. Her father, who was a carter, came in late after a busy day. He was tired, and his weary look was aggravated by a sinister scowl. 'I have seen that precious lover of yours,' he blurted out to Pomegranate. 'He was up before the magistrate this morning for running away with Old Curiosity Chang's wife, and got so sound a flogging for his pains that he can hardly walk. I met him half an hour ago limping along to join the beggars at the Temple of the God of War, and there, I hope, he will stay.'

Pomegranate burst into tears. The dream of her life was over.

LA TRAPPE IN AFRICA

BY ROBERT HICHENS



WHAT strange things play upon the imaginations of children ! What strange and floating sparks, borne on some fleet wind, fire the hidden torches each of them bears in the sweet procession of the youth of the world ! And those torches flare on sometimes in the eager hands, when the children are no longer children, and serve to light their footsteps to places far away.

As a child, and terribly *sub rosa*, I read a wild romance. It may have been one of Ouida's. I forget. I know it was picturesque beyond description, sumptuous as the palaces of many millionaires ; and it seemed to me more realistic than my own mother and my own white mouse. Greedily I read it in some hidden nook of home, and before me filed, in the forbidden hours, what I took then to be the mad pageantry of life. And I thought that this book, thus committed to my mind darkly and with glorious fears, would remain there for ever like some brigand's treasure trove. Of course it was quickly chased away by others. Poor thing, it had to go. And soon of all its marvels, all its sins and all its secrets, there was left scarce a princess of Russia, or a murder by the way, or the trembling echo of an Asiatic love. But one vestige of it stayed brazenly to brave the following books. One sentence of it refused to leave my mind :

'He disappeared from all that knew him, and, under the blistering sun of Algeria, beneath the cowl of a Trappist monk, he hid the beauty that had been his perdition and shrouded the soul that had so keenly suffered.'

Henceforth I carried my hidden torch and knew that it was flaming ; and when I fell out of the procession of the children there was fire in it still. I often saw at odd times the vague silhouette of a monk's face and of a cowl, a shadow on the wall near the hearth of winter, a shadow on the grass in summer days. Often I longed to hear a chapel bell ring out in the clear air of Africa, and the shuffling footsteps of the strange, white fathers, who had resigned the world, and gone forth from their homes and all that knew them to face the eternal silence that is of life not death. And though I worked and travelled, and forgot many things that I had learnt, I never quite forgot that away over the sea in Africa there was a modest building I meant some day to see ; there were men in retreat something of whose lives I hoped some day to know. And one August morning—how many years after the day I read that book !—I was in Africa, and saw by the wayside a cross.

It stood in a lonely place, on a mound of grass at the edge of a grove of eucalyptus trees. Dry reeds rustled about it ; the tortured leaves of the Barbary fig crawled at its foot. The sky, only a faint

ROBERT HICHENS

blue, was clear above it, and the sun shone with an ardour that was terrific. Along the rolling uplands the vineyards lay. The rich ground was black with grapes. On every side the wide slouch hats of Spanish labourers bent o'er the bloomy fruit; the turrets of bells sang on the passing mules; somewhere, beneath a palm-tree perhaps, a hidden Arab played his pipe of reed. That slim and delicate noise, cool as trickling water in the heat of the still continent, came to me as the *leit motif* of all the native life. And the cross was the symbol of the monkish life beside it. Idle and sweet was the melody, languid and very careless. The cross was plain and grim. As if flashed to me by a scent from an old garden, my childish days came back and the thrill of the early feeling. But now with it was blended a new element of romance. Dust from the desert lay on the perfumed flower that was fit for Mary's altar. Henceforth I have always seen the white-robed Arab by the white-robed monk.

A little later I heard a church bell chime. It sounded far away. Along the straight, hard road by which I travelled, between lines of dwarfish trees, with grey trunks and grey-green foliage, came two sturdy figures trudging in mighty boots. They were clad in brown robes belted round the waist, and wore straw hats of enormous size; and as they came towards me they moved their hands rapidly, in gestures that were curiously finished and deliberate. Beards flowed upon their breasts. When we drew close to them their hands fell to their sides, and they passed us with their eyes bent down. They were lay brothers from the monastery, who had read their 'book of gestures,' and talked to each other by signs as they wended their way to the vineyards.

Upon a low hill to the right, beyond a field of corn, I saw now a white wall, a cluster of noble cypresses, and among them a round cupola; a moment later, between the parted tresses of the eucalyptus trees, a section of a yellowish-white building with a red-tiled roof, and above it a modest tower. Again I heard the chime. This was the tower that held it. We drove along the wall. From the post house came a woman with a black handkerchief on her head, shading her eyes from the sun. We turned at right angles down a short avenue of arching mulberry-trees, beneath which, under the shadow of great walls, squatted a few vagrant Arabs hunched over their staffs. Before us rose a huge portal set in a yellow flat-topped frame of solid masonry, above which stood a statue of the Virgin and child flanked by two winged angels, bearing swords and crowned with stars. Lower down, on either side of the wooden door, were a white saint bareheaded, and a white saint hooded, with a cross. The carriage stopped. As I got out my eyes fell on the inscription: '*Janua Cæli*.'

So the torch had lit me hither at last: the man fulfilled the little boy's desire.

LA TRAPPE IN AFRICA

Many people visit La Trappe in Africa. Few stay there. A meal of eggs and vegetables, a glass of Staouëline after the good red wine that is made by the monks, a walk round the garden and the farms, a peep into the plain white chapel, with its few sacred pictures, its tribune, its harmonium, its rows of polished stalls, a glance at the inner cloisters where the orange trees flourish, and the pretty fountain tosses its waters into the marble cup—then the carriage is ordered, the great gate is opened, and the tourist is given again to the world. And this visit is nearly always paid in winter or in spring. In summer nobody goes to Algeria, and many of the Algerians fly away to France. But La Trappe in Africa is only itself in summer time, only shows fully the dual charm of its strange life when the grapes lie hot in the sunshine, and at noon the labourer sleeps. In winter, when the snow falls on the misty mountains, and the black earth is turned up by the plough, it is a little poor and bare. The oranges are golden on the trees, it is true; red roses climb by the hôtellerie wall; and the red-eyed doves of the Père Robert coo under the cypresses above the small black crosses of the dead. But the place is not itself when the darkness comes so early, and the Père Eugène, holding his bunch of keys, summons you in at seven to your bed in St. Bernard room. La Trappe is the real La Trappe of Africa only in the long and glowing summer that calls wonders from this land. Then is the labour there sweet, and the praises of God are chaunted from full hearts.

From my boyhood's days, and that wild romance read in them, I had always instinctively connected tragedy with the Trappist's life. The shadowy face upon the wall and on the grass had been a sad one. I fancied rugged lines of grief, eyes that burned with a dry light more terrible than tears. Abandonment of the world, I had thought, and of the kindly speech of men, renunciation of all we mortals cling to, property, love, passion, gossip even—such a sacrifice could only be made by poor, distracted hearts. I had forgotten what I can never forget since my first visit to La Trappe—vocation, and the strong part it plays in life. The average man fastens eagerly, fastens greedily, upon the world. We have all sat with him, and with his fear of death, at our dinner tables and in our clubs. The average Trappist is the unaverage man, the man who is not greedy. Sometimes, no doubt, satiety has made him love the cowl. Sometimes sorrow has folded the heavy white robe, which is so hot in summer, about his weary shoulders. But often he is born Trappist, and tragedy plays no part in his early decision, or in the subsequent conduct of his life.

Beneath the black iron cross that stands in the centre of the cemetery of La Trappe in Africa are inscribed these words :

Si la vie nous fut dure,
La mort nous a été bien douce.

ROBERT HICHENS

The casual visitor reads them, standing in the sun among the cypresses. Lifting his eyes, he sees far off, beyond the vineyards and the dunes, the white sails of the fishing boats from Sidi Ferruch gleaming on the blue Mediterranean. They are putting out to sea, and freedom seems to steer them to the far horizon line. And again he reads those words beneath the cross, and looks at the small mounds of earth that cover the dead here, and at the names in religion that tell so little of the story of the dead. Then, perhaps, he shudders, and is stirred with a fierce longing to be with those distant sails. The iron of the cross enters for a moment into his soul, and he goes away and says La Trappe is sad.

But La Trappe in Africa is not sad.

I remember on the first morning of my first stay in the monastery coming out alone into the garden that surrounds the hôtellerie. Pierre, the servant, had sounded his bell early; but the sun was already fierce and alert, and long before the Spanish workmen of Staouëli had gone out with the fathers into the vineyards. At two in the night I had been waked by the chapel chime, and had heard the shuffle of a monk's feet in the corridor on his way in the dark to prayer. I was the last to rise in this habitation of holy workers. The freshness of the air told of the sea; but the giant palms were still, the scarlet geraniums along the front of the hôtellerie did not move their sober heads, and the blue Persian cats, that love Brother Gabriel so dearly, were already abandoned to siestas among the shining leaves that had dropped here and there from the orange trees. I did not yet know La Trappe. I had not yet explored its fragrant mysteries or seen more than three of its cloistered inhabitants. The world within the white walls seemed to me most serene, most fruitful, untouched by any care. This was a savage waste. Monks had made of it an Eden. Their hands had tilled it. Their prayers and psalms had floated over it. Their bodies slept in it uncoffined. Perhaps their souls watched it far away. Trees towered from this land that had been treeless. Grapes, such as those brought by the spies from the Land of Promise, lay in its sunburnt furrows. Sweet waters sang along its surface. Among the roses the bees chanted where once the jackals laughed. And the weather was so fair that I could have given myself to it with the heedlessness of a butterfly. Yet the old boyish feeling clung to me, and I thought I was among sad men who hid their agony in a garden, remembering their Master.

I strolled on out of sight of the hôtellerie into a glade of eucalyptus, and through the green, beneath the blue, I saw a white vision coming towards me.

A band of monks and novices was passing through the trees.

From the shadows where I stood I looked out upon them. I thought that I should see a vision of suffering, or, perhaps, merely

LA TRAPPE IN AFRICA

of resignation : sternness of grief subdued by the drug-like action of religion. The white figures came on through the tree trunks, moving quickly, vigorously. It was a strong procession. I thought of English athletes. Soon I could see the faces, some bearded, a few quite bare, all tanned with the sun underneath the big straw hats. But where was the grief, where the resignation ? These faces were serene as the sweet weather, calm as the celestial atmosphere, even merry and alert, full to the brim of life and of its joy. Some of the novices were smiling as they swung along. One, a boy, laughed as he spoke to a companion with ardent gestures, pointing towards the vineyards and to the flat pannier in his hand. These were Trappists, then. Yes : their garb and their silence proclaimed it. They walked on swiftly and softly among the trees. I heard the dull rustle of their robes. I saw the wide sleeves float out, falling back from the wrists as the hands, strong, broad, sinewy with labour, chattered together. And my boyish dream was broken. For I had seen the face of truth : I had seen the happy Trappists.

From that morning I have always connected joy with La Trappe in Africa. And as I prolonged my stay in the monastery, and grew to know it more intimately, my impression of the contentment there grew stronger.

Only at night, in the chapel during the last service, have I caught again the boy's romantic thrill. Alone in the high gallery of strangers or, on rare occasions, in the tribune that divides the brown lay Brothers from the Fathers robed in white, looking down into the semi-darkness I have felt that there is melancholy here. The long lines of half-seen figures standing back rigid against the walls, the hollow muttering of male voices coming from faces invisible, the harsh singing of the old Gregorian chants, the faint yet significant chiming of the bell and the fantastic and violent action of the monk who rings it, remote there in the centre of the twilight, the weary shuffling in through the blackness of belated fathers and brothers from the fields, the final ceremony of prostration when, on the wooden floor between the sombre stalls, all these devotees sink on their faces, and remain like dead things slain by some sudden spell—this darkness, the action and the voice of it, does hold something of fanaticism, something of antique terror. There is a murmur of old sorrows in it. Life seems remote, withdrawn ; yet death is absent too. And there is a spectre of gnarled Labour come down to this shadowy chapel through all the vistas of poor men's tired years.

But, this one service apart, La Trappe in Africa seems, and I believe is, a place of unusually happy men. I have spoken of the fulness of its life. This is the life of labour going hand in hand with the life of prayer. La Trappe is self-supporting. Everything necessary to its existence is there, if not within the walls at least

ROBERT HICHENS

within the limits of the Fathers' wide domain. And everything that grows and flourishes, everything that is made, the flowing of the sweet waters purposefully, the feeding of the ducks, the pressing of the grapes, the bottling and the despatching of the wines, the fattening of the black pigs, the grooming of the shaggy horses, the planting of the orange-trees and rose-bushes, the manufacture of the delicious perfumes sold to visitors, even the most happy domestic arrangements of the innumerable cats—everything that is made, ordered, and carried out at La Trappe, is made, ordered, and carried out by and under the personal supervision of the holy men. The white and brown Marabouts, as the Arabs call the monks, are workers of the first order. All their time is occupied.

When one stays at La Trappe one gradually gets to know by sight at least, if not more intimately, the various celebrities of this secluded world. There is the monk, small, quiet and apart, who holds within his breast a great secret—the recipe for the manufacture of *Staouëline*, the liqueur of the monastery. When he dies he, unlike his brethren, will have something to bequeath, and already he has selected the father to whom, if he lives, the secret will be consigned. Then, there is the one English monk in this community of ninety-five persons. His name is Father André, and he came from Mount St. Bernard in England on account of his health. He is, perhaps, the most deeply learned of the monks, and instructs the novices in theology, often delivering his lectures in Latin. Faint echoes of our great war have reached him at La Trappe, and when I was there in February I received from the Père Abbé a special permission to tell him how our arms were faring. That evening the Père Eugène said to me, as he escorted me to my bedroom when the clock struck seven—time for turning in—'The Père André is ten years younger to-night.'

'Why?' I asked.

'He has heard his language spoken.'

The Père André naturally knows nothing of the progress of literature in this country. Our celebrities are not even names to him. He reads much and studies deeply, but not the novels of our day. One of our authors, however, he is acquainted with and greatly admires. It was strange and refreshing to hear a Trappist monk praising warmly 'The New Republic,' and to be able to join with him in burning incense at the shrine of Mr. Mallock.

The Père Robert is another monk with whom, if one stays at La Trappe, one can have some intercourse. He is very old. He has passed his eighty years, and he is the watcher over the garden of the dead. Only in the cemetery may one talk with the Père Robert, among the cypress-trees upon the hill. From there the shining sea is visible far off. Often the Père Robert looks at it as he stands,

LA TRAPPE IN AFRICA

leaning heavily on his spade, among the graves. He shades his eyes from the sun and gazes over the orderly rows of fruit trees. One day I asked him :

‘Father, do you never long to be in one of those boats whose sails we see out there?’

‘Never, my son,’ he answered. ‘I am too happy here.’

And he struck his spade into the earth in which one day he hopes to lie among the blessed dead. He was a great warrior, fought in many African campaigns, was three times severely wounded, and spent his early life amid scenes of violence and suffering. For over forty years he has dwelt within these walls, and each day he spends many hours at work in solitude, keeping his holy garden trim. He is very proud of the magnificent cypresses that surround the cemetery, many of which he planted. One morning I noticed among the graves one covered with fresh flowers. It lay close to the outer wall of the place, and I noticed also that a gap had been made in the hedge of cypresses just opposite this grave.

‘I cut that hole in the trees,’ said the Père Robert. ‘It was a sacrifice ; but I made it willingly.’

‘Why?’ I asked.

‘You see that grave? The young brother of our Prior is buried there. He was not one of our community ; but his last desire was to be laid among us. I made that gap in my trees for his mother.’

‘His mother?’ I said.

‘Yes. You know that no woman can ever enter here. The mother of that boy travelled here to see the last resting-place of her son. She could not cross the threshold of the monastery : so she procured a ladder from a peasant, had it put against that wall, and mounted it. But even then she could see nothing. The cypresses were too thick. Look how splendid they are ! I planted them.’

‘And so you cut those boughs away?’

‘Yes : so that she might see the grave. She was weeping behind the cypresses. She had travelled so far and could see nothing. Now she has seen her son’s grave and knows how beautiful it is in here.’

‘Yes : it is beautiful.’

The Père Robert looked with adoration at his cemetery. ‘And now she knows it. I am glad I spoilt my trees. It was a sacrifice ; but I can never regret it.’

The Père Robert has in one corner of the cemetery two turtle doves, white and grey, with eyes like rubies. Last time I visited him, trembling with excitement he took me to see them.

‘Let me tell you a secret, my son,’ he whispered in my ear.

‘What is it, Father?’

‘They will soon have a little family.’

ROBERT HICHENS

As you descend the cypress avenue from the cemetery, between the fourteen stations of the cross, you come to a tank of clear water. Above it is the white statue of a saint. In his right hand he holds a staff. His left hand is raised to his lips, with a gesture as of one who whispers, 'Hush!' Seldom do the monks pass this statue without glancing at it or pausing before it. This keeping of almost eternal silence must be very terrible, one would suppose. One monk told me that there were in the monastery fathers and brothers, whom he had seen daily for twenty years, to whom he had never spoken. I asked him whether he did not sometimes long to talk to them.

'No,' he said. 'Here we get to know each other and love each other without words.'

I thought of Maeterlinck's theory that only in silence can the souls of men hold true communion.

Once in the annals of La Trappe the eternal silence that reigns within the cloisters of the inner court was rudely broken. Here there is the prettiest square garden, kept neat and exquisite by the loving care of one whom I will call Brother Sebastian. Devotee, and almost saint, Brother Sebastian remains by temperament a gardener, and gardeners, we know, can on occasion be human to the core. There was a little novice at La Trappe who fell ill. One of the fathers tended him in his illness—sat up with him at night, and, by unremitting devotion, brought him to recovery. When he came forth from his sick room, the little novice was sorely exercised. He wanted to show his deep gratitude to this father. He longed to give him some present, however small; but he had nothing. For some days he was uneasy and depressed. Then, one morning early, as he walked alone in the garden of silence, his eyes fell upon Brother Sebastian's flowers with the dew upon them. The little novice's face lit up. He picked a few—a very few—flowers, tied them awkwardly into a nosegay, and, seizing the occasion, laid them in the empty cell of his benefactor. Alas, each of his children was personally known to Brother Sebastian. That very day he saw the orphaned beds, and, by some means, discovered that the fell deed had been done by the little novice. Then the temperament of the gardener within him rose up and slew his holiness. Not only did he cry aloud in the garden of silence, but also his words were gardener's words. The sensation was immense. The sound of this gardener's voice, where voice had never been heard before, seemed to shake the very foundations of La Trappe. The poor little novice wept. But when the Père Abbé strove to calm him, and told him not to be afraid of Brother Sebastian, the little novice explained through his tears that they fell for the good brother, not for himself. He was weeping not because he had picked the dewy flowers, but because Brother Sebastian had committed the crime of speech, for which he, the little novice, was

LA TRAPPE IN AFRICA

under the childish impression there could be no forgiveness either here or hereafter.

Perhaps the rule that bears most heavily upon the lives of the Trappists is the rule regarding their dress. In winter and in summer they have to wear the same heavy robe, and they must not take it off when they lie down on their hard mattresses in the dormitory. When the great heat begins this penalty is a severe one and keeps many of the monks awake. There are some of them, too, who long, in the July and August days, to bathe in the sparkling sea that is so near at hand. But this is seldom or never permitted, unless under medical orders.

Of course, the severity of the life seems to grow continually less as the habit of it is formed. If you talk to a monk of twenty years standing, you will generally—I had almost said always—find that he has no consciousness of enduring any hardship. But the novices suffer agonies sometimes, and many of them go out to the world after a few months novitiate. The novice who made the shortest stay in all the annals of La Trappe was a soldier. He came to the monastery and declared his fixed intention of serving his five years and then taking the eternal vows. The Père Abbé represented to him the difficulties of the life—the pain of silence, the poor fare, the long fastings, the vigils, the prayers, the labour, the discomforts, the resignations. The would-be novice laughed.

‘I have gone through enough already for my country,’ he said, ‘and if I have been able to suffer for my country, surely, Reverend Father, you do not suppose that I cannot suffer for my God.’

At two on a certain afternoon this soldier was admitted to the monastery as a novice.

Just after four o'clock on the following morning, when it was still dark, a monk, who was returning from the chapel, found the devoted new servant of God violently trying one of the doors that led to the outer court of the monastery.

‘What are you doing?’ he said. ‘It is strictly forbidden to go through that door.’

‘Let me out, let me out!’ cried the novice. ‘I have had enough of this. If I stay here any longer I shall go mad.’

And at dawn he departed never to return.

He, however, was a very exceptional person. Many of those who have gone to La Trappe in Africa, and stayed, have gone thither straight from a barracks after serving their time as soldiers. Barrack life has given them disgust of the world. The happiness of these men in the hard-working but entirely peaceful life of the monastery is extraordinary.

‘They are more than content,’ a monk said to me, speaking of them: ‘they are as happy as men can be.’

It has often happened that young novices have been forced to

ROBERT HICHENS

leave La Trappe, and to go away to Algiers, Batna, or some other African station, to spend their fixed number of days with the army. The same monk told me that they never stay out in the world when those days are over. They hurry back to their home—as they call it—and their joy in return is touching to witness.

And, indeed, there is a strange fascination in this African monastery, and in its gentle, silent, fertile life. It seems to me as if no one who has stayed there in full summer, during the vintage, could fail to feel it. In the calm monotony the golden days rush by, and the slight discipline is never irksome to the visitor. One learns to love this land teeming with fruitfulness; one learns to love these workers clad in brown and white, dignified in their deep simplicity, strong in their sedulous labour and their faith. They have drawn very near to Nature. Their forerunners, by efforts almost superhuman, have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose; and the memory of these men, who sweated with fever, who fought with beasts, who struggled against hostile Arabs and hostile fellow countrymen, who fell—some of them—in the very furrows they had ploughed, and were carried to their rest among the cypresses they had planted—the memory of these men is ever with the present brothers and fathers of La Trappe. To the fields and sunny uplands they go at dawn from the chapel, the simplest place of worship I think I ever saw. From the fields at twilight they come to the chapel, walking heavily like labourers. Even the old men do their share. There are no *fainéants* at La Trappe. At over eighty the Père Robert digs and prunes. And there are others like him. Labour and faith—these are good things. They set life to a happy, if sober, tune, and make the simplest prayer most musical.

I am glad when, by the wayside, among the reeds and the figs of Barbary, I see the cross; when, on the hard, straight road between the vineyards, I hear the distant chapel bell, and know that, once more, I am nearing Notre Dame de Staouëli, La Trappe, in Africa.

And now, when I see the vague silhouette of a monk's face, and of a cowl, a shadow on the wall near the hearth of winter, a shadow on the grass in summer days, I connect no sadness with it.

For I remember the white procession through the eucalyptus trees.

MARIA OF AUSTRIA, INFANTA
OF SPAIN



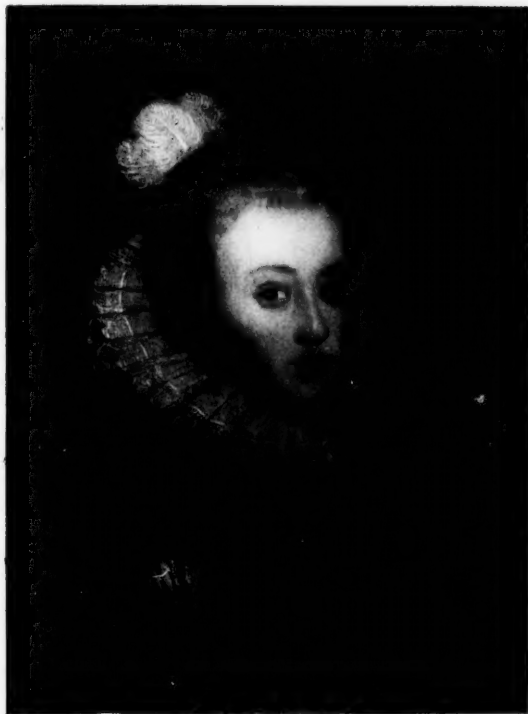
From the portrait in the possession of

Maria of Austria, Infanta of Spain

From the portrait in the possession of

The Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery

MARIA OF AUSTRIA, INFANTA
OF SPAIN



Jean Electric Engraving Co.

Maria of Austria, Infanta of Spain.

*From the portrait in the possession of
The Earl of Pembroke and Desmond.*



MARIA OF AUSTRIA, INFANTA OF SPAIN

O who will o'er the downs so free,
O who will with me ride ?
O who will up and follow me,
To win a blooming bride ?

Her father he has locked the door ;
Her mother keeps the key :
But neither door nor bolt shall part
My own true love from me.



O runs the old song, which jingles in the ear as one reads the tale of Charles I. and the Infanta of Spain.

In 1623, while Digby and Gondomar and Olivares, and all the diplomatic wiseacres at the Courts of St. James' and his most Catholick Majesty of Spain were parleying and perjuring themselves for the good of their countries upon the question of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and the Infanta Maria of Spain, Charles himself, that sedate and gawky youth, was off with Buckingham and away across the seas. Canny King Jamie, no doubt, winked at this startling escapade of his beloved 'Baby Charles' and his adored 'Steenie.' The big-wigs held up their hands in dismay. No wonder that 'Messrs. John and Thomas Smith' danced for joy as they stood on the banks of the Bidassoa, the stream which parted them from that strange country, where dwelt *La Belle au Bois Dormante* of their dreams.

The Infanta Maria, sister, daughter, and granddaughter of successive Philips of Spain, seemed a prize fit for a hero of romance. Report said that 'she had an angel's face, one of the loveliest women ever seen, with very white skin, light hair, inclining more to white than gold, a right royal bearing, the chin rather projecting.' Howell writes in his letters that the Infanta is 'a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair-haired, and carrying a most pure mixture of red and white in her face ; she is full and big-lipped, which is held a beauty rather than a blemish.' Truly a fair enough Juliet for such a Romeo and his Mercutio to assail.

But the maiden was coy and excessively correct in her deportment. What with priests and dons, diplomatists and duennas, and all the hidebound paraphernalia of the Spanish Court, her adventurous swain could see but little of his *inamorata*. Thus, in spite of Buckingham's intrigues, diamonds, and largesse, in spite of 'Baby Charles's' very genuine pressure of his suit, 'Messrs. John and Thomas Smith' departed homewards in dudgeon, and shook the dust of Spain from their feet,—Buckingham thinking of Essex and Cadiz and certain famous tales of Drake and the Spanish galleons ; Charles not unmindful of a pair of black eyes, which had

MARIA OF AUSTRIA

smiled upon him at the merry Court of France;—from which thoughts much was to come hereafter.

But what of the blonde Infanta herself? Like other royal Hapsburgs, she wedded a King of Hungary, and would have remained a mere shadow in history but for the magic brush of Velazquez, who depicted her in the furbelows and farthingales of that terrible Spanish Court, yet managed to leave something of the charm which posterity will always connect with the mad escapade of 'Baby Charles' and 'Steenie.'

Dull as she was, she was the cause of one of the few really sporting incidents in English history.

LIONEL CUST.

**'GASTON BONNIER'; OR, 'TIME'S
REVENGES.' IN TWO ACTS 1854
AND 1870.¹ BY W. L. COURTNEY**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GASTON BONNIER . . .	<i>A well-to-do French farmer.</i>
PIERRE BONNIER . . .	<i>His son.</i>
LE PETIT GASTON . . .	<i>His grandson.</i>
MARCEL . . .	<i>A soldier.</i>
HORTENSE . . .	<i>Secretly married to Pierre.</i>
MARTHE . . .	<i>Housekeeper to Gaston Bonnier.</i>

Act I. Interior of GASTON BONNIER'S parlour. 1854.

Act II. Do. (After sixteen years.) 1870.

ACT I

*Scene : Parlour of a farmer's house in France, early morning.
One verse of chorus and dance played before curtain rises. One verse
of chorus and dance when curtain goes up.*

Enter MARTHE.

MARTHE. [*Who draws aside the curtains and opens the windows.*] Sunshine and music. A lovely morning! There could not be a finer day for the harvest festival, and no one will be better pleased than M. Gaston, who loves to see all the young folks around him enjoying themselves. Ah! He is a man with a heart of gold—I wish there were more like him! All round the country-side there is no truer friend to the labourers than M. Gaston. [*Music continues.*]

Enter HORTENSE.

HORTENSE. [*Puts her head in at the door, and then advances into the room on tiptoe behind MARTHE'S back; she passes her hands round MARTHE'S eyes, and simulates a gruff voice.*] Is this the house of M. Gaston Bonnier? [*Then laughs merrily.*]

MARTHE. No: it's no good, my young lady, your trying to deceive me: I could tell your footstep among a thousand. But you are early, Mademoiselle!

HORTENSE. No: it's you who are late. What, on a festival-day like this, and on such a lovely morning, to be only just down! Lazy old Marthe! [*Turns her face round and kisses her.*]

MARTHE. Bless you, Mademoiselle Hortense, we cannot all be such early birds as you! But come and sit down and tell me what you want.

HORTENSE. No, no, Marthe. I am in a hurry. Has M. Pierre come down yet?

MARTHE. M. Pierre, M. Pierre—what do I know about M. Pierre?

¹ Written for and performed by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A., at his theatre at Bushey.

'GASTON BONNIER'

HORTENSE. O, don't tease me, you wicked old thing! You know quite well I don't want to talk to you, and so you pretend you cannot understand, just on purpose to annoy me.

MARTHE. Come, come, ladybird: don't fly out at me like that. But I know you, you young ladies: you are always in a hurry, and if one does not answer you directly you begin to pout and call people all manner of unkind names. No: I don't know anything about M. Pierre.

HORTENSE. Dear old Marthe, you must not begin the day so badly with so naughty a falsehood. Come, tell me, there's a darling!

[*Kisses her.*]

MARTHE. O yes: you expect to get over me with those soft ways! No, no!

HORTENSE. Get over you? Of course I do. Why, you dear, silly old Marthe, don't you know how I love you?

MARTHE. Not so much as you do a certain gentleman who shall be nameless! O, you don't deceive me!

HORTENSE. But, Marthe dear, has M. Pierre come down yet?

MARTHE. There we go! I told you I didn't know anything about M. Pierre, and you go on, just as if you didn't believe me.

[*Music ceases.*]

HORTENSE. But I don't believe you: I don't believe a word you say.

MARTHE. Did any one ever hear the like of that? Ah, you saucy child, there's no resisting you! Well, well, I will tell you all I know about M. Pierre.

HORTENSE. [*Eagerly.*] Yes, yes——

MARTHE. Because I know nothing.

HORTENSE. O, you dreadful old story-teller! Didn't I tell you you weren't to be believed?

MARTHE. Well, then, what's the good of my speaking? M. Pierre is not down yet—will that content you?

HORTENSE. I can see that with my own eyes.

MARTHE. That was what you asked me—wasn't it? And I shouldn't think he would be down for some time yet. He was very late last night.

HORTENSE. [*Anxiously.*] Very late?

MARTHE. Yes: he was sitting in his room very late—writing and writing and writing. I think he was writing to his father.

HORTENSE. [*Turning pale.*] To his father? To M. Gaston Bonnier?

MARTHE. Yes. Why should he not? Though, to be sure, he has got him in the house, and he might as well say all he wants to by word of mouth. But some people prefer writing when they are not quite sure what they ought to say.

HORTENSE. O, M. Gaston frightens me!

W. L. COURTNEY

MARTHE. No, no, dearie, no. He is a man to love, not to fear. He is a good, honest man, very just and very clear-sighted, and I don't think he would willingly wrong any man.

HORTENSE. But he has such hard eyes.

MARTHE. Well, he has suffered, you know, and that makes a man hard sometimes. Poor M. Gaston! I don't think he deserved to be treated as he was.

HORTENSE. Why, has he suffered?

MARTHE. Didn't you know? Poor child, how should you? Well, you will know some day, and I may as well tell you now. His wife ran away from him.

HORTENSE. His wife ran away from him?

MARTHE. Yes. She was a girl belonging to this part of the country, just like yourself. She ran away with a soldier. And for this reason M. Gaston is sometimes hard on country girls, and doesn't like soldiers. He makes an exception in favour of M. Marcel, though he is a soldier; but I don't think he would like to see too much of him.

HORTENSE. And he does not make an exception in favour of me, I am afraid. [*A voice is heard without: 'Is that you, Marthe?'*]

MARTHE. [*Looks out of window.*] Ah, there is M. Marcel! Run away, dear: I want to talk to him.

HORTENSE. Well, mind you tell M. Pierre that I am waiting for him outside. He promised to dance with me.

MARTHE. Yes, yes, Mademoiselle Hortense. [*HORTENSE goes out.*] Poor little bird! She is too fond of M. Pierre, I am afraid. And M. Gaston has such good cause to be angry at the match! What will come of it all?

Enter MARCEL.

MARCEL. Aha, Marthe! Good morning, good morning!

MARTHE. Marthe, indeed! Madame Marthe, if you please, M. Marcel. It's not too early to be polite!

MARCEL. Well, Mademoiselle Marthe, then!

MARTHE. I said Madame!

MARCEL. And I said Mademoiselle! Why, don't you know you are coming to the festival with me and going to dance with me?

[*He attempts to seize her round the waist; but she laughingly retreats.*]

MARTHE. No, no, M. Marcel. I am sure I am old enough to be called Madame. But be serious, if you can. I want to talk to you.

MARCEL. O, bother seriousness! No one can be serious on a day like this.

MARTHE. But you must be. I want to talk to you about M. Pierre and Mademoiselle Hortense.

'GASTON BONNIER'

MARCEL. Why, what about them? They are lovers—aren't they? Just as much lovers as—as—you and I. [*Laughs.*]

MARTHE. [*Shaking her head.*] If they were only lovers! You know how angry M. Gaston is, if any one couples their two names together. Well, they are more than lovers, I am afraid!

MARCEL. More than lovers? There is nothing greater than love in this world—is there?

MARTHE. I think they are already married. Hush! Here comes M. Pierre. Not a word!

Enter PIERRE BONNIER.

PIERRE. Good morning, Marthe! Marcel too! Preparing for to-day's holiday, eh? I don't think there's a finer-looking woman in the village than Marthe—eh, Marcel? No; nor a better dancer, if she likes—eh, Marcel? Upon my word, if I hadn't other fish to fry, I should like to cut you out, you rogue!

MARTHE. Mademoiselle Hortense has been here, M. Pierre, asking how much longer you would be before you were ready.

PIERRE. Mademoiselle Hortense! O, I will go out to her at once. [*Prepares to go out. Music again.*]

MARTHE. But, M. Pierre, what shall I say to your father when he asks for you?

PIERRE. Say anything—say that Marcel here brought me a message—that I was wanted at once! Say anything you like! [*Exit hurriedly.*]

MARTHE. [*Looking after him.*] Ah, M. Pierre, if only you weren't so careless! You will have to suffer for all this some day, I am afraid!

MARCEL. [*At window.*] Look, there he goes; and there's Mademoiselle Hortense too!

MARTHE. [*At window.*] A pretty pair—as handsome a pair as you would wish to see. [*Music outside continues.*] Look at them! They are beginning to dance! Ah, it makes one young again!

MARCEL. Well, come and join them—come along!

[*Puts his arm round her waist; again she repels him.*]

MARTHE. No, no: I have got my work to do, if you have none, M. Marcel.

MARCEL. But I have. I have got to speak to M. Gaston: only, you make me forget everything! What is it you said about their being married?

MARTHE. It is only my suspicion. Perhaps I am wrong. Don't think any more about it.

MARCEL. But why shouldn't they be married if they want to be?

MARTHE. Ah, you don't know: you can't imagine how angry M. Gaston will be.

W. L. COURTNEY

MARCEL. He will get over that when he finds there's nothing to be done.

MARTHE. Marcel, have you ever thought who Hortense is—I mean who were her father and her mother and where she came from?

MARCEL. [*Carelessly.*] No: who is she?

MARTHE. I swore I would never tell a soul.

MARCEL. Well, then, tell me. I am not a soul: no soldier is, so far as I know!

MARTHE. Don't laugh! Well, I will tell you, because I think you are a man to be trusted, and you have been a good friend to us all. You remember that sad sorrow of M. Gaston, when his wife ran away with Captain Rivardier? Well—he took away M. Gaston's wife; but he left his own child behind! He wrote a note to M. Gaston saying that to comfort his solitude he bequeathed him the care of his daughter. Exchange—ah, I remember his brutal words—exchange, he said, was no robbery!

MARCEL. And Mademoiselle Hortense is——

MARTHE. Captain Rivardier's daughter!

MARCEL. Phew—the devil!

MARTHE. Yes! Poor little child! She was brought up in the village here, under the care of old Madame Plozet, to whom I entrusted her. As for M. Gaston, he cannot bear the sight of her. Poor man, she is always reminding him of his loss!

MARCEL. [*Meditatively.*] H'm! Does Hortense know all this?

MARTHE. No, no: not a word. But now you understand why I hope they are not married. I will tell M. Gaston you are here. Poor, poor M. Pierre! [*Exit.*]

MARCEL. H'm! I wonder if it's true they are married! But how? Pierre could never get his father's written consent. Forgery? It's not unlikely. Pierre is so headstrong, and he was bound to get into mischief before long. Poor M. Pierre, indeed! Poor M. Gaston, I think! He won't be pleased when he hears of it—especially as I have some news which will rather upset him this morning. I almost wish I hadn't come to disturb this holiday; but I hadn't another day to spare before I go Eastwards. Heaven be praised that I have no wife and no son! All this marrying and giving in marriage brings grey hairs on the head and adds wrinkles to the cheek, which would never do for a soldier. Ah, here comes M. Gaston!

Enter M. GASTON BONNIER.

Good morning, Gaston! I hope I see you well?

BONNIER. Well and hearty, thank you, Marcel—well and hearty! But what brings you here so early?

MARCEL. I'm off to-morrow to the Russian war, and I thought

'GASTON BONNIER'

I should like to see you all before I go. To-morrow I join my regiment, and then—hey for the Crimea! [*Aside.*] I cannot tell him yet.

BONNIER. Rolling stones—all you soldiers! Here to-day, gone to-morrow, with never a house to call your own, or any spot in the wide world to be your home! Upon my word, Marcel, if you were not a good fellow, one who has been a kind friend to me in the past, I would not let you come here to disturb us with your restless soldier-ways and your wild campaigning talk!

MARCEL. [*Laughs.*] I am not going to trouble you for long, anyhow: only just a good-bye and I am off. [*Reflectively.*] I don't much care for the idea of fighting side by side with those English, it is true; but still, fighting is fighting, whoever may be your friends or enemies. [*Aside.*] How can I tell him?

BONNIER. [*Sitting down.*] Well, I am very glad to see you, although you are a soldier. You have been good to me, Marcel: indeed, I don't know what I should have done without you. Any news from—from Paris?

MARCEL. It is just about Paris that I want to talk to you.

BONNIER. Yes, yes. Now that you are going out of France, who is going to see that her money is paid to her, and that she has all she wants? Have you seen her lately?

MARCEL. [*Reluctantly.*] I don't think you need trouble much about that.

BONNIER. Not trouble about that? Ah, Marcel, that is the first unkind word you have said to me! Not trouble about her? Poor Clementine! She is dead to me—ever since she left me so cruelly, so cruelly; but she shall never want her daily bread while I am alive.

MARCEL. [*Slowly.*] She will not want her daily bread any more.

BONNIER. What? She hasn't made it up with that soldier fellow who betrayed her? Not that, Marcel!

MARCEL. [*Shakes his head.*] No, no!

BONNIER. Something worse! Fallen into some one else's hands? Ah, how you torture me! Tell me at once!

MARCEL. She is dead, Gaston!

BONNIER. [*Pause.*] Dead! My Clementine dead! Poor, poor Clementine! You broke my heart when you ran away from me, and now—now that Heaven in its mercy has taken you to itself—you almost break my heart a second time! Poor, poor Clementine!

MARCEL. Do not make me wish I had never told you.

BONNIER. No, no: of course you had to tell me. I can bear it, Marcel. Twenty years ago, when the wound was fresh, I should almost have welcomed her death as the best way out of the trouble. But now time has, if not healed the wound, at least robbed it of its sharpest pangs, and Clementine has become a memory, a dream, an

W. L. COURTNEY

imagination, which, when it is gone, leaves me all the poorer for its loss. Well—she is gone, with all the sorrow she brought upon herself and upon me! Heaven be merciful to us all!

MARCEL. She died peacefully, and her last words were of you.

BONNIER. God be thanked for that! But my boy must know of it. Where is Pierre? At the festival, of course. How strangely comes the news of her death on this day of all days of the year! But I must not spoil his happiness to-day. No: we elder ones are made to bear these rude shocks of fate, from which we must try to screen the younger ones.

MARCEL. That's right, Bonnier! Let him have his merriment while he can.

BONNIER. Of course, of course! And, after merriment, business and sorrow. You know, Marcel, what I mean him to do?

MARCEL. Let him be a soldier, sir. There is no other profession.

BONNIER. A soldier! I would rather see him in his grave! He drew a lucky number in the conscription—thank Heaven! I hate all soldiers, ever since—well, you know what I have suffered at a soldier's hands. No: I mean him to study the law and go to Paris and pass all his examinations and be an honour to himself and his father! To-morrow I intend to talk to him seriously about all this. No: whatever rude blows Fortune has given me, I have still a son to be proud of and to love. Come, Marcel: let us go and see how our people are enjoying themselves.

[The music begins without as BONNIER exits.]

MARCEL. In a moment, M. Bonnier: I will join you in a moment. Where is Marthe? I must know why she suspects. Hullo! here's the truant!

Enter PIERRE.

PIERRE. Truant? Why truant? What have I run away from, or who has been asking for me?

MARCEL. Well, Pierre, your father has been asking after you! What are you going to do, lad, when I am gone? Don't you wish you were coming with me to the Crimea?

PIERRE. In some ways, yes. But I don't think my father would ever allow it.

MARCEL. There are other things your father wouldn't allow, Pierre, besides soldiering.

PIERRE. What do you mean? [MARCEL points significantly outside, where music and the dance are proceeding.] O yes: of course.

MARCEL. You are to go off to Paris, young man, and become a lawyer: that's what you are fated for! So the sooner you forget all this—[Pointing outside]—the better for you.

PIERRE. [Moodily.] Yes: I know. [Suddenly.] Look here, Marcel: I am in a devil of a mess, and I'm hanged if I know what to do!

'GASTON BONNIER'

MARCEL. Out with it then, young man! There is no father-confessor like a soldier. If he does not forget to-day what you have told him, he is generally twenty leagues away to-morrow, and so it makes little odds whether he remembers or forgets!

PIERRE. Yes: I had better tell you. Well, then, Marcel—Hush! here she is.

[*There is a burst of singing. HORTENSE, with three or four girls in holiday clothes, singing the concluding notes of the song, bounds into the room, flushed with the dance. The other girls, when the song is over, bow to HORTENSE and PIERRE, and exeunt.*

HORTENSE. Where have you hidden yourself, you traitor? [*Stops.*] Ah, I see you are not alone. I beg your pardon.

PIERRE. No, no! This is my oldest friend, M. Marcel. Marcel, I don't think you have ever met Mademoiselle Hortense?

MARCEL. Mademoiselle, I have the honour.

[*Bows low, and HORTENSE curtseys. Music stops.*

PIERRE. M. Marcel is trying to tempt me to go with him to the Crimea, Hortense. He had almost persuaded me when you came in.

HORTENSE. I am glad I have come in time—if M. Marcel will pardon me.

MARCEL. M. Pierre is only joking, Mademoiselle. I think he is too happy where he is for me to try and take him away. Well, I must rejoin M. Gaston. [*To PIERRE.*] You will find me outside when you want me.

[*Bows to HORTENSE, and exit. The music is very soft throughout the following scene.*

HORTENSE. You were only joking, Pierre—were you not? You weren't really serious?

PIERRE. Serious! About what?

HORTENSE. About the Crimea.

PIERRE. Silly child! Why, I must live.

HORTENSE. Yes; but if you went to the Crimea—that would be the way to die! And what would become of me? Ah, Pierre dear, you don't know, you can't know——

PIERRE. Can't know what, little one?

HORTENSE. [*Shyly.*] It is so hard to put into words—[*after a pause*—how I love you!

PIERRE. Yes, darling! And don't you know how I love you?

[*They kiss; the music becomes louder; HORTENSE starts up.*

HORTENSE. Come on, Pierre! Let us dance again! But listen, sir: I won't have you dancing with other girls! How I hated you when you were dancing with Amande! Why, you actually had your arm round her waist!

[*Indignantly.*

PIERRE. Well, I couldn't dance with her if I had not my arm round her waist—could I?

W. L. COURTNEY

HORTENSE. You shouldn't dance with her at all! I am the only person you are to dance with—do you hear? And——

PIERRE. This is the only waist that I am to put my arm round—eh?

[*Draws her to himself, putting his arm round her. Music stops.*]

HORTENSE. Dear Pierre! O, it does seem so strange!

PIERRE. What?

HORTENSE. Why, that we are—put your ear close to my mouth—[*whispers*—married! Ever since yesterday! What a long way off yesterday seems to be! [*Sighs.*]

PIERRE. Yes: that is why we are to be so serious, and must think about the future.

HORTENSE. Not to-day, not to-day!

PIERRE. Yes, dear: to-day! I must tell my father sooner or later, and it had better be over at once. Heaven knows what he will say!

HORTENSE. To-day? Pierre, I am so afraid of M. Gaston!

PIERRE. Nonsense, little one! What is done cannot be undone, and, whatever he may say or do, you and I are still man and wife.

HORTENSE. [*Hiding her face on his shoulder.*] Not to-day, not to-day! Let us have one more day to enjoy ourselves without thought for—for the future. See: you have quite frightened me!

PIERRE. Come, Hortense: hold your head up and be brave! He wants me to go to Paris and study for the law.

HORTENSE. And leave me?

PIERRE. No, no, dear! He cannot separate us: you forget that.

HORTENSE. But you won't go to Paris? What should I do in a big city, without fields and flowers—where there is only the hard pavement under one's feet and the pitiless sky above one's head? It would kill me—Paris——

PIERRE. [*Moodily.*] It must be either that or the Crimea. I don't see any other choice.

HORTENSE. How hard life is! Cannot we stay here always? No, no! You must work and I must work, and we must earn a living, now—[*with a sad smile*—now that we are married! And I suppose M. Gaston must know; but the dream, the romance—what will become of that?

PIERRE. Why, it will remain where it is, little one, as long as you and I love one another.

HORTENSE. Dear Pierre!

[*As they kiss, M. GASTON BONNIER comes into the room.*]

He looks from one to the other in astonished displeasure.

BONNIER. Pierre, what does all this mean? Mademoiselle Hortense, may I ask why you are here? I wish to talk to my son on an affair of business, and I wish to talk to him alone.

'GASTON BONNIER'

PIERRE. Whatever you have to say, there is no reason why Hortense should not hear it !

BONNIER. Indeed ! And what do you say to that, Mademoiselle ? Are you to be made privy to all our secrets ? Are you to affect an interest in whatever a father and his son may have in common ?

HORTENSE. O, M. Bonnier, indeed I don't want to offend you !

BONNIER. Then may I ask you kindly to leave my son here with me ?

HORTENSE. Yes : I will wait for him outside. [Going.]

PIERRE. [*Firmly.*] No, Hortense : there is nothing, I feel sure, in what my father is going to say to me which you may not hear. Besides, you have a right to listen—as much right as I have.

BONNIER. [*Angrily.*] A right ? I don't quite see how that can be. Why, Pierre, I know you are young and Mademoiselle Hortense is a pretty girl, and you both see a good deal of each other and are very good companions, and I dare say you fancy you are in love with each other. That is all very well for a day of festival like this, when there is music and dancing. But, unfortunately, I have to talk to Pierre on a matter of business—a serious matter of business. It is quite time that he should leave this idle life of flirting and gossiping and begin to think about his career. Come, Mademoiselle : I don't wish to say anything to hurt you, but—

PIERRE. Father, stop, I beseech you.

BONNIER. No, Pierre : I must say what is in my mind. I have been foolish not to have said it before ; but at all events I will delay no longer. Mademoiselle Hortense, it is my wish that Pierre should break this—what shall I call it ?—this idle intercourse with you. Neither of you are children. You must remain in the village with your—your other friends—and Pierre must go to Paris.

HORTENSE. Monsieur Bonnier, do not be so hard and cruel !

PIERRE. [*Firmly.*] Father, what you say is impossible.

BONNIER. Impossible ? Nonsense ! I say it shall be. My mind is made up : that is enough.

PIERRE. I repeat it is impossible.

BONNIER. What ? Will you drive me to still harsher measures ? Well, then, I command. Mademoiselle Hortense, you see that my room is no place for you at the present moment.

HORTENSE. [*Looks tearfully from one to the other.*] What am I to do, Pierre ?

BONNIER. What are you to do ? Great Heaven !—and you ask Pierre what you are to do ? Why, what is Pierre to you, or what are you to Pierre, that you should interfere with my wishes, my commands ? I have been a fool, I see, not to have spoken before. Well, Mademoiselle, if you will hear the truth I will speak it. I would sooner see Pierre in his grave than that he should marry you.

W. L. COURTNEY

PIERRE. Father, father, stop !

BONNIER. No : I will not stop. She shall hear everything, since she so chooses. Listen, Mademoiselle. I had a wife once, a wife taken from this village, a pretty girl, just as you are. She left me after five years of marriage—left me with a soldier whose fine coat and dashing manners attracted her more than my humble ways and workaday clothes ! She left me and her little boy alone, to get on as best we might—I without a wife and he without a mother ! And I swore a great oath then that I would sooner see Pierre in his grave than that he should wear a soldier's coat or marry a girl like you ! I swore it then, and I am not going to break from it now !

HORTENSE. [*Covering her face with her hands.*] Don't say that ! Ah, don't say that !

BONNIER. Come, Pierre, you understand me better now.

PIERRE. Too late, too late !

BONNIER. Too late ! What does the boy mean ?

PIERRE. I should have told you sooner.

BONNIER. Good God, what do you mean ?

PIERRE. Father, it is too late. We are already married.

BONNIER. Married ! You and Hortense married ? No, no : it's impossible ! I say it is impossible, and it shall never be ! Married ! Don't look at me like that ; but speak, speak ! I cannot understand what you mean.

PIERRE. Hortense and I were married yesterday.

BONNIER. And my consent ? [*PIERRE does not answer.*] My consent, I say ? How did you get my written consent ?

PIERRE. [*With a struggle.*] Father, I had to get it somehow. I—I—wrote it myself !

BONNIER. Forged it ? [*PIERRE does not answer.*] Is that what you mean ? Fool, fool, fool ! Ah, so it's you—is it, Mademoiselle ?—who have tempted my boy to his ruin. My only boy ! May Heaven reward you for what you have done to a desolate father and his only son !

PIERRE. Hush, father ! She is my wife.

BONNIER. Your wife ! We shall see about that ! I refuse my consent ! Pierre, you shall leave for Paris to-morrow. No : to-day—this very hour ! You shall be separated from her for ever ! Do you hear ? For ever ! Go out of the room and pack up at once, or I shall curse you both !

PIERRE. I cannot go without my wife.

BONNIER. Ah, Pierre, you were always a good son to me ! Don't break my heart ! Don't break your father's heart ! You know you have always been my darling, my love, my all ! What is there that I would not have done for your sake ?

PIERRE. You make it very hard for me, father ; but I cannot do what you ask.

'GASTON BONNIER'

BONNIER. You will not go to Paris?

PIERRE. I will not leave my wife.

BONNIER. Once more, and only once. Will you leave Hortense and do what I tell you?

PIERRE. No, father: I cannot leave my wife.

BONNIER. Then, God knows I am driven to tell you what I thought should be for ever locked up in my heart. Look at that girl, Pierre—look at Hortense, as she calls herself. Do you know who she is? I will tell you. She is the daughter of your mother's seducer.

PIERRE. Father, father!

BONNIER. Yes: Rivardier's daughter! He left his child when he took away my wife. Take her with you now if you like; but I will never give my consent—never! And without it yours is no marriage and your children will be illegitimate.

PIERRE. For God's sake, do not speak so wildly! There is nothing wrong in our union. She is no blood-relation of mine, and it is not her fault if her father was a villain.

[*Drums in the distance.*

BONNIER. Will you leave Hortense? [PIERRE takes HORTENSE in his arms.] Then—Heaven be my witness that I wash my hands of you both! You have chosen your own path, and you shall follow it to the end. From this time henceforth you are no son of mine. I cast you off, I renounce you, I expel you from my doors! Go where you like; but never come into this house again. I am no longer your father, and you are no longer my son! Go!

PIERRE. Enough, father, enough! I will not darken your doors any longer. As you say, Heaven shall judge between you and me. I shall go with Marcel to the war.

[*Goes out with HORTENSE in his arms.*

BONNIER. [*Alone.*] To the war! Clementine dead! My Pierre a soldier! And married to Hortense! My God, is this my doom?

END OF ACT I

ACT II

(1870)

Scene: Parlour as before. Sixteen years afterwards. Time, late afternoon, growing dusk. The stage is empty as the curtain rises. Drums—as of a regiment marching—are played just before and as the curtain ascends, and continue, going away into the distance, during the opening of the scene. When the curtain has gone up on an empty stage, there is a soft knock heard on the outside door of

W. L. COURTNEY

the parlour, which after a time is repeated. MARTHE, with grey hair, enters.

MARTHE. [*Hurriedly and noiselessly.*] Who is there? [*Going to the door.*] Can they have come? Marcel told me that they would be here soon. [*Listens at door.*]

PIERRE. [*Outside.*] Is that you, Marthe? May we come in?

MARTHE. [*Opening door.*] Yes. Hush! do not make any noise.

Enter PIERRE and HORTENSE.

M. Gaston may come in at any moment.

PIERRE. Marcel told you we were coming—did he not?

MARTHE. Yes, yes. Ah, dear Monsieur Pierre, how you are changed! And you, Madame. But where is he—where is the little boy?

HORTENSE. He is not very little, dear old Marthe: remember, he is now fifteen years old. Ah, how pleasant it is to see your dear honest old face! [*Kisses her.*]

MARTHE. [*Crying.*] But the boy, the boy—where have you left him?

PIERRE. He is with Marcel. We thought it better to leave him while we came to see how the land lay. And now, Marthe, tell me: how is my poor old father?

MARTHE. [*To HORTENSE.*] Sit you down, dearie. Hush! [*Goes to inner door.*] Let me see if everything is quiet first. [*Opens door and looks within, while the others sit down.*] Nothing's stirring in the house. He must have fallen asleep.

[Comes back to PIERRE and HORTENSE.]

HORTENSE. [*Taking both MARTHE's hands and looking in her face.*] You are changed too, Marthe. Have you been ill?

MARTHE. No, no: only sad, and sorrow makes one old. But you should see Monsieur Gaston! Such white hair, and such a worn, troubled face—ever since—ever since you both went away.

PIERRE. But he is well, Marthe—he is not suffering now?

MARTHE. Suffering? He has never ceased to suffer since that fatal day. Always muttering to himself, and moaning that he has killed you. He thinks you were killed at the Crimea—we all thought that—till Marcel told us you had got home safe to Madame at Marseilles. But Monsieur Gaston still thinks you dead, and I have never been able to give him any hope for your safety. Why did you never come before?

PIERRE. My poor father! But it was no good coming, Marthe, till many years had passed away, and perhaps softened his memory. Besides, you know, I was badly wounded and was ill for a long time. Do you think he has forgiven me, Marthe? [*Eagerly.*]

HORTENSE. And me? Has he forgiven me?

MARTHE. [*Crying.*] I don't know, I don't know! He is so

'GASTON BONNIER'

old and feeble and querulous. Hush ! I thought I heard him. [*Goes to door again, listens for a moment, and returns.*] Quick, quick ! Tell me what you intend to do ?

HORTENSE. We came to ask you, Marthe.

PIERRE. I thought we had better come boldly and see him.

MARTHE. No, no ! It would kill him, I think. [*After a moment's pause, while she listens.*] The only way is for Marcel to bring the little boy.

HORTENSE. But he will not be angry with little Gaston ?

MARTHE. I think not—I think he may be overjoyed to see him, and there is no peace-maker like a child. Let him plead your cause, and let us pray Heaven that all may be well.

PIERRE. You know best, Marthe, I think. But still——

MARTHE. Not another word ! I hear his footsteps. Send Marcel with the child—that's the only way. And now go, go, I beseech you ! [*Hurrying them to door.*]

HORTENSE. God bless you, Marthe ! You will take care of little Gaston if he comes ?

MARTHE. Yes, yes !

PIERRE. [*At door, HORTENSE has gone out.*] Remember, if anything happens to the child, it will break his mother's heart. Good-bye, Marthe !

[*Goes out. MARTHE hurriedly shuts and locks the door. Enter BONNIER, with candle. He is old and feeble.*]

BONNIER. So dark ! So dark ! Marthe, Marthe ! Where is she ? They are always leaving me alone.

MARTHE. Yes, Monsieur : did you call me ?

BONNIER. No—Yes—I have forgotten what I wanted. What time is it ?

MARTHE. Seven o'clock, Monsieur, I think.

BONNIER. Have I been asleep then ? Did I dream that I heard some drums beating and soldiers marching ?

MARTHE. No, Monsieur : it was no dream. Some troops have just passed through the village—a fine body of men, with their colours flying and their band playing. I suppose they are going to the war.

BONNIER. War, war ! It is always war ! No other word seems to ring like that in my brain ! It is always echoing there from morning to evening. I hear it when first I open my eyes, and it is the last sound I remember when I get to sleep. Always war, war, war !

MARTHE. Dear M. Bonnier, never mind the war—I was wrong to mention it. The German war will not affect us much, at any rate.

BONNIER. Not affect us much ? Ah, no ! Nothing matters much now. But you are wrong if you think I feel no interest in the war.

W. L. COURTNEY

Can I ever forget the war? Why, war and soldiers have been my ruin all through my life. They robbed me of my wife, and they robbed me of my son. Curse the war! No, no: I will never curse anything again—never again! Curses come home to roost!

[*Gets to chair in chimney corner, and sits down.*]

MARTHE. Try to sleep again, Monsieur: the soldiers have gone now.

BONNIER. No: I am wide awake: I don't want to sleep. What time was it when I left this room?

MARTHE. Three o'clock, I think.

[*Very tender music.*]

BONNIER. Three till five. I have been sleeping two hours. Ah, I remember now! I had a dream. I thought I saw nothing but plains, covered with snow everywhere, blotting out every road and tree and hedge in the landscape—a dead white grave-cloth of snow over the face of nature. And I seemed to be looking for something, searching and peering about among the snow-heaps with my eyes almost blinded with that eternal whiteness—digging with bleeding fingers, and, though faint and weary, never desisting from my untiring search. I found it at last—the little black wooden cross, with the two letters scratched roughly upon it—P. B.—Pierre Bonnier—marking a soldier's grave. And then I was seized with a longing to see him once again—my poor, poor boy, whom I sent out to his death in the Russian war. I was all alone, and no one would see me take the mould off his body, and I would kiss him and hold him to my breast, and, if God so willed, I would lie down by his side and share with him his grave. But when I had scratched away the earth it was not Pierre's body that I saw, but a child, who looked up at me brightly, and called me by my name. Then there was a sound of drums, and I awoke. It was a strange dream, Marthe—wasn't it?

MARTHE. [*Half-crying.*] Ah, Monsieur Bonnier, try and sleep again!

BONNIER. Do you think, Marthe, if I slept again I could go on with that dream? May be I should, and then perhaps I could understand it better. Yes: I will try to sleep again. Leave me, Marthe: I shall be all right by myself. [MARTHE goes out with candle, crying. The room is only lighted by firelight.] Pierre! Did you forgive me, I wonder, and all my hard words, before you died? Did you remember all I had suffered in my past life, and how the remembrance of my wife made me mad against Hortense? Ah, but you could not know that I had heard that very morning that Clementine was dead! No: you were not aware how my nerves were all unstrung by what Marcel had told me! And then came that sudden revelation about your marriage; and I went mad. My boy, if all the sorrow and despair which I have felt, all the solitary anguish that has been my lot since you left me, be any atonement

'GASTON BONNIER'

for my crime, you have no cause to hate me now! And I sent you to your grave, out there amidst the Crimean snows, with a father's curse ringing in your ears! And Hortense? It was she who tempted you. Hers was the fault—not yours, not yours! It was she whom I ought to have cursed. I cannot forgive her for all she has done! No: God help me! I cannot forgive her! [*Pause.*] Pierre, did you call me? I thought I heard your voice. I am coming to you—I am coming, my son! Is it cold out there under the snow? I will take you in my arms and warm you, Pierre, and we shall be happy again and forget all that is past. [*Gradually going to sleep.*] You are mine again, Pierre—forgive—forget—mine once more.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*There is a pause. Then MARTHE steals into the room on tiptoe with the candle and looks at him. MARTHE goes to the window, looks out, and beckons to some one outside; then goes to door, which she opens noiselessly, and MARCEL enters, worn and grizzled.*]

MARTHE. Hush, be very quiet! He's asleep: speak low.

MARCEL. How he is changed—poor Gaston!

MARTHE. [*Speaking low and quickly.*] Is he outside?

MARCEL. Yes. Shall I bring him in?

MARTHE. Don't you think that will be the best way?

MARCEL. Yes: if you are sure that the joy will not kill him.

MARTHE. We must run the risk of that. Let the boy come in, and we must leave them alone together.

MARCEL. Hadn't we better be in the room too?

MARTHE. No: I think not. Better leave them alone. Ah, how my heart beats! Bring him in.

[*MARCEL goes and re-enters with little GASTON, both walking softly and on tiptoe. The boy looks scared; MARTHE folds the boy in her arms.*]

PETIT GASTON. [*In a whisper.*] Is that grandpapa?

MARTHE. Yes, darling, yes! We will leave you together, and when he wakes you must tell him who you are. Come, Marcel.

MARCEL. Remember, Gaston, he loves your father, and your father loves him!

[*Exeunt MARCEL and MARTHE with the light. The boy is left alone with old GASTON, who is sleeping in the easy chair. He stands watching him for some time in a quiet awed silence. Then he goes closer to him and timidly lays one hand on his arm.*]

GASTON. M. Bonnier, Grandpapa!

[*Again a silence, and the words are repeated.*]

BONNIER. [*In his dream.*] Yes, Pierre, yes: I hear you call! I can't get through this snow. I am coming to you, dear; but I am old—so old and weak!

W. L. COURTNEY

GASTON. Not Pierre, Monsieur : it is I, Gaston.

BONNIER. [*Opens his eyes.*] Not Pierre? Ah, who is it?

GASTON. It is I, Gaston.

BONNIER. My dream, my dream ! You are the child I found in his grave. Who are you?

GASTON. Gaston, le petit Gaston.

BONNIER. Gaston ! That is my name. Who gave you that name?

GASTON. My father, Monsieur, my father !

BONNIER. And your father's name was——?

GASTON. Pierre.

BONNIER. No, no ! Not that name ! [*Wailingly.*] Pierre is dead—he died long ago in the Crimea.

GASTON. He gave me the name of Gaston after his own father.

BONNIER. His own father ? Come here, closer : let me have a look at you closer. In Heaven's name, do not deceive me, child ! I am an old man, a poor weak, foolish old man.

GASTON. It is true, grandpapa !

BONNIER. [*Eagerly.*] Yes, yes : I hope it is true. Or is it all part of my dream ? Tell me over again.

GASTON. I am your grandson, Monsieur. My father called me Gaston because his own father bore that name, and my father was called Pierre, and you are my grandfather.

BONNIER. Hush, hush ! Do not say it so loud. You will wake me, and then the dream will pass away. Come, dear—[*Takes him in his arms*—] you shall whisper it in my ears. Say it all over softly to me. This is too sweet a dream to break.

GASTON. It is no dream, M. Bonnier.

BONNIER. Not that name—the other name you used just now. Call me by that other name.

GASTON. Grandpapa !

BONNIER. My little grandson, my little Gaston ! O, if this be a dream, let me never wake again, now that I have found my Pierre again in you !

[*Holds him fondly in his arms. There is a pause. Then MARTHE and MARCEL enter softly.*]

[*Excitedly.*] Marthe, Marthe ! Look at him, tell me who it is ; is it—can it be——

MARTHE. [*Who is half-crying.*] Yes, Monsieur Bonnier : it is your grandson. Marcel brought him. Ask Marcel, here.

BONNIER. Marcel—you ? Do dead men come out of their graves ? I thought you were dead in the Crimea with—with——

MARCEL. Me dead ! No, no, Bonnier ! I am too tough to be killed very easily. I am alive—thank God !—and I am glad of it, since I have been able to bring you your grandson.

'GASTON BONNIER'

BONNIER. Yes, yes—my grandson—tell me about him. How did you find him? Where did you find him?

MARCEL. Well, I think it was he who found me—wasn't it, little one?

GASTON. Yes, Monsieur Marcel: my father wrote and told me whenever I was in trouble to ask for Marcel. Those were his words. Mother showed them to me in a letter. So I looked for you, and found you.

MARCEL. Quite right, my boy. Marcel will stick to you always, for your own and your father's sake. Why, he told me often in the Crimea to look after his child at Marseilles.

BONNIER. You found him at Marseilles?

MARCEL. Not much trouble about that! I have seen a good bit of them—Hortense and the little Gaston—have I not, Marthe?

MARTHE. It is true, Monsieur.

MARCEL. Yes: I have tried to do what I could for them—not that that is much, for, as you told me many years ago, Bonnier, we soldiers are rolling stones, and it is not often that this particular stone has rolled to Marseilles. But it is from Marseilles that I have brought him hither.

BONNIER. But you said the boy found you?

GASTON. So I did. I went down to the quay and found him.

MARCEL. Quite true, little lad—quite true. You knew that Marcel would come to you whenever you wanted him.

MARTHE. [*Breaks in hurriedly.*] Come, Monsieur Bonnier: it is not the time to tell over old tales, now that the little one has come home. Let me bring in the wine.

BONNIER. [*With growing excitement.*] Yes, yes, Marthe: bring in the wine! Here is Marcel—old dog! I never knew him to refuse a glass of wine! And I shall drink too, and my little boy here shall drink, and we shall begin a new life. Wine, Marthe—wine!

[*MARTHE goes out.*
To MARCEL.] Old friend, I think I should hardly have known you. But I suppose we are both changed—both grown old and grey!

MARCEL. Yes, Bonnier: time plays sad tricks with us old ones, though it does not change our hearts. But you will get young again, now that little Gaston has come.

BONNIER. We shall all get young again: Gaston will teach us the way. Aha, here comes Marthe! [*Enter MARTHE with wine, &c., and sets the glasses on the table, which she draws close to BONNIER.*] Come! We will forget the past and live in the present. There—now you, Marcel, shall sit there, and my little grandson must sit here, by my side. Pour out the wine, Marthe—pour out the wine! We are going to be merry and never be sorry any more! We are not too old to be merry—are we, Marcel?

[*They sit at table, and MARTHE waits upon them.*]

W. L. COURTNEY

MARCEL. Not I, at all events. Well, here's to you, Bonnier.
[Drinks.] With all my heart.

BONNIER. That's not the proper toast! No, no: we must first drink to this young man! Here, Gaston, here's—to your health, my boy!

MARCEL. Hear, hear! Gaston, your good health!

GASTON. [Drinks to both.] I hope you will both have a long life and much happiness.

BONNIER. If I have, it will all be owing to you, Gaston. Marthe must drink too!

[They all drink.]

MARCEL. [After a deep draught.] Come: that's better! Now I don't care what happens in this war. If I live, so much the better; if I die, it will be for France. Vive la France!

[Drinks again.]

GASTON. Vive la France, et à bas les Prussiens!

MARCEL. [Laughing.] Hear him—hear the young patriot! That's right, my boy! Stick to that text and you won't go far wrong.

BONNIER. War again: it is always war!

MARCEL. Well, if there wasn't war, what would an old soldier like me do? You don't suppose I could ever rest quietly in a cottage and smoke my pipe in a chimney corner? No. 'Vive la guerre,' say I.

GASTON. Vive la guerre!

MARTHE. Hush, Monsieur, hush!

[Pushes the table back away from BONNIER.]

GASTON. Why? I like hearing about war. My father is a soldier! Tell me about the war, Marcel!

MARCEL. [Rising.] No time now, little one: I must be off. We have got our marching orders, and I am not the one to delay. One more glass, Bonnier, and then—à Berlin.

[Laughs as he drinks; drums begin outside.]

BONNIER. War—always war! Don't go yet, Marcel!

MARCEL. But I must, old friend! France calls me: you don't suppose that, when the drums are beating and the flags flying, Marcel is going to be a laggard? Good-bye, old friend! I have done the best service I could for you and Pierre, and now I am off! Vive la guerre! Vive la France! À Berlin!

GASTON. [Has been watching him with eager, wide-open eyes.] Adieu, adieu, Marcel! Mind you beat them—those Prussians!

MARCEL. All right, youngster! Come, Marthe, you shall see me to the door. Adieu!

[MARCEL and MARTHE go out. There is a brief pause while

PETIT GASTON goes to the window to see the last of

MARCEL. Opens window.]

GASTON. There he goes, there he goes! Is he not fine and strong, Marcel!

[Drums gradually dying away.]

'GASTON BONNIER'

BONNIER. [*Feebly and a little irritably.*] Yes, yes : come back and shut the window, Gaston ! Come and sit by me ! Don't let us talk about the war ! [*Drums cease.*]

GASTON. [*Comes back.*] But don't you like Marcel, then ?

BONNIER. Marcel is a fine fellow—for a soldier. But you and I have got something else to think about than war and soldiers. Tell me about yourself.

GASTON. What shall I tell you ? About our life at Marseilles ? May I tell you about my dear mother ?

BONNIER. No, no—about your father.

GASTON. Didn't you like mother ?

BONNIER. I—I—hardly knew your mother.

GASTON. Then I will tell you all about her. I used to call her 'Angel.'

BONNIER. [*Aside.*] The boy will kill me ! [*Aloud.*] Your father first, Gaston.

GASTON. Father was a soldier, and he was always ready to die for his country ; and I am going to be a soldier too, and if France calls me I will die for her.

BONNIER. Gaston, I don't want you to be a soldier.

GASTON. Not a soldier ? What else is a man fit for ? Why, father was a soldier : didn't you want him to be a soldier ?

BONNIER. No.

[*Sighs.*]

GASTON. And yet he was one. Why was that ?

BONNIER. He would be, Gaston, whether I liked it or no.

GASTON. And were you angry with him ?

BONNIER. [*Aside.*] What am I to say ? How cruel a child can be !

GASTON. [*Looks at him with wondering eyes.*] My father was a soldier, and you didn't want him to be. I want to be a soldier, and you say No. Will you be angry with me too ?

BONNIER. No, no, Gaston—if you will stay at home with me and forget all about wars.

GASTON. But that cannot be always. I want to be a soldier and fight the Prussians. I promised mother that I would, and that is a promise I cannot break.

BONNIER. [*Irritably.*] Your mother, your mother ! I tell you I want you, Gaston, to be with me.

GASTON. I am sure you didn't like mother. [*Suddenly.*] Why did you never have mother here ? [*BONNIER does not answer.*] Was it because you were angry with father ?

BONNIER. Gaston, do not ask such questions. It's all long ago now, and I don't want to remember the past. Be kind to your old grandfather.

GASTON. [*Slowly.*] Yes : I will if I can. But I am not quite a child, Monsieur. You cannot wish me to break a promise to my mother or forget my father's life.

W. L. COURTNEY

BONNIER. I never forget Pierre, Gaston.

GASTON. And yet you were angry with him?

BONNIER. I was wrong, Gaston; I was wrong; and I have repented it bitterly since! I know it was my fault that he left this house and became a soldier; but indeed, indeed, I have suffered ever since—ever since, God knows!

GASTON. He left you because you were angry? Monsieur, tell me the truth! It is right that I should know. I am no longer a child.

BONNIER. Yes, Gaston, yes. I was angry, and said wicked words; and he went away. [*Aside.*] My God, do not punish me by means of this child!

GASTON. And my mother? Were you angry with her too?

BONNIER. Yes: because she took him away from me.

GASTON. Did you forgive them?

BONNIER. I forgave your father.

GASTON. But you never forgave my mother—is that true? [BONNIER is silent, and hides his face in his hands with a groan.] Monsieur! [*Slowly.*] I think I must go with Marcel to the war.

BONNIER. No, no! Anything but that, anything but that. My boy, my boy, you are all that I have now—all that I have to remind me of Pierre. Do not leave me—I have found you after many years. Do not leave me! See how old and worn I am—I cannot hope to live long. Stay with me while I live. I beseech you, Gaston! If I could, I would ask you on my knees. Yes: I, your grandfather, would beg you on my knees not to leave me, old and desolate and comfortless.

GASTON. [*Slowly.*] And would you forgive them now?

BONNIER. Ah, it is all long ago! Yes: I have forgiven them. [*With a long sigh.*]

GASTON. Ah, Grandfather! [*Coming close to him and looking at him earnestly.*] Will you forgive them now?

BONNIER. [*Feebly.*] Hush! We must not talk about the dead.

GASTON. But they are not dead—they are alive.

BONNIER. [*Half rises with a cry.*] Not dead! What do you mean?

GASTON. They are alive—they are alive! They are here in the village. They are just outside. [BONNIER rises with a choking cry and then falls back. Attempts to speak; but no articulate sounds come.] Grandpapa, Grandpapa, don't look like that! [*After a pause, in which BONNIER tries to speak but cannot.*] Speak to me, speak to me,—say something! Can you forgive them? [*As BONNIER remains silent, the boy looks at him for a moment in a scared way; then runs to door.*] Marthe, Marthe! Come—quick!

'GASTON BONNIER'

Enter MARTHE hurriedly, followed by PIERRE and HORTENSE.

MARTHE. Ah, heavens, poor Monsieur Bonnier! [*Runs over to him, supports his head.*] Quick—some wine, wine!

[*PIERRE fills a glass from the table; and MARTHE on one side of him and PIERRE the other prop him up, holding wine to his lips. The boy remains kneeling in front of him; HORTENSE stands shyly at a little distance.*

PIERRE. O father, father! Have I come too late?

GASTON. [*Wailingly.*] Forgive them, forgive them! What have I done?

BONNIER. [*With an effort.*] Pierre, Pierre, come to me!

[*PIERRE comes round and kneels in front. The boy drags HORTENSE over, and brings her before BONNIER, where she too kneels.*

MARTHE. [*Behind BONNIER.*] Monsieur Gaston, say one word—forgive them!

[*BONNIER feebly lays one hand upon PIERRE's head. Then he lifts it to place it on HORTENSE's head; as it gets nearly to her the hand falls nervelessly on his lap, and with a groan BONNIER's head drops forward and he dies. In the far distance are heard the Drums as the Curtain slowly descends.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

DECORATIVE DOMESTIC ART BY LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL



THE improvement in the furnishing and decorating of our houses which we have witnessed in England during the last twenty-five years is very remarkable. It would be difficult to find a parallel in the realm of art. There is great distance between the heavy uncomfortable monstrosities of the early Victorian epoch and the furniture and decorations of the present day. 'The House Beautiful' is now within the reach of nearly all. Does not the man with moderate means pause and consider, before he purchases, to be certain he has the right thing? The rich man often orders hastily and repents at leisure; because he has leisure to repent in. Taste and common sense, with a desire for knowledge, allied to a limited purse, will go farther nowadays, to please the eyes and the senses, than the riches of a South African millionaire, spent for him by upholsterers. Once I visited the house of such a millionaire; and the proprietor showed to me with pride, and with more luck than knowledge in describing them, the Louis XIII. anteroom, the Louis XVI. drawing-room, and the Louis XV. dining-room. In the dining-room he pointed with joy to the ceiling, which, he said, was after his own taste. This was the execrable though clever work of a *fin-de-siècle* impressionist, crowning as a hat would: the Venus de Milo, genuine and beautiful *boiseries* with Boucher overdoors, which had originally graced a pavilion of Madame de Pompadour, built for her by Louis XV. However, had the possessor of all these glories spoken the truth, he would probably have given the whole of what he termed his 'Louis' for the two rooms in which he elected to live in this enormous mansion—rooms decorated in the Pullman-car style, mahogany and maroon plush, much-befringed, where everything was fearfully and wonderfully made: chairs revolving, cabinets springing open at a touch, and writing-tables fitted with the latest patent lock. Twenty-five years ago he could not have had produced for him what he undoubtedly had—a house which, though lacking in individual taste, was superior to anything which the same Cræsus could have procured then. Go to any of the large furniture shops of the present day—the Maples, Shoolbreds, and Warings—and you will see why. Their models may not be perfect; but even a feeble imitation is better than no style at all, and certainly, when they take their examples from the best English traditions, the result is good. As in furniture, so in decoration and materials. As for the latter, the beauty and variety of the stuffs to be found nowadays have much increased. The fabrics of past ages have been reproduced, from the most magnificent brocades and velvets to serges and fustians; and countless new ones have been added. It can be said that England is trying her best, not unsuccessfully, to compete with France and Italy.

DECORATIVE DOMESTIC ART

The Paris Exhibition has been a revelation, to the uninitiated, of what modern art is doing in the way of new and original designs. Take, for example, the marvellous works of René Lalique, who alone could claim to place France at the head of the artistic world—combining, as he does, all the subtle refinement and surprises of Japanese Art with the beauty of the Egyptian, Byzantine, and Florentine masterpieces, yet being quite distinct from them. Then you have the decorative works of such men as Carpentier, Marjorelle, and Gallé,—not to speak of Hankar, Hobé, or Van de Velde, who are some of the cleverest exponents of the new style.

The French critics have been rather severe on what they term the poverty of invention and the stereotyped lines of the English Art 'exhibits.' There is no doubt, however, that England has supplied, through the medium of William Morris and Walter Crane, the theme that is the foundation of this boasted 'Art Nouveau,' which the artists and decorators of France and Belgium are elaborating and adapting in a manner that is leaving England far behind. Still, to the pioneers remains the greater meed of praise. Moreover, there is no reason why a movement so admirably started should not, in the home of its birth, profit by the genius and talent of other nations. The Arts and Crafts Society, of which we may be justly proud, has no rival in France. It is a source of envy, and that some of our best artists do not think it beneath their dignity to give designs for the homeliest objects (such as wall-papers and table-linen) is much to be commended. Amid these circumstances, the person who could not be intelligently helped to furnish his home according to his liking must be either peculiarly unlucky or tasteless. Without any difficulty and at a comparatively small cost, you can have carried out any particular period you may fancy, and, with a little study and research, more or less correctly, from the severest early English drawing-room to a Louis XV. boudoir, or from the most approved Oriental style (Chinese, Japanese, or Turkish) to the latest æsthetic craze or 'Renouveau.' One of the characteristics of the time is to approve everything which pleases the eye, without regard to orthodoxy. If your taste is severe and pure you can satisfy it by the most historically correct decoration and furniture, English, French, Dutch, Italian. If, on the other hand, you like variety, you can have a 'meli-melo' of all periods, which will make a harmonious whole, provided the individual pieces are correct. Should your wants be few, the inside of your house might be Japanese. An incense burner, a Kakemono, a vase of flowers, is enough in one room; but you must have many priceless vases of Makuzu Kozan, Seifu, or Kutari, stored away to bring out according to your desire for change and the different ceremonies, of which there are so many,

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

such as tea-drinking, &c. Your matting may be plain white ; but it must be as fine as silk and nearly as pliable, and your sliding screens must fit like a Faberger snuff-box.

If you are of an inquisitive turn of mind and have visited the Paris Exhibition, try 'l'Art Nouveau,' with its weird shapes, its weirder colours. You will wonder who originated them, and how and why ; and this will lead you to a most instructive study. The historical houses easy of access, the art galleries and exhibitions of all kinds (not to speak of the museums), should afford a liberal education to those who wish to learn. Once the eye is accustomed to the purest styles and perfect models, it unconsciously rejects base imitations and inharmonious lines : just as does the man who lives surrounded by fine pictures, even if he be not an artist, retain in his eye something of the warm and beautiful colouring of the master-pieces.

The study of any art is interesting ; but that of decorating and furnishing is particularly so, entailing (as it naturally must) a study of the habits and customs of many countries and epochs. The environments of great and celebrated people have always been an absorbing theme to chroniclers, and the descriptions of their living-rooms are detailed at great length in most memoirs.

A man's rooms, like his friends, are supposed to be keynotes to his character. One cannot picture Cromwell issuing his merciless edicts from a brilliant gilded room, any more than one could imagine Le Roi Soleil uttering his pompous nothings to his worshipping courtiers in a sombre and scantily furnished one. We do know that Catherine of Medicis, when she became a widow, had a bedroom adapted to her gloomy and tortuous mind, entirely hung in black velvet embroidered in pearls forming crescents and suns ; that of the beautiful Isabeau of Bavaria was hung in white satin embroidered with roses and escutcheons.

St. Simon has given us a sketch of Madame de Maintenon's bedroom, which she used as a study also. The walls were hung in alternate stripes of green and red damask ; an armchair near the fire was reserved for the king ; there were a table and two footstools in front of it—one for the minister who came to work with him, and the other for the minister's bag—the equivalent, I suppose, of the modern ministerial red box. Her own chair (also with a table in front of it) was placed in a red damask niche. The bed, the canopy of which rested on four columns surmounted by bouquets of white feathers and aigrettes, was draped in green and gold outside and in scarlet damask inside. These luxuries strike one as according ill with the seemingly austere character of the 'Gouvernante des Enfants de France.' More in keeping is the room of the talented wife of the hero of Yorktown—Madame de Lafayette. It had a bed of crimson satin, a chest of drawers, and a

DECORATIVE DOMESTIC ART

small bookcase containing two hundred volumes, eight tapestry chairs, two bergères, two white cotton curtains, a spinet, a picture representing the demolition of the Bastille, a card-table and two maps: such was the inventory made in 1792. In contrast, it may interest the reader to know about Marie Antoinette's bedroom at Versailles as it was at the time when the Royal family were taken back by force to Paris. 'It is impossible,' says the chronicler, 'to dream of anything more sumptuous, and, at the same time, elegant. Imagine an immense wainscoted apartment—the ceiling decorated with admirably carved and gilded woodwork; a splendid brocade covering the walls of crimson ground with large shields a yard in width, of gold and silver embroideries framed in pilasters of twisted columns, the Imperial bed, domed, draped in the same material and not less than 14½ feet high, surmounted by a coronal richly sculptured, ornamented by a cornice in contours, flowers and garlands carried by young children holding branches of lilies and crowning themselves with flowers.' To arrive at this 'altar' (style of the time), which was estimated at not less (in the inventory of 1792) than 135,000 livres, about £9440 of our money, the queen had to walk up two steps covered with red satin. A large sofa, two large chairs, twelve folding chairs, a screen, and a fire-screen (all covered by this magnificent brocade, with its shields of gold and silver), were arranged in symmetrical order in this marvellous room. There descended from the ceiling two chandeliers of rock crystal which in the inventory were estimated at 3000 livres. There were a *rocaille* clock, fire-irons, representing golden sphinxes, and, on each side of the chimney piece, two pairs of branches ornamented with garlands of laurels. The whole room, estimated at much below its real cost, is put at 286,000 livres (about £25,000 of our money); and at that time money represented more than it represents now.

Fine old pieces of furniture are within the reach only of the very few, and in many cases originally cost large sums.

Louis XIV., although not loving water any more than most of his contemporaries, spent comparatively much on baths. Two are specially mentioned: they were made of marble, with chiselled brass mounts, for which 3500 livres were paid. The finest of all the beautiful furniture executed under the reign of Louis XVI., a piece well known as 'Le Bureau du Roi' and attributed to Riesener, is now in the museum of the Louvre; it cost over £4000. A jewel cabinet signed by Jacob, which Napoleon I., in his pride and delight at the great alliance he was about to make, ordered in 1809 for the Empress-Queen, Marie Louise, cost 55,000 francs—a considerable sum in those days.

I know that the New School deprecate anything but manual labour. I admit that this is the best; but the excellence and com-

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

parative cheapness with which most elaborate furniture is made nowadays is due greatly to the perfection of machinery, which permits of an article being produced in a third of the time and at a fourth of the cost. This, with a fair semblance to the original, naturally commends itself to the majority. Because a thing is old, its value should not be necessarily enhanced, unless it has beauty or an historical interest attached to it; and most people will prefer a good, solid, well-made copy of a fine model to a rickety, worm-eaten original, with only its antiquity to recommend it. The dawn of this century finds English decorative art in a healthy and flourishing condition; and, in consequence, the 'House Beautiful,' with all its good influences, is open, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, not only to the eclectic few but also to the Philistines.

PLAYS OF THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL. BY JOHN OLIVER HOBBS



ACTORS of the drama may be divided, roughly, into two classes : those—the majority—who want sensational incidents as effectively planned as may be ; and those who look to the stage for the rapid exposition of human character. In France, the appetite for the first-named was never strong, and, although it revived under the Second Empire (owing, perhaps, to the skilful jugglery of Scribe, who commanded Balzac's admiration), it has now died out. The same may be said of the taste in Germany, and no writer of the first rank in either country would now dream of subordinating human nature to the mechanism of ingenious situations. The rule of action, on which Voltaire wrote with much eloquence, without introducing it into his dramatic works, has given place entirely to the study of contemporary manners in the fullest sense of the word ; and where, in a former generation, this was thought accomplished sufficiently by the aid of a *risqué* anecdote carried into histrionic representation, or a pathetic story told beautifully in the way it did not happen, we have now sharp fiery satires in which the results of weakness, folly, heartlessness, or too much heart, are neither blurred from the spectator, nor, in the exercise of wit, lost sight of. It is at once admitted that no crude realism in the dialogue is ever tolerable from a literary point of view ; and the balanced phrases of Maurice Donnay, H. Lavedan, Hervieu, Hermant, and others, no more reproduce the inane slang and feeble illiterate vocabulary of modern drawing-rooms than the divine verse of Shakespeare gives us the everyday conversation of the aristocracy of his time.

An artist aims at the spirit of things. He deals in symbols and diagrams. He is not a shorthand reporter : he does not hang about the law courts, in quest of 'the right word' and 'the real thing.' Any one scene in any one of the modern French comedies is a concentrated essence of many hundreds of conversations held by a great variety of persons. It is true that no author should make all his characters speak in precisely the same manner—the literary manner ;—but, just as every portrait painted by any artist of distinction has a certain family resemblance in the matter of treatment, expression and the like, so each character in the play of a genuine dramatist has the peculiar mould of its creator's workshop. Lavedan excels in his portraiture of men. They live in his pages : not at their most sublime, be it said, but certainly, at their honestest. Donnay, on the other hand, draws the 'eternal feminine' of rebellious heart, with far more knowledge than Ibsen, and we recognise a Donnay heroine, just as we know a Shakespeare woman, a Meredith woman, a Hardy woman, the immortal humanities of Tolstoi, and the Turgenyev enchantress. They talk, that is to say, the way in which their

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

authors chose to hear them ; and until it is realised that language, no less than music, is a way of hearing, and the presentment of character a way of seeing, England will have no drama which it can offer in comparison with a similar branch of art on the Continent.

The plays of Mr. Pinero have, undoubtedly, a very strong personal impress—they all bear the stamp of the same spirit. One could swear to one of his pages, unsigned, as easily as one could swear to a page say of any other original writer, and, precisely for this reason, some of his most highly finished pictures, most elaborate in design and firm in execution, have delighted connoisseurs but not entirely caught the many-headed multitude. One heard complaints that the pit had not met his Princess, nor the gallery his Butterfly. Probably no one knew this better than Mr. Pinero himself ; but that did not affect the intrinsic truth of his drawing.

It is not pretended, for a moment, that the distinguished authors of France entirely convince, and far less delight every member of a vast public. Donnay's serious masterpiece, 'Le Torrent,' which was produced at the Français, had a comparatively short run, because it dealt with a sombre theme and was worked out, with unflinching earnestness, to a grim conclusion. In England such a work could not have obtained a hearing in any theatre—this not on account of its theme, but because of its unhappy ending. A great deal of immorality, so-called, is highly acceptable in London plays, but on the understanding that all is to end happily and the piper must not be paid. When one is fortunate enough to find a story of this kind, either in real life or elsewhere, an excellent play, or at all events a soothing one, may be made out of it ; but no artist could undertake to invent such an unlikely adventure and treat it lightly as a sentimental farce. He might, if he chose, treat it fantastically as a purely artificial comedy, and bring about some such effects as Congreve sought. But Congreve, even at his most frivolous moments, was far too truthful to be popular, and, although he kept the piper and his wages well in the background, one was never permitted to feel that the pursuit of pleasure led invariably to its capture. His superb compositions were execrated, and he made way, flattered by the distinction, for the bustling twaddle of Mrs. Centlivre.

To many people the reading of plays is extremely irksome, and it takes a great deal of experience and some patience before one can become accustomed to pages of incessant dialogue, unrelieved by any explanations or moralising. It can scarcely be hoped, therefore, that they will be tempted to study either the works of the French writers or those of any other country. The technique of every art is too elaborate to be dealt with in one article ; but there are many persons who may like to know a little, at least, of the theories and rules which are supposed to govern dramatic writing.

It should be said at once that while, in some instances, the best

MODERN FRENCH PLAYS

authors do not hesitate to avail themselves of the most mechanical and conventional tricks which have held the stage for many years, they are chartered revolutionists when the diagram of the subject demands freer exposition. Some of the acts in Donnay are mere conversations between two people; the language is more or less rhetorical, and, from the English standpoint, there is no action beyond the clash of a couple of intelligences. Again, a number of characters are introduced merely to give what is called atmosphere. They talk a great deal; they vanish; they do not affect the scheme except in its psychological aspect. One could take them out of the play and leave the plot untouched. The plot, yes; but the art would suffer. Again, it is not assumed that the author is at once each and all of the characters he is depicting; that he necessarily sympathises with each of them; that they express his views, illustrate his tastes, and exploit his soul. On the contrary, it would strike the least educated that no man could possibly be all his own heroes and his own heroines—to say nothing of minor characters, villains and the like. As for his agreement with their sayings or their conduct, one might as well demand of a portrait painter that he should maintain the undying beauty of each woman, and the princely chivalry of each man, he puts on canvas. Among the many dangers which threaten all sincerity in modern English work is this same identification of an artist with his productions. It makes the most steadfast a little timorous of offering his knowledge to the public; and in place of science we have special pleading, instead of life as a whole we are treated with apologies for its accidents. A sort of rickety sentimentalism broods over the growth of every imaginative work, and, whether the theme be, as a poet has said, 'the recovery of a straggling husband,' or the pursuit of an inconstant lover, we wait in vain for one moment of real passion, or, in default of it, one note of ironical sympathy. Remembering the shattered nerves of modern civilisation, one may, perhaps, be pardoned a certain tenderness for the young and old of both sexes who complain that tragedy gives them 'the hump.' Your heroine, nowadays, must die to bright music, and your hero must behave with a worldly wisdom given in more vigorous times to your out-and-out scoundrel. Moral seriousness, therefore, being denied us in the playhouse, let us, at least, be frankly artificial, presenting life as a sort of shadow-dance on satin sheets, with a good electric moon to assist the process. This false cheering up, by means of a patting on the back all round at the close of a mournful intrigue, is the sort of pious hypocrisy we descend to by hoping that our neighbour is better taken in than we are. It is all very ghastly, and a little unhealthy into the bargain. France realised this after the Franco-Prussian war, and the midnight optimism of last acts—unsustained by the opening of the game at 8 P.M.—has gone

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

for ever out of fashion. Or, if we have the conventional happy ending, as in that piece of magnificent invective, 'La Douleureuse,' we are not spared the philosophy of the event. When the heroine exclaims, '*All right; alors, donne-moi tes yeux et prends ma bouche,*' we know that the author has uttered a supreme phrase on all disastrous love affairs. Those who do not choose to think, or cannot, may go home to hot suppers, and the rest may sup or not; in any case, they will not complain of the 'hump' aforesaid. Now, much may be hoped for a nation virile enough to take its artistic pleasures as artists, and not as mere killers of time. The killer of time has no seat in any part of the French theatre, for, whether he is behind the footlights or in front of them, he is well aware that a great deal is demanded of him, and the standard is being continually raised.

Many Anglo-Saxon writers find their content and it may be their compensation for existence, in attacking the indelicate subjects of Gallic plays and novels. It cannot be insisted on too often that no subject is in itself indelicate. The treatment is all; and, just as it is possible to pollute the simplest theme by gross language, a vicious point of view, or a cowardly shirking of the great sorrow underlying all things, so it is equally possible to illuminate a theme, in its attributes displeasing, by a clear straight vision and a conviction of the dignity of mankind. The broadest passage in any one of the playwrights before mentioned has a deep undercurrent of tragedy, and in no case has the writer, mountebank-like, made a jest of moral misadventures, or, like a dunderhead, mistaken them for pretty, amusing trickery. Laughter there may be, for where there is no laughter it may be said there is no vitality. There are lines in many of the most painful scenes which are as ferocious as anything in life in their unsparing humour. Take, for instance, those fearful studies in modern sham iniquity, 'Le Vieux Marcheur' and 'Le Nouveau Jeu,' by Henri Lavedan. The iniquity is sham because it springs not from the soul, not from the heart, but from the exasperated brain. The people who scream with amusement at these works, and pay hurried visits to Paris to see them performed, are not those for whom they were written: they are not composed for the better entertainment of the vulgar. They are as just as any of the researches of Darwin, and, to one in good fellowship with Nature, whether human, animal or inanimate, they are as profound. But a reader might object, 'Science is not art: they are twain.' The results of scientific observation, however, may be presented in artistic form: Æsop's fables give us the truth of primitive humanity in masquerade; the plays of Lavedan, like the stories of Swift, are statements of facts—common in life but not seen by the commonplace—facts presented through the medium of a great imaginative gift trained, mastered, and amenable to every intention of its possessor. We

MODERN FRENCH PLAYS

have it on the authority of the late Professor Huxley that there was a great shadowing forth of physiological truth in Balzac's wonderful romances. (The 'Peau de Chagrin' is an example.) The great novelist's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation. He did not write for fun, but out of love for humanity, and a joy in telling its faults—that they might be corrected; its beauties—that they might be prized more fitly.

It may be that no translation of all the French satirists into English would be possible—for the same reason which drove Gibbon to clothe many of his erudite references in the decent obscurity of a foreign tongue. English is at once too racy and too plain to be trusted with much that is right enough in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish. Its equivalents for all that is soft-sounding in other languages are hideous to the ear, and disgusting to the eye. We have no alternative between medical Latinisms and the unspeakable obscenity of gutter slang. The most delicate insinuation becomes, by this process, squalid vileness. It is neither fair to any foreign author, nor to oneself, to read literal English renderings, privately circulated, either of the classic or of the modern satirist.

Of this side issue in play-writing, however, too much can easily be made. The actual technique, the liberty of fancy, the freedom of treatment, and the condensation of all arbitrary rules into the one great rule of sincerity, are the sole points worth prolonged consideration on the part of those interested in Anglo-Saxon drama. Theories of the theatrical tradesman with regard to footling devices in the way of spinning out a yarn, keeping up mysteries, working on the most vulgar conspicuous weaknesses of an audience, are as little regarded by the modern French dramatists as they were by Shakespeare. Criticism, no doubt, is freely applied to whatever is presented on the Parisian stage. But critics there are careful—not for the sake of an author's reputation, but for their own. They realise that criticism itself is a branch of literature. The uneducated class, who ill judged Molière, Victor Hugo, and Richard Wagner, possesses now, we may be sure, as fine an indiscrimination as it ever possessed. But the real point is this: Mere rioting is not accepted as a verdict, one way or the other, and one can believe the pathetic anecdote of a conscientious author who was brought home sobbing, because he had been called eight times before the curtain by an enraptured populace. 'I have not lived long enough,' he said, 'to be understood so soon.'

One word, in conclusion, on the subject of prose metres. There are at present in England three authors who write dialogue with the poet's feeling for rhythm. Many write brightly, some with pathos, some with wit, some with erudition; but an ear has been unhappily denied to a very large number. We have sentences beyond the capacity of the human jaw; we have phrases huddled together. We

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

have long tirades without a speck of colour, an image, or one harmonious chord from beginning to end. Speech should be musical, and dialogue should have as much beauty as blank verse, with more variety in the beat. Shakespeare's clowns speak exquisitely modulated prose. In this accomplishment the French and Germans stand unrivalled. The most realistic scenes are composed with as much care for the varied balance, the proper emphasis, and the euphonious word, as those of a more lyric nature. The three modern English authors to whom reference has been made are not backward in their command of this most difficult art. But, three against the British nation—all scribbling !

FRENCH CLAIMS IN POETRY

BY J. C. BAILEY



IN his 'Talks with Mr. Gladstone,' of which a new edition is just issued, Mr. Lionel Tollemache has told us that Mr. Gladstone saw nothing in the masterpieces of Molière but third-class plays. This amazing piece of criticism is not merely one more proof of the great Liberal leader's absolute lack of the eye and ear which find their delight in the everlasting human comedy; it also exhibits, in one who was in so many ways a true representative of his countrymen, an extreme instance of the incapacity of Englishmen to discover great qualities in French poetry. Except for a moment at the Restoration, English literary opinion has always rather scornfully rejected the claim of French poets to rank among the supreme masters of their art; and, even at the Restoration, the one voice to whose critical authority we still bow with respect, was again and again raised in bold assertion of the greatness of Shakspeare and Milton, and equally bold denial of French claims on our obedient imitation. Since Wordsworth and the Revolution, English criticism has, in spite of the new birth of Romanticism and all the talent placed at its service, been even more grudging in its admiration. The art of Victor Hugo has had its distinguished enthusiasts, of course; but the main current of cultivated opinion has remained cold, if not contemptuous. And this is not mere ignorance or mere insular arrogance. We know at least as much of French poetry as Frenchmen know of English. Indeed, there is evidence that we know more; for no one here would think, in writing a book about a French poet, of giving quotations from an English version instead of from the French original, while English poetry can apparently be presented to the French public only in the form of translation, if we may judge by the excellent study of Wordsworth published a year or two ago by M. Legouis. This means that we are in a much better position to judge them than they are to judge us, for no translation of poetry has ever given more than a faint reflection of the original. Nor is our opinion, true or false, the result of our real or imaginary arrogance. The wonderful lucidity of the French intellect, and the great qualities of French prose, with its extraordinary gift for putting things into pointed unforgettable phrases, have nowhere been more unreservedly recognised than in this country. And, if we grant unhesitatingly to Goethe and Schiller and Heine, to Dante and Petrarch and Ariosto and Leopardi, what we deny to Corneille and Racine, it at least cannot be insular prejudice which grants or denies. What is it, then? Is it possible for us to explain to a Frenchman, or even to ourselves, what it is which we find wanting in their poetry?

J. C. BAILEY

To discuss that question fully a whole theory of poetic art would be necessary. But, without attempting anything of that kind, it may be possible to find some considerations which form an approach to its solution. Infinity is a large word and a vague one; but, if we refuse to be afraid of it, it will perhaps give us better than any other what seems to an Englishman the capital defect of the French poets. Some one has said that a really great landscape always has an opening in the trees or buildings of its background through which one may gaze over a view distant enough to suggest to the imagination the whole boundless stretch of infinite space. There is just the same law in poetry. The poet in showing the individual must suggest the universal, in speaking of the seen must seem to speak also of the unseen, must deal with time as if he touched eternity. There is no French poet who does this as Dante and Goethe do it, or as Shakspeare and Milton do. French poetry is occupied with saying what it has to say, and saying it with unequalled point and precision. But that is the special business of prose, not the business of poetry. It is of the very essence of poetry to suggest a thousand things which it can never say. Its effect, totally different from that of the best prose, is produced as much by breathed hints and whispers as by spoken words, as much, one might almost say, by silence as by speech. It is the weakness of French poetry that it never works in this way. Whatever idea is to be expressed is expressed to the full, presented generally in form after form, looked at from every point of view—in a word, exhausted. And this is the same thing as saying that its ideas are not in the highest sense poetic; for the highest poetry deals with the infinite, which is that which cannot be exhausted. French poetry leaves on us a sense that the world is a definite comprehensible place, with great events indeed in it, and strong passions and splendid personalities, but nothing that escapes the reach of the poet's vision. The greatest poetry, on the other hand, pictures to us a world which may be a garden of beauty or a valley of sin, but is in either case surrounded by the wonder and mystery of an infinite space into which the keenest eye can penetrate but a very little way. The grief of 'Andromaque' is great and greatly told as we find it in the verse of Racine. The grief of Lear and Desdemona is beyond all human telling.

This can be illustrated in detail. Take, for example, a particular emotion with which many poets have dealt. There are few things more moving to human sympathy than the wish of the dying to be remembered after death. Naturally it has not escaped the great poets. Racine has it in one of the finest and most touching couplets he ever wrote :

Parle-lui tous les jours des vertus de son père,
Et quelque fois aussi parle-lui de sa mère.

FRENCH CLAIMS IN POETRY

So speaks Andromaque of Astyanax, believing that she will be dead before many hours are over. Racine rarely produced a line of such intimately human tenderness as the second of these, nor did his art often reach its aim with this consummate simplicity and ease. But hear Shakspeare :

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story.

Is it possible not to feel the difference? Few poets could have given us more of the feelings of Andromache than Racine does ; but we have simply no ear for them after listening to Shakspeare. We can think no more of Andromache, for we have heard a voice in which there is an echo of something deeper, the whole tragedy of life. The two things are no more comparable than the love of 'Achille' and 'Iphigénie' is with that of Romeo and Juliet.

That is where the difference lies. Infinity, mystery, wonder, the unexplained, the inexplicable, 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears'—that is what we find in Homer and the great Greeks, in Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Goethe; and do not find to at all the same extent in any Frenchman, especially in the classical period. The poetry of Villon and the *Pléiade* is genuine, admirable, delightful ; so is that of La Fontaine ; and so, again, that of Chénier in the eighteenth century, and that of Hugo, De Musset, Baudelaire, M. de Heredia, in the nineteenth ; but it has never been claimed for any of these, except Ronsard and Hugo, that they should rank with the world-poets, and in Hugo's case, as well as Ronsard's, the claim may only lead to a reaction of quite undeserved oblivion. At any rate, Hugo is as yet too near us to be safely judged an immortal. The world has never had a poet more certain of immortality than La Fontaine ; but, unapproachably perfect as he is in his own field, La Fontaine never attempts to rise to the region inhabited by the great poets. The claim of France to have given the world a poet of the rank of the six or eight great men, to whom it is our glory to have contributed two, must at present rest on what it achieved in the classical period. The world-poet of France is Corneille or Racine, or no one at all. And the question, once put in that form, can only receive one answer from an Englishman, however much pleasure French poetry may have given him. He would almost as soon think of placing 'Cato' or 'Irene' by the side of 'Macbeth.' For it must not be forgotten that we have had a whole series of plays done on the so-called classical lines which have been famous enough in their day, but are now absolutely unread and unreadable. That fate will never overtake the great French tragedies. Their merits are too obvious and of too high an order. Vigour unflinching, inexhaustible eloquence, abundance of dramatic ingenuity, an unvarying

J. C. BAILEY

technical perfection such as no Englishman except Milton has ever attained—these are gifts that can never lose their value as long as poetry is a fine art. But assuredly, as long as poetry is a mystery brooding over a mystery, they will not be enough to place their possessor among those mighty men whose feelings after the key to the secret of life have made us think of them as almost divinely inspired. We have something quite different from eloquence or ingenuity in our minds when we think of the '*pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti*' of the great Roman poet.

And that brings me to another point. One cannot quote Virgil in connection with Racine without being reminded that French critics have found a particularly intimate likeness between the two poets. We grant, they say, that Racine cannot ride the whirlwind of life's storms as Shakspeare does, that he is not an original creator on the Shakspearian scale, that we do not find in his plays the whole pell-mell of human existence; but that is not his special task. His place as a world-poet is assured; but for a parallel to him among his peers in that company we must go, not to the lawless splendours of Shakspeare, not to the grim mediævalism of Dante, but to the classical poets of antiquity, and, above all, to Virgil, the perfect workman, the serene and flawless artist. It may be that Phœdre will never interest the world as Lady Macbeth does; but it is equally true that Æneas will not compare with Achilles as a hero. Yet the perfection of Virgil is allowed to atone for his dramatic weakness. Why is not the same measure meted to Racine?

This really brings us back to the question of what is the essential quality of poetry claiming to be the very highest. We say that Virgil has it and Racine has not. What is it? And there is a cognate question. Is it the fact, as the French think, that the difference between Shakspeare and Racine is the difference between the classical manner and the modern or romantic? What is the fundamental excellence in style of the great Greeks and Romans? These are not easy questions; but a word may be said about them. It is obvious that Racine imitated the formal and external features of ancient drama, and that Shakspeare did not. And, in spite of the discredit into which the once famous 'unities' are now fallen, I think it is certain that Racine stumbled, as it were, half by accident into great advantages by doing so. The unities of time and place are of no importance in themselves; but they help to bring about the other which is. The most absolute of all conditions of vitality for a work of art, of whatever kind, is unity of action or interest. The picture must have a central subject dominating the canvas, the musical composition a dominant theme, the poem or play a principal personage or train of events to which all else is strictly subordinate. Minor subjects have no place in any art except as heightening the central effect by means of illustration or contrast. Now, Shakspeare often

FRENCH CLAIMS IN POETRY

sins in this matter, while Racine never does. And it is one of real importance. Let the 'Electra' of Sophocles, for example, be read at the same time as 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and no one who has kept himself 'on this side idolatry' about Shakspeare will deny that his art has no chance besides that of Sophocles. In the 'Electra' the reader's attention is never diverted from the business of the play and the people who carry it on. The interest is unflagging, because the unity is sustained. In 'Antony and Cleopatra,' on the other hand, we are lost in an incoherent crowd of miscellaneous nobodies, for whose very identity we must be constantly turning back to the list of *dramatis personæ*. This does not happen, it is true, in Shakspeare's greatest tragedies; in fact, they would not be so great if it did. But that it is possible for it to happen at all is as serious a drawback to his art, as a whole, as the total impossibility of anything of the kind in Racine's scheme is a real and serious advantage to the French poet. Thus far Racine really belongs to the company of the great classics and Shakspeare does not. But if we go further? Even in another technical question, that of metre, what can be less like the ease and freedom of the iambic of Sophocles, the mobility of the Homeric hexameter, the subtle and exquisite harmonies of Virgil, than the monotonous beat of the rhymed couplet of Racine? Is it not obvious that as soon as Shakspeare had accepted Marlowe's blank verse as also his, his to develop and perfect, he was in possession of a metre which is as essentially like the great metres of antiquity as the rhymed couplet, whether French or English, is unlike them? The English blank verse, like the hexameter of Homer, has the myriad lights and motions of the sea. Nothing less can give the infinite variety of human life. Everything can be got into it—the lazy serenity of life's summer days, its true peace and its treacherous, the sweep and fury of its storms, the heavy groaning of its after groundswell. What chance does a rhymed couplet, even managed with all Racine's ingenuity, stand by the side of this? The sea itself would lose all its charm if its waves broke always in pairs of equal sound and weight.

The truth is surely that there is a particular purpose for which the rhymed couplet is an admirable metre, indeed the best of all, but that that purpose is neither the epic nor the drama. How is it that we read Pope's 'Satires' and Dryden's and Johnson's, with enthusiasm still, while we never touch 'Irene' and rarely the 'Conquest of Granada'? How is it that Molière is a poet of all the world, Racine only of the French? Is it not because the metre lives where it is in essential harmony with the poet's subject? The business of satire is wit and point and epigram. There never was a metre which lent itself to this business as Pope's couplet does. The original iambus invented for purposes of satire can never have been comparable with it. A very poor point passes for an epigram when helped out by

J. C. BAILEY

the rhyme ; while real poetry set into that metre is too often lost sight of in the glitter of the couplet.

In this matter of metre, then, it is not with Racine but with Shakspeare that the affinity to the classics lies. And when we pass from technical questions to the spiritual part of poetry the English poet has a still clearer advantage. The distinguishing mark of the classical poet, ancient or modern, is that he gives us the impression of being on such an eminence as that his vision takes in the whole of life. His treatment of his theme suggests a wider outlook over life's variety, a deeper sympathy penetrating farther into life's secret places, a more fundamentally poetic conception of what life means than lesser men, even genuine poets, can attain. In a word, his view of humanity is wide, intimate, poetic. Will any Frenchman be found to say that it is prejudice which asserts that Racine's view of the world is not wide, as Homer's, Goethe's, Shakspeare's, is not intimate as theirs is, is not poetic as theirs? Is it very bold to say that his outlook is that of a court, his depth that of society, the 'subtle heightening' which he applies to his subject that of rhetoric rather than that of poetry? One opens Dante and finds everywhere such things as :

Esce di mano a lui che la vagheggia
Prima che sia, a guisa di fanciulla
Che piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia
L'anima semplicità, che sa nulla :

One opens Goethe almost at random and comes upon :

Dem Herrlichsten, was auch der Geist empfangen
Drängt immer fremd und fremder Stoff sich an :
Wenn wir zum Guten dieser Welt gelangen,
Dann heisst das Bessere Trug und Wahn.
Die uns das Leben gaben, herrliche Gefühle
Erstarren in dem irdischen Gewühle :

One opens Sophocles and he gives us :

τέαν, Ζεῦ, δύνασιν τίς ἀνδρῶν ὑπερβασία κατάσχοι ;
τὰν οὐθ' ὕπνος αἰρεῖ ποθ' ὁ παντ' ἀγρεύων,
οὔτε θεῶν ἄκματοι μῆνες, ἀγήρως δὲ χρόνος
δυνάστας κατέχεις Ὀλύμπου μαρμαρόεσσαν αἴγλαν.

When does Racine look down on life from such heights as these? Every one knows his level :

Les dieux sont de nos jours les maîtres souverains :
Mais, Seigneur, notre gloire est dans nos propres mains.
Pourquoi nous tourmenter de leur ordres suprêmes ?
Ne songeons qu'à nous rendre immortels comme eux-mêmes.

How far below Goethe this is—to say nothing of Sophocles and Dante! And if Racine has not the large view of life which belongs to the great men, still less has he their gift of intimate penetration.

FRENCH CLAIMS IN POETRY

There is more of the agony of the famous situations at Aulis in one line of the Aeschylean chorus than in all Racine's 'Iphigénie.'

*βαρεία μὲν κῆρ τὸ μὴ πιθέσθαι
βαρεία δ' εἰ τέκνον δαΐζω, δόμων ἄγαλμα.*

Who that has read them can ever forget those fifty lines of incomparable beauty and pathos? Racine's heroine has a touching speech put into her mouth, and is, in her way, a moving figure; but we simply do not know her by the side of the victim-daughter of the Greek chorus.

I spoke just now of the common French parallel between Racine and Virgil. That parallel will not really bear examination from any point of view. It is as certain, for example, that Virgil, the poet of

Stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus,

or of

*Di quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,*

has the large conception of the world as that Racine has not. But there is perhaps nothing in which the superiority of the Roman poet is so clear as in this second point of intimate penetrating sympathy with his subject. Racine has no Priam, no Dido, no Pallas, no Euryalus, no Camilla. The presence of this in the one man and its absence in the other comes out, too, in a point which may almost be called a technical one. 'L'épithète rare, voilà la marque de l'écrivain,' said the De Goncourts. It is above all things the mark of this intimate ear for the secret of things of which we are speaking. Indeed, when we extend it, as Sainte Beuve does, and say 'le mot rare,' the verb or the substantive as well as the adjective, its presence or absence is an infallible test of the possession of this gift or the lack of it. The man who has been below the surface of men and things has seen objects and actions as well as qualities of which others know nothing. Hence the element of surprise, of strangeness, for ever present in all great literature. Now, there is no celebrated poetry in all the world which has so little of this quality as the classical French poetry. There is not one word in a page, in many pages perhaps, which stops us and gives our imagination something to please itself with. Quote to a French critic of the old school the least daring of metaphors from a modern poet, and he will say 'Cela n'est pas français,' 'On ne peut pas dire cela.' He will relish a brave flight in Pindar or Æschylus, if he is a scholar; but he forbids such things in his native tongue. Indeed, he will be slow to see that what he condemns in French is exactly what he enjoys in Pindar. The fact is, he still has Boileau's clog on his wings. He hears the perfect mechanism of the Alexandrine and hears nothing else. His satisfied ear listens to the admirable verse without a

J. C. BAILEY

thought of its poetic poverty. And this is the verse which is compared with that of Virgil—Virgil, whose felicity of single words and phrases has always been the wonder and delight of his readers! Take the page at which our *Æneid* already lies open :

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna :
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna—&c.

Is there a single epithet which is not rare, specially sought out, that is, for its special work and place, which does not tell on the imagination, which has not something of its own to say? The result is a general impression of sympathy, intense and sustained, between the poet and his subject; he is in the heart of it, not on the surface. Now, take Racine, Racine at his very highest :

Fille d'Agamemnon, c'est moi qui, la première,
Seigneur, vous appelai de ce doux nom de père.
C'est moi qui, si long temps le plaisir de vos yeux,
Vous ai fait de ce nom remercier les dieux ;
Et pour qui, tant de fois prodiguant vos caresses,
Vous n'avez point du sang dédaigné les faiblesses.

The lines are instinct with an emotional beauty rare in Racine; they are far more felt, far more *vécu*, as the phrase is, than the bulk of his verse; but it is cruel to place them by the side of Virgil. In the one poet, and not in the other, there is just the note of distinction, intensity, originality, profundity, which belongs only to the greatest men and makes the rest seem flat and shallow in their presence. There are no 'sunt lacrimæ rerum,' no 'amica silentia lunæ,' in Racine. If it be said, then, as it sometimes is, that to dethrone Racine involves the dethroning of Virgil the answer is that, even if it be admitted that Virgil is not a great creator in the field of character and action, he has other claims which ensure him the highest place. He stands nearly alone in the brooding depth and tenderness of his sympathy; he stands quite alone as the greatest master of language that has ever lived. It ought not to be forgotten that if we miss a great deal in passing from Homer to Virgil, it is also true that a man who goes fresh from the *Æneid* to the *Iliad* will acutely feel the want of some of the things he most enjoyed in Virgil.

The fact is that Racine's style, so often compared with the classical style, and said to produce, as that so often does, the effect of fine sculpture, has only the most superficial resemblance to the great manner of writing. People who do not understand sculpture find the great sculptors cold. They are, in fact, severe, which is as different a thing as possible. And this is really the difference between the classical style, say that of Sophocles or Milton, or, when he chooses, Shakspeare, and the style of Racine. Andromaque is cold; Samson Agonistes is severe. The French them-

FRENCH CLAIMS IN POETRY

selves have at this moment an admirable example of this 'sculpturesque' style in M. de Heredia. In him one is conscious of great wealth of thought, imagination, emotion, severely moulded into perfect form. The perfect form of which we hear so much in Racine goes no farther than a cold correctness of language and demeanour. He is never grotesque like Dante, never barbarous and disgusting or fanciful and absurd like Shakspeare, never confused and tiresome like Goethe. These are important negative merits. But the great style demands positive merits. The magic of fine sculpture lies in its suggesting a whole world of thought and beauty by means of little more than an outline. It is true that the essence of severity is self-restraint; but where is the line of Racine which gives the suggestion, given by hundreds of lines in Dante and Shakspeare, of a wealth of matter held in because supreme art knows that it is often a more moving thing to suggest than to say?

The third quality which we took as characteristic of the greatest poetry was a fundamentally poetic conception of what life means. Not a merely logical one, that is, nor a rhetorical one; still less a commonplace one. Is there much need to discuss this with respect to Racine? It must be remembered that we are considering his claim to rank with the very highest men. Is it not plain that his accomplishment is not the new creation of life by the imagination's help which is that of the great poets, but the working up into pointed form of the common conceptions of it? What great thought, what new emotion, does the world owe to him? The impression he leaves on the mind is a more poetic one than that left by Pope or Juvenal; but it is essentially of the same character. It is that of the ingenious rhetorician whose points never fail, rather than that of the great poet at whose hands the world of men and things is born again in beauty. One does not wish to press anything unfairly against Racine; but there are two other points on which a word may be said. One, to which we have already made a passing allusion, has a connection perhaps with that of which we have just been speaking. It is the entire absence of the element of fine surprise in Racine. It is tedious to repeat comparisons; but they are the only evidence in these matters. Read a page of Shakspeare, Dante, Æschylus, even Sophocles, and you are almost sure to come on something which makes you feel, 'How strange that he should have thought of that!' New resemblances, new distinctions, new thoughts, above all new pictures, are everywhere in these men. Shakspeare himself has nothing more astonishing than the daring metaphors and similes of Pindar and the Greek choruses. There is no need to speak of Æschylus. No poet's imagination ever took bolder flight than he does in almost every line, for example, of the 'Agamemnon.' Who will forget the comparison of the Atreidæ with the eagles wheeling

J. C. BAILEY

over their empty nest, of war with the money-changer whose gold dust is that of human bodies, of Helen with the lion's whelp which a man rears in his house, the delightful and then the deadly playmate of his children? Every one knows these. Who will match them among the formal elegances of Racine? And it is a mistake to imagine that this boldness of imagination was not part of the essence of the Greek poetical genius. Sophocles is not so bold as Æschylus; but on one page of the 'Trachiniæ,' opened at random, we find the Centaur's curse so personified as to 'contrive deceit,' to 'prick' Hercules with its fatal sting, to involve him 'in a cloud of death'; and on the same page, only five lines away, promises in the course of fulfilment are boldly described as 'coming into harbour before a fair gale.' Yet Sophocles is admittedly among the sanest of poets. Is not this contrast, then, proof that the sanity of the Greeks is one thing, and the sanity of the French quite another? Does not Voltaire's criticism on Corneille, '*Nous ne sommes plus dans un temps où l'on parle à son bras et à son âme,*' give eloquent evidence of the prosaic level to which the 'classical' period reduced French poetry? There has never been a great poet who was afraid of such outbursts as Voltaire condemns. Nor will they ever seem anything but perfectly sane and natural where the poet is a man of imagination himself and knows how to fire that of his readers. When Shakspeare puts his most daring figures in the mouth of Lear or Othello we are conscious that we are in a wonderful world of heightened emotion, interest, beauty; that is the element of strangeness or surprise in the impression made; but we are also conscious that in such a world such thought and language is right, is indeed inevitable, and that is the element of perfect sanity which goes with the other. It is this sanity which is that of the Greeks, the sanity of poetry; that of Voltaire is in truth only the sanity of prose.

The other point to which we alluded may seem a small one; but I believe it is of real importance. There is no characteristic which belongs more invariably to the man who takes with all his heart and soul the poetic view of life than his love of all the sights and sounds of Nature. He will delight in the open air. He will have a quicker eye than other men for all that goes on in it—its ever changing experiences of life and death, rest and motion, light and darkness, silence and sound. The trees and the birds, the dawn and the twilight, land and sea—have they not all their most loving, most observant chroniclers in Homer, Dante and Shakspeare? The greatest poets are all alike in that. They never lose their consciousness that the human drama they describe is played on the most beautiful of all stages. Neither Achilles nor Æneas, neither the love of Romeo nor the death of Duncan, not Milton's 'Hell' nor even Dante's 'Paradise,' ever takes poet or reader quite away from the felt presence of what no stiffness of Puritanism could prevent

FRENCH CLAIMS IN POETRY

Milton from calling 'this delightful world.' 'This delightful world'! How much does Racine know of its delightfulness? Is he so much as aware that the sun rises and sets in a glory of colour, that the wind plays deliciously on human cheeks, that the human ear will never have enough of the music of the sea? He might have written every page of his work without so much as looking out of the window of his study. And Corneille, who comes so much nearer the 'large utterance' of the greatest men than Racine ever does,—Corneille is as careless and unconscious of the existence of nature as Racine or Boileau himself! Read the 'Cid,' and you will find that nature appears but twice, and then for a strictly practical purpose, to afford first the necessary darkness for the Cid's ambushade, and then the necessary daylight for the final rout of the Moors. There is no sign that the poet lingers with any pleasure over either starlight or the dawn. They are there to do their duty and they do no more. That is not like the poets of 'Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην' and 'Quale per incertam lunam' and 'Quale né plenilunii sereni' and 'Like one that has been led astray, Through the heaven's wide pathless way.' The tone of the French poets, one cannot but repeat, is that of men who have felt strongly the rhetorical and dramatic possibilities offered by human life; the tone of the others suggests a dreaming sensitiveness quick to find an infinity of poetry all around it in the world.

These, then, are some of the defects which English lovers of poetry find in Racine and the French. I have spoken of Racine in particular, because he is most often claimed as their world-poet by believers in the French classical tradition, and because he is, in any case, the high priest and standard-bearer of that tradition. Of course, I fully admit that, for this very reason, no one else is so open to criticism directed against it. And I equally admit that French poetry is more often underrated in this country than the reverse. Especially is it the case that the exquisite poetry produced in France between Villon and Malherbe and (particularly) by the Pléiade is too little known among us; and this is true again of the great men of the last hundred years—of Chénier, of Victor Hugo, of De Musset, of Baudelaire, of M. de Heredia. We have too much taken the great French tragedians as the type of all French poetry, and that is to do it a great injustice. By these and by Molière we judge it, and, boundless as Molière's dramatic gift and knowledge of life are, supreme genius as he is in his own field, the highest evidence perhaps that he gives of a turn for poetry is the pleasure he evidently found in introducing 'Charmante Gabrielle' into 'Le Misanthrope.' It is not fair that the common-sense character of the genius of Molière, or the rhetorical character of the talent of the great tragedians, should blind us to the poetry of Du Bellay or Leconte de Lisle. Our object here is certainly not to encourage

J. C. BAILEY

that unfortunate tendency. It is rather the perfectly legitimate one of answering the accusation so naturally and pardonably levelled at us by French critics, the accusation of being blinded by national prejudice to the beauties of Augustan French. It is to try to show why we reject the claim of Racine to rank either with Shakspeare or with Virgil. It is to explain to ourselves a distaste which often puzzles us. And, as the special qualities which fill the classical French poets to the exclusion of all others are also present to a greater or less extent in their predecessors and successors, this determination to recognise them and realise what they are is a step towards the power of putting them aside and refusing to be prevented by them from enjoying the great poetry which France has, in spite of them, managed to give the world. We do not disguise from ourselves that not only the classical poetry, but also nearly all French poetry, suffers to some extent from an overgrown faculty of logic and rhetoric, from a habit of talking about the abstract instead of picturing in the concrete, from a want of distance and mystery, from a treatment of life which is clear and definite as if all lay plain and open to the view of common sense, instead of one which suggests and feels its way, as if all were a mystery as it is to the eye of poetry—from a turn, in a word, for demonstrating when a truer poetry dreams. These tendencies seem to be in the French nature. Perhaps La Fontaine is the only Frenchman who shows no sign of them. But there are not a few in whom the poetic gift quite overmasters, if it cannot efface, them. This article has been written in the hope and belief that, after giving a frank account to ourselves of the nature of that element which we find unattractive in French poetry, we shall be not less but more capable of delighting in such things as the lightning flash of Villon's pathos, Ronsard's grand air as of a poetic consecration, the exquisite dreaming of La Fontaine or Chénier, Victor Hugo's fine ear for the music of the universe, M. de Heredia's force of imagination and incomparable gift of style.

THE BROWNINGS



*This portrait was executed at Rome, in 1859,
 at a sitting of the U. S. in the
 National Portrait Gallery. By Field Tappan's photo-
 graphic it was made. I agree that it was taken
 in my good type. Artist Browning.
 Nov. 1875.*

Juan Ochoa's Engraving Co.

Robert Browning.

From the drawing by Field Tappan in the National Portrait Gallery



THE BROWNINGS

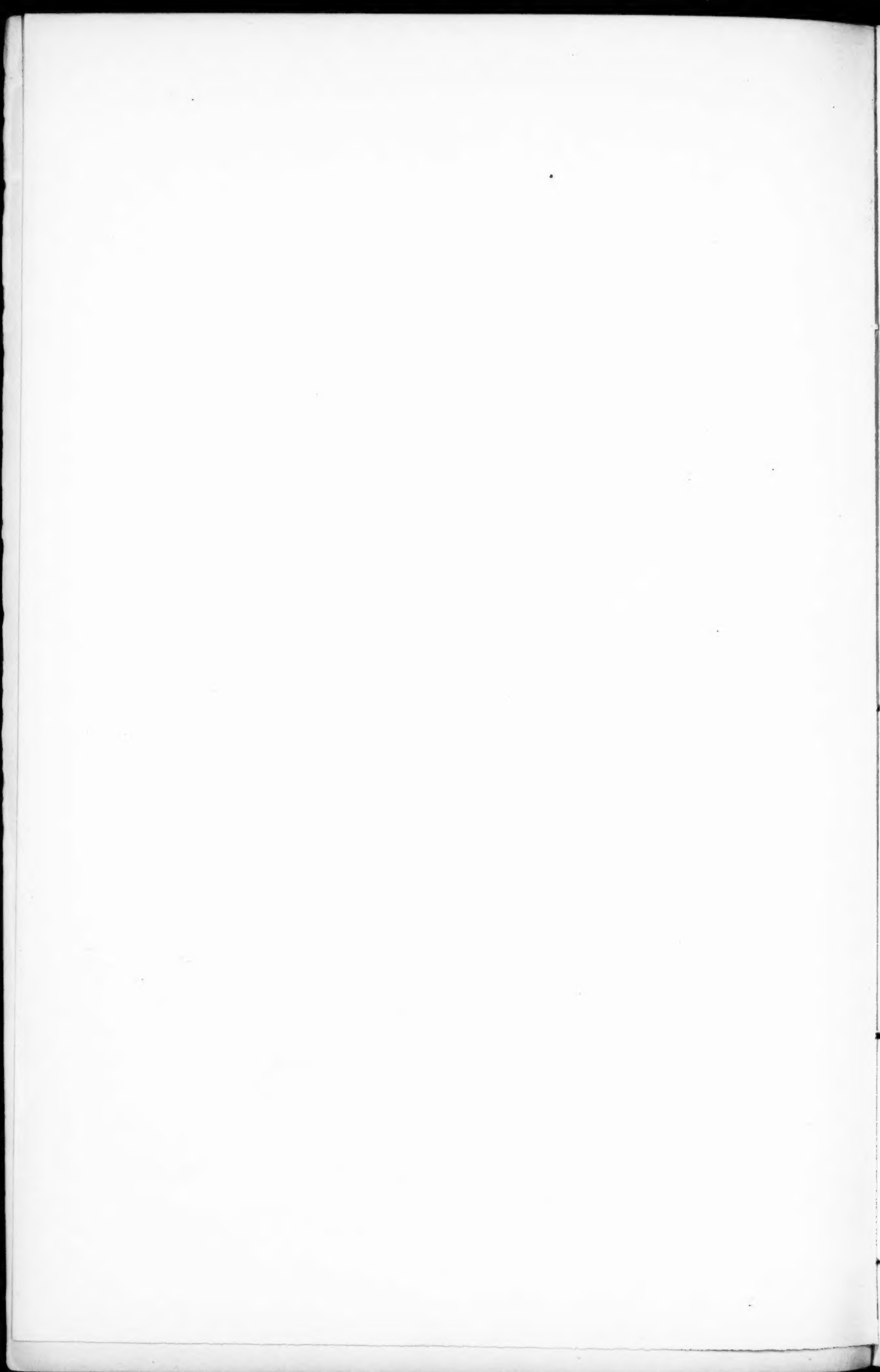


Swan Electric Engraving Co.

Robert Browning.

From the drawing by Field Talfourd in the National Portrait Gallery





THE BROWNING



THE first time I met Mr. Browning there was present the Chinese Minister, a member of whose suite was introduced to the poet as a brother author. Browning asked him what sort of work his was. He answered, 'Enigmas.' 'A brother indeed!' was Browning's aside. The world moves—and the reader's comprehension. Tennyson was attacked for obscurity at the outset; so was Mrs. Browning. By their own light, so soon as it was diffused, they themselves became visible, seen—and seen through. The same process will soon be complete in the case of Browning himself: the enigma will carry with it its own key. But when his poetry is clear, his early portraits will remain something of a puzzle—at any rate, to those who saw him, as I did, only in later life.

It seems but the other day that his figure was familiar. His voice and laugh remain in ears swift to lose memory of sounds. His short figure, the undemonstrative dignity that kept its own counsel, the easy address that suggested a well-bred man of business rather than a poet—these and other characteristics hardly need the photograph to keep them bodily in mind. Yet his earlier portraits may be searched in vain for *this* Browning that we knew. Beholding the large-eyed and consciously meditative man painted by Field Talfourd in 1859, one is face to face, not merely with an extra two inches of hair, afterwards sacrificed, but with another aspect, another temperament, another manner—of the manners that make the man. The reconciliation between the Browning of early drawings and the Browning of later flesh is not made easier by the comment of Mrs. Browning upon a careful sketch of her husband by Sir Frederick Leighton. *It is good*, she says; *yes; but it misses* (and between her and you, quite confidentially, was not your Leighton sure to miss?) *his soul*. Well, wives are difficult. Leighton found that out again when, many years later, Sir Richard Burton sat to him for the best portrait he ever painted and one that did not make his sitter 'too ugly'—peace be to Lady Burton!

Mrs. Browning died in the day of another generation; and, even though many not old have known her, the collective memory, the general memory, has quite lost her. We have an abundance of portraits and descriptions. 'The dear soul was *very* plain,' says one eye-witness. 'A pretty woman,' says another. It is certain that Browning saw no barrier of personal ill-favour in the way of his passion for his wife's spirit; for he tells her with pleasure and approval that his sister thought her 'beautiful.'

She too was photographed, for photography had come into vogue before her death; she too was painted and drawn in the years of her marriage:—by Reade, when she protests, 'I am not wanted on canvas for art's sake, or for any other sake in the world': by Miss

THE BROWNINGS

Fox, 'She draws well, and has been successful with the hair at least': by Leighton, 'I pardon a drawing of me, which I should otherwise rather complain of, I confess': by Field Talfourd—this is the National Portrait Gallery portrait here reproduced—of which she says, 'I was half-inclined to send you a photograph from Field Talfourd's picture of me, but I shrank back, knowing that dear Mr. Martin would cry out at the flattery of it, as well he might do': and by the Florentine painter Gordigiani, and this, because it is a dreary portrait, 'looks like.' Lurking within every phrase about her own portraits is a feminine sensitiveness with which she at least—she of all her sex—could surely have dispensed. Browning had been captured by no looks until he saw hers; and he would have lived and died celibate had he not seen on her sofa (during several visits, and there she hid her eyes from him) the only woman with whom he could contract the only marriage—that of the heart and the intellect, that of the memory, the will, and the understanding—in short, the soul.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

From the drawing by Fildes, Galford in the National Portrait Gallery

THE BROWNINGS

Fox, 'She draws well, and has been successful with the hair at least': by Leighton, 'I pardon a drawing of me, which I should otherwise rather complain of, I confess': by Field Talfourd—this is the National Portrait Gallery portrait here reproduced—of which she says, 'I was half-inclined to send you a photograph from Field Talfourd's picture of me, but I shrank back, knowing that dear Mr. Martin would cry out at the flattery of it, as well he might do': and by the Florentine painter Gordigiani, and this, because it is a dreary portrait, 'looks like.' Lurking within every phrase about her own portraits is a feminine sensitiveness with which she at least—she of all her sex—could surely have dispensed. Browning had been captured by no looks until he saw hers; and he would have lived and died celibate had he not seen on her sofa (during several visits, and there she hid her eyes from him) the only woman with whom he could contract the only marriage—that of the heart and the intellect, that of the memory, the will, and the understanding—in short, the soul.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



From Electric Engraving Co.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

From the drawing by Field Talfourd in the National Portrait Gallery.



THE LAST YEARS OF THE DUCHESS
OF PORTSMOUTH. BY J. LEMOINE
AND ANDRE LICHTENBERGER



HE name of the Duchess of Portsmouth is inseparable, not only from the anecdotal history of the Court of Charles II., but also from the political and diplomatic history of England in the second half of the seventeenth century. It required little time for the obscure Breton girl whom Henrietta of England had brought with her to Dover to finish the conquest of the inflammable heart of the monarch, and if several months passed before she was raised to the incontestable rank of Royal mistress, it was her own scruples and not her lack of charms that caused the delay.

It was in 1671 that Louise de Kéroualle dethroned the proud Duchess of Cleveland from her position as acknowledged favourite. Throughout the vicissitudes of changing fortune, sometimes seeing honours and riches showered on her head and that of her son, sometimes put in peril by the king's satiety, the jealousy of her rivals, the revolt of national sentiment, by turns now triumphant and now threatening, struggling against sickness, malevolence and hatred, Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, kept her predominant position with regard to Charles II. for fifteen years. On many occasions her influence was exercised in politics and her ideas were adopted. And she it was who to all appearances procured for the king at the hour of his death a Catholic priest, which his secret conversion rendered indispensable for the repose of his soul.

Most certainly the private personality of the Duchess of Portsmouth has been treated with severity both by her contemporaries and by the English historians. There is nothing to be surprised about in this : the fifteen years of her reign were assuredly not among the most glorious of England's history. At this epoch it was the gold of Louis XIV. which ruled the destinies of the United Kingdom, and dragged them along a route absolutely contrary to that which they ought to have pursued. The name of the Duchess of Portsmouth represents the French influence, the Catholic influence, the corruption of the Court of the Stuarts. Indulgent for the proud Duchess of Cleveland or the trivial Nelly Gwynn, her contemporaries have reserved all their harshness for the foreign courtesan ; outrageous pamphlets described her manners, denounced her greed, and the incredible riches which she had caused to be sent abroad, the detestable influence she had upon Charles II., the responsibility she had in lowering the position of England in the eyes of foreigners. With less violence and greater authority, all the English historians have repeated the same judgment.

It is not here our intention to stand forth as panegyrists and

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

oppose to their judgment all the extenuating circumstances which it is possible to invoke in favour of the Duchess of Portsmouth. If it is reprehensible to be a Royal mistress, let us remark that she had in excuse the corruption of the time, and particularly the incredible immorality of the Court of the Stuarts. She carried out her part with unquestionable dignity, and when we compare her with all those of her contemporaries who either in England or in France fulfilled the same office, it appears certain that none of them brought to it more tact, grace and dignity, and that the greater part of the objectionable charges which have been accumulated against her behaviour do not rest on any positive foundation.

But she accepted, she sought after, riches? Yes, no doubt, although we must not exaggerate the extent of her opulence; but, here also, let us remember to her credit the manners of her times, and let us not forget that side by side with her the virtuous Algernon Sidney himself, the chief of the Presbyterians, had control of Louis XIV.'s exchequer. And was she not right to be anxious that her son should have the establishment suitable to that of a king?

Lastly, if assuredly her political sympathies were with France, does it not appear that she was instinctively and irresistibly incited by her patriotism and her religion to exercise her influence upon the king in the direction favourable to them, and that, though that policy was opposed to the policy which triumphed in 1688, it was nevertheless compatible with the interests of England such as it must have appeared to the eyes of the Duchess? One might deem that she was mistaken from the English point of view, without calling it treason on her part.

But we shall not undertake a discussion which would take us too far out of our way. Let us content ourselves by saying that the judgment of historians with reference to what concerns her has at least one defect, which is that it is based upon absolutely insufficient documentary evidence. It is impossible to judge definitely any case of which the greater portion of the evidence is unknown. Now, this is exactly the case with the Duchess of Portsmouth, as we hope to demonstrate elsewhere. With the necessary evidence before us, without pretending here to review the whole of her life, we shall confine ourselves to making clear that even if it be admitted that she made many grave errors, and had many grave faults to reproach herself with, she expiated them in solitude, sadness, and disease.

She left England in 1685; it was at this epoch that her greatness came to an end. She survived for fifty years. What was her life? Whom did she think of? What was her daily occupation during the lapse of time as long as an ordinary human life? Historians have little troubled themselves to discover. They have made passing allusions to certain relations which she still kept up in

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

England, to two or three voyages which she took thither, to her petitions to the King of France, to her financial difficulties ; and then little by little from 1715 to 1720 complete silence envelops her. When she ceased to exist, in 1734, she had already been long dead.

We wish if we can to people this night which envelops the last twenty years of her life with a little life, a little colour. Sundry documents, happily re-found, allow us to produce, if not a complete history, at least an authentic sketch. The Duke of Richmond has been kind enough to communicate to us his family papers. We have found many interesting things therein : among others, a touching correspondence of the old Duchess of Portsmouth with her grandson, the Duke of Richmond. Some lucky researches made in France, in provincial or Parisian archives, have permitted us, besides, to discover a large number of interesting documents, several being of the highest importance,—among others, a will written by her own hand. By means of these very diverse and very scattered documents, hitherto unpublished, of which the correspondence with the Duke of Richmond, the inventory of the Duchess' mansion, and her will are the principal ones, we shall attempt to give some idea of what in her declining years were the life and soul of her who had treated with kings as one power with another, and had at her feet the highest nobility of England.

I

In the single chapter in which he has told the life of the Duchess of Portsmouth after her return to France, M. Forneron, her most recent biographer, has devoted exactly two pages (243 to 245) to the history of the last twenty years of her life. Several incidents of a financial nature, her mourning and an act of charity, the foundation of a convent for hospital nuns,—such are the only points which he has mentioned. Bare of events as they were, these twenty years nevertheless deserve sundry supplementary details.

And first of all it is only just to recognise that the financial preoccupations play a great part therein ; but it would have been difficult for it to have been otherwise, and it would be ill-natured to denounce as greed this solicitude of the Duchess to preserve to herself the remains of the liberality of Charles II. and Louis XIV.—at least sufficient to lead a life suitable to her rank. Certainly, when she left England in 1685, her position in this respect was most satisfactory. She possessed about 130,000 francs (£5200), without counting the savings invested in France ; the furniture, jewels, the 50,000 francs (£2000) a year which was to come to her son out of the property confiscated by Lord Grey, and the 250,000 francs in gold which had been paid to her immediately after the king's death. It was certainly an imposing fortune ; it is none the less true that it

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

decreased rapidly. The rents of the property situated in England were soon paid irregularly. It seems that on the accession of William, in 1688, they ceased or very nearly so. The superb apartments at Whitehall were burnt, with their furniture, in 1690. The Duke of Richmond, ever a spendthrift, was most expensive to his mother in every possible way. He cost still more when his Orange predilections caused him to be deprived of the pension which he held from Louis XIV.

What remained to the Duchess of her revenues did not cover her expenditure. Without living an exaggerated mode of life, she still possessed in Berry the Duchy of Aubigny with the castles of Aubigny and of La Verrerie, which she had received in gift from Louis XIV. ; she had bought back from the creditors of her father the manor of K  roualle, in Brittany, where she had been born ; and she had added thereto the vast neighbouring barony of Ch  tel, the ancient domain of the celebrated Tanneguy du Ch  tel. She also possessed, in the suburbs of Paris, at Evry-sur-Seine, a dainty *maison de plaisance* called Mousseaux. Lastly, in Paris itself, she had a town house. All this meant expense. Perhaps there was also some waste. Dishonest people robbed her. It became necessary to obtain judgment from the Ch  teau de Paris, to stay the demands of persons who sent in false claims, or had forged the signatures of the Duchess or that of the Duke of Richmond.

Worry and trouble were always present. We see her dunned by creditors and constrained to ask for orders for more time from the Royal Council. She obtained them ; but it was not enough. It is manifest that during the last years of the reign of Louis XIV. she lived in considerable embarrassment.

For several years she let her lands at Ch  tel, K  roualle, and Mesnoallet to obtain more money. We have a lease of 1703 in which she rents them out for 54,500 francs a-year. But she did not thereby find her salvation, and, feeling imperious need to obtain more profit from them, she decided to sell them in 1714. Mesnoallet, the Ch  tel, and K  roualle, were therefore yielded up to the celebrated financier, Antoine Crozat, for the sum of 1,100,000 francs, to be paid in several graduated instalments. The last of these payments (164,000 francs) was made in 1719. Perhaps a portion of this sum was made payable to her as an annuity. In 1715 the land and lordship of Mousseaux followed the same way. They were sold to the Marquis of Septaine for 76,000 francs, of which 30,000 was paid immediately.

But the action at law swallowed, apparently, a large portion of the sums thus recovered. There exist several lamentable letters from the Duchess to the Regent and his Ministers, asking their protection. Two facts seem to have been especially prejudicial : in the first place, the payment of a certain amount of rent-charges

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

was made to her in notes which rapidly lost all value, and she applied in consequence to have the rent-charges re-established. In the second place, Law had lent her 50,000 francs in bank notes. And one year after the failure of the system the Comptroller-General, charged with the liquidation, reclaimed this amount in specie. She petitioned the Regent for the annulment of this debt, it having been contracted at an absolutely illusory value. Whether she obtained her suit we do not know: perhaps it was to indemnify her that the Regent increased her pension to 20,000 francs, and that this pension was converted in 1720 into a life charge of 24,000 francs. Whichever happened, the era of her difficulties had not ended; repayments and the reduction of her income caused a continual embarrassment. In 1719, to avoid the repayment of 28,000 francs, interest on the principal of 560,000 francs (arising without doubt from the sale of the Châtel), she accepted the reduction to 23,000 francs. In spite of these concessions, they were repaid to her the following year. So difficult was it to find good investments, that she must have experienced great annoyance, preferring the same year to accept two other reductions, rather than to be again repaid by two smaller rent-charges payable to her elsewhere.

These continually recurring difficulties provoked frequent recourse to public powers upon her part: for example, in 1718, to obtain the exemption of rights accruing to the representation of titles of the Duchy of Aubigny; in 1730, to be exempted from the right of public festivity on succeeding to the title; a little later, to be exempted from certain requisitions of the Department of Water and Forest.

At other times she attempted to obtain direct advantages. Thus in 1731, we see her making very humble applications to Orry, the Comptroller-General of Finance, and to Cardinal Fleury, to obtain, in exchange for reductions upon her income, a rather higher special bonus in consideration of important services which she rendered to the State, and on account of the loss which she had made of almost her entire property in paper; the reduction that she had suffered on certain life interests which she possessed, the re-establishment of which up to the present she had not been able to obtain, having rendered her position still more disagreeable. She very humbly begs his Eminence 'to be so kind as to grant her for the present year, 1731, an order for this bonus to be rather larger than that of the preceding year, and to make it proportionate to her needs and to her age, now over eighty-two years.' She did not, however, gain her suit; she had received 10,000 francs as special bonus in 1726, 6000 francs in 1727; from 1728 until her death she had only 5000 francs each year.

Without doubt these requests for money, these frequent reminders of services rendered earlier in her career to Louis XIV., have something pitiable about them, and were not justified by absolute distress.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

But let us not forget that the life of a lady of nobility in the eighteenth century had many other obligations than those which fell upon a private person.

Although the information which we have upon the question of property is but scant, it is certain that she was sometimes obliged to undertake considerable expenses as the outcome of her generosity.

The convent of the hospital nuns which she had founded at Aubigny cost her much; she spent freely on the poor of Aubigny; she gave freely for the decorations of the churches; in her very confused and scattered accounts there is continual mention of help, rents, donations of every kind, which she granted. In 1733 we see her buy up for the price of 4359 francs a life interest of 215 francs which she paid to a *Sieur Godefroy Ronsin de Guillerville*.

The marriage of her niece of *Thois* with the *Comte de Bourbon-Busset*, in 1720, cost her 20,000 francs, which she gave to the young pair. Of her generosity and her scrupulous exactitude towards the people of her household, her last will and testament is the most touching proof; revised, annotated and retouched ten times over, in order to be sure of treating every one according to desert.

Therefore, in order to adapt herself so as to provide for all these expenses, the Duchess did not hesitate to lead the most modest life possible to a woman of her rank, passing the greater portion of the year at Aubigny, and going to Paris only when her interests compelled her.

Her duchy of Aubigny did not, moreover, prove to be an unmitigated blessing. She had endeavoured for a long time to obtain the largest possible profit therefrom by renting it successively to two farmers, only reserving to herself the rights and honours purely seigniorial. From 1712, a certain *Guillaume Dubourg*, high-bailiff, King's Councillor, receiver of taxes for the district of *Vire* and *Condé*, had taken them on lease. In 1720, *Sieur Claude Jobert de la Pilloterie*, who contracted a lease at 6000 francs a-year, shortly afterwards annulled it. Lastly, we possess a lease dated July 21, 1729, stipulating that for 5500 francs a-year *Sieur Jean Baptiste François Le Soudier* of *Saint-Blaise* would exploit liberally the land and duchy of Aubigny and *La Verrerie*, and even make his home there. 'I reserve to the Duchess the public rights in the town and duchy of Aubigny; rights of disinheritance, bastardy, indemnity, rights of hunting and fishing in the rivers and lakes, and a little wood called *La Garenne* . . . her *Château* of Aubigny, house, garden, dove-cot, and other out-houses, and the *Château de la Verrerie*, in which *château* the said tenant shall have nevertheless two rooms, and shall enjoy besides, during the course of the present lease, the barns, stables, dovecot, and gardens belonging to the said *château*, as enjoyed by the preceding farmers.'

The same vicissitudes, the same preoccupations in the position of

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

the Duchess' fortune, had their result also on the mansions which she successively occupied in Paris. For some considerable time after her return from England, she had dwelt in the Quai Malaquais, now Quai Voltaire, a sumptuous mansion which had previously belonged to President Perrault, Secretary to the Prince of Condé. This house was sold in 1709 to Michel Chamillart, Minister of War and Comptroller-General of Finance. We find her in 1717 in the Rue Saint Dominique, which she soon leaves to occupy, at Easter 1719, a large house in the Rue des Petits-Augustins, belonging to the Cardinal of Polignac and previously occupied by the Maréchal d'Estrées. Lastly, at Easter 1724, she rents from Pierre de Catinat a mansion situated at the corner of the Rue des Saints-Pères and of the Rue de Verneuil, where she was to finish her days, and of which a document dated July 29, 1729, gives us the following description : ' It is a large house situated in the Rue des Saint-Pères, making the corner of the Rue de Verneuil, consisting of a grand entrance on the said Rue des Saints-Pères, a large courtyard within, a large block of buildings between the courtyard and garden, consisting of huge cellars, and three floors above and a large granary ; on entering to the right of the said house, a block which looks upon the said Rue de Verneuil two stories high, the second having a mansarde roof, large and small staircases, garden behind said block, three coach-houses, a large stable.'

The rent was 3500 livres a-year, a figure which doubtless is not outrageously costly ; the furniture also did not in any wise recall the luxury which scandalised Evelyn at Whitehall. Its details, by a lucky chance, we obtained from a careful inventory taken at the death of the Duchess. It appears very clearly that she lived without sumptuousness in this modest mansion. Doubtless she had a sufficient staff of servants, and we see mentioned in the inventory a considerable number of domestics :

ANTOINE BAUDOUIN	Concierge.
MARIE ANNE TALIBON	} Tirewomen.
JEANNE LE FÈVRE	
CATHERINE BLONDIN	
PIERRE DE SAINT MARTIN	Steward.
VITAL ARNAUD	Chef d'office (Butler).
PIERRE PERRET	Head cook.
HUBERT ALEXANDRE	First valet.
FRANCOIS DU BUISSON	Second valet.
PIERRE TIERCIER	Hall porter.

But all these were habits of the time, contrary to which the Duchess could not go without derogation to her position. The list and valuation of the furniture, and the various objects among which she lived, were hardly equal to her previous splendour. Doubtless the reverses, and perhaps the exaggerated expenditure of her son, had forced her to sell a portion. Perhaps, moreover, the Château

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

d'Aubigny and de la Verrerie, which formed her true home, were better furnished. In any case, among the objects mentioned in the inventory there are none of the objects of luxury usually found in princely establishments. The stabling sheltered five carriage horses, valued at 250 francs, in the coach-house, 'a carriage double-seated mounted on four wheels, iron axle provided with its [word illegible] and springs with the ends gilded, furnished inside with crimson velvet with feather-stuffed cushions covered with velvet to match, with four curtains of crimson damask, provided with its three windows, valued at 1500 francs,' also a double-seated Berlin coach, valued at 800 francs.

Several beautiful pieces of tapestry—from Flanders, Brussels, Bergamo—ornamented the walls of the house in the Rue des Saints-Pères. One of these, valued at 600 francs, represented the history of Orpheus; another, the Brussels, representing the twelve months of the year, was valued at 2200 livres; another, coming from Gobelins and composed of eight pieces, at 3500 livres. The silver was estimated at 25,000 francs. There were very few jewels; except two diamond rings, estimated at 2000 livres and 1000 livres respectively, one can but cite two watches, a certain number of tobacco-boxes, and other small articles. The library comprised 221 volumes of history or novels. As to the pictures, of which we will give later a complete inventory, they certainly constituted, either by reason of their intrinsic value or by the reminiscences which they recalled, the most remarkable ornament of the mansion.

Such, then, were the surroundings which framed in the life of the Duchess, either in her Château d'Aubigny or in her Paris residence. Her life, in brief, was calm and retired, dignified; in it the legitimate anxiety of her interests, charity, religion, and doubtless memories of the past, were the principal occupation. But a precious document has allowed us to penetrate further into the intimate life of the woman who once dominated England, and to understand the intellectual and moral life of the aforetime correspondent of Louis XIV. Those documents piously preserved in the residence at Goodwood are the touching correspondence of the Duchess with her grandson, the Duke of Richmond. In one of these letters from the grandmother we find the most sincere expression of what fills her heart. No one could read without some tenderness these brown sheets of slow and trembling handwriting, written in French, often incorrectly, so badly spelt as to be grotesque, yet vibrating with all the tenderness of the utmost love which the heart of a woman could feel.

II

During the long years of her retirement, silence and forgetfulness settled around the Duchess of Portsmouth.

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

She had lost her father in 1689. Her mother died in a little house at Brest in 1709. Her relations with the Court of England were gradually dropped, in spite of her efforts to keep them up. In 1716 she crossed the Channel for the last time. In France itself she was neglected, forgotten; the death of Louis XIV. had taken from her the monarch who kept alive the remembrance of what she had done for him and for his kingdom.

Her own son, the Duke of Richmond, whose conduct had given her cause, more than once, of complaint or sorrow, died in 1723. Two years later she sustained the further loss of her sister, Henrietta the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, who had lately become Marquise de Thoix, and dwelt in Paris. Thus on every side the life of the Duchess became a blank. In this shipwreck of her affections there only remained one bright spot, the little Earl of March, who succeeded to the title of Duke of Richmond on the death of his father, and it was on him that the whole force of the tenderness of this old lady now became turned. He was born in 1701, and was betrothed in 1719, at the Hague, to the eldest daughter of Lord Cadogan, for whom he had conceived a romantic passion.

He was nominated in 1722 Captain in the Horse Guards, and the same year became Member of Parliament for Chichester. In the following year (which was also that of the death of his father), began the series of letters which have been preserved by the Duchess, of which the last bears the date of September 18, 1734.

A faithful partisan of Walpole, a man of gallantry, a good father and a good husband, the Duke seems to have borne towards his grandmother all the attachment of a respectful and attentive grandson. But it is none the less apparent that to this beautiful child, this heir of her blood, the Duchess devoted from the first moment a profound tenderness, which only increased when, unlike his father, the young man did his best to respond by kindly actions. During the whole twelve years of this correspondence, there is not a single letter that does not quiver with the note of a passionate affection. The old Duchess consents to bear 'all the ills which fortune might send' provided that 'son cher milord,' her dear child, would keep a place for her in his heart. She will forget all her own illness if he will never forget her. Her affection is the greatest happiness of her life. Never a day passes, she says, that she does not pray the Lord 'that he will be pleased to preserve for me your dear self for whom my poor heart is indeed filled with a perfect love. . . . Surely a mother has never felt a more perfect love for her child than that which I feel for my dear milord, the Duke of Richmond. . . . In your love and affection is all the happiness and all the satisfaction of my life. . . . I throw my arms about you, and I kiss you with all the tender love of which my poor heart is capable.'

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

These are not empty words. Towards her own son the Duchess had never used such words, and even on learning the news of his death she disdained to give herself over to expressions of exaggerated grief. We may, therefore, believe that these expressions—which vary but little, and in the use of which apparently she was not skilled, for the Duchess was not at all a literary woman—exactly describe her feelings; and, indeed, it is quite impossible to think otherwise when reading through the last series of her letters. What are the contents of the long twelve-years correspondence? Doubtless her reminiscences of the glorious time when she was the arbitress of England's fortunes have the first place in them? Not at all! There is not even a single allusion to the period of her greatness. The political affairs of the time, the interests of ambition, touch her no more. True, at the beginning of her correspondence she thinks it her duty to warn her grandson to 'be careful to sustain his dignity and his illustrious birth, and the esteem of others toward himself.' She inquired whether his father-in-law would not be able to find him a position worthy of his parentage. When she came to know this young man, and could appreciate him, when she saw him following an honourable and useful career in his own country, she no longer thought of stimulating him; and if it once again occurred to her to make allusions to his hopes it was rather to hold him back from yielding himself to ambition.

He had applied, in 1734, for the position of chief equerry. 'I am daring to hope,' she writes to him, on June 20, 'that with the assistance and friendship of M. le Chevalier Walpole, and the protection of the Queen, who is a princess true as she is honourable, that the King will appoint you to this position, unless, my dear child, my unfortunate star should shed its influence on that which is to me the most tenderly dear on earth—that is, yourself. However, should the King refuse you this grace, it will be natural for you to feel some mortification, but still with respect and submission to your prince.'

The private affairs of the Duchess of Portsmouth did not occupy any greater place in her letters than those of the State. If she says a word in passing on the relative poverty of her home in Paris, 'very small, and everything of the cheapest,' it is because she finds it impossible at that particular time to receive his children, and it is very seldom that she allows herself to complain at any length on the bad state of her affairs. She only does it on one unlucky day, when, having been to Paris to try and raise some money, she sees herself 'obliged to return to Aubigny, to put for a very special purpose some furniture in pawn for 12,000 or 14,000 francs.' Usually she only says a word about it in passing, and changes the subject. She recalls with emotion the remembrance of the few friends who remain to her, such as the Earl and Countess

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

Albemarle, one of her cousins, M. de Carné, as well as Mr. Hill, who watches over the precious health of the Duke. She thanks with gratitude those who are still interested in her, complains without bitterness of those who have forgotten her, gives to the Duke news which might interest him about the plantations of Aubigny, sends little messages, reminds him of the salmon which he has promised to give to the curé.

When she asks for anything, it is always with many excuses for the trouble she is causing. For example, she has a great desire to possess the portrait of her grandson and of his wife, to be placed among the lords of Aubigny. 'Being far out of reach of the satisfaction of seeing you, I wish to have at least the pleasure of seeing the resemblance to a child who is so tenderly dear to me as you are.' Eighteen months afterwards she reminded him of this portrait, promised and forgotten.

It is with an absolute wealth of precautions that she dares to solicit charity in behalf of a poor girl who was in great distress. 'I am all the more encouraged that such a good work as this will bring great blessings upon you and your family.' And this touching modesty and discretion, shown by an old lady at an age when she might well be expected to show exactingness and irritation, she even carries into the expression of her own affection. Her limitless affection is the true subject of the whole of this long correspondence which she feels may weary her grandson, and which she does not wish to make burdensome to him.

The visits of the young Duke and his wife were the great events, the immense joys, of her life. It was a treat to talk over beforehand, to hope for them, to prepare the rooms. But nevertheless even in this she avoided being too pressing, 'not wishing to ask anything, my dear milord, that would be inconvenient to yourself.' 'I advise you, my dear child,' she says, 'on each occasion to risk nothing, to do nothing, in order to give me this satisfaction, which might in any way prove inconvenient to yourself.' The interviews are short, and at each leavetaking what heartrendings occur! On August 29, 1734, she excuses herself for her last letter to the Duchess in some trouble; 'but, indeed, my dear child, my heart and mind were so pierced by our separation that I have even now not yet become myself again.' Would her grandson, she asks, send her some news, 'just to quiet the anxious beatings of a heart that is, my dear child, as affectionate toward you as it is sincerely and truly full of a tender love?'

The items of news were, alas! at least at first, not so frequent as she herself would have wished. 'It seems to me,' she writes on November 28, 1724, 'that it is a long time since I have had the happiness of receiving any news from you or any assurance that you still continue loving and thinking of me, which to me is the dearest

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

and even the only consolation and happiness I am able to feel ; for, indeed, other than these I have none.'

But her loving requests do not always reach the point of complaint. 'I did not mean, my very dear and very kind milord, to blame you when I told you of my loving anxiety at being kept so long without news from you, although this is my dearest boon and is the source of all the happiness of my life, since it is you who possess the whole of the tender love of my heart ; so think well of me when I wish, perhaps too often, to hear from a child in whose loving affection the whole happiness of my life consists.'

When she hears more often from him, this is how she lovingly returns him thanks. 'I am delighted, my kind milord,' she writes some months later, on May 20, 1732, 'at the attention you have paid me in sending me your dear letters of news about yourself rather more often than before ; because it is this, in truth, my dear child, which causes all the quiet pleasure of my life. When neither yourself nor the kind Duchess can write to me, ask Mr. Hill to send a line or two, for if I can have only once a month some news of your dear self it will make me feel quite calm and happy.'

Her love and tenderness seem to increase with her age. Perhaps it is in the year of her death that she is waiting, with yet greater passionate affection, for these welcome letters, and she receives them with the greatest joy. 'When I think,' she writes on August 24, 1734, 'of the difficulties which may deprive me of the only happiness which I now enjoy in my life, which is that of seeing you, the little reason which the Lord has given to me quite deserts me. Then do not even let absence and distance take from me the continuance of the tender love which you so graciously show towards me, my kind milord ; and I beg you to kindly send me news as often as you are able ; and if you cannot do so yourself get some one to send me word so as to soften the anxiety and pain which my distance from you causes to my loving nature.'

As ill luck would have it, it sometimes happens that these heart-stirring letters get lost. What anxiety this brings if they are those of the Duke, and what depths of sorrow if they are her own, at the bare idea that this much-loved child may have thought he had been forgotten ! 'I hope,' she writes, after one of these involuntary delays, on January 22, 1724, 'that you will now have received this letter ; I love you too truly to be capable of negligence towards you.' When she herself is backward in her replies, it is either the fault of the post or that of her health. 'I should not have been so long, my very dear and much-loved milord, in replying to your letter if a horrible and most painful seizure had not taken from me the power of doing anything whatever' (July 10, 1725). Another time it is a violent cold which has completely overcome her, and on another, intestinal trouble. These are the only times she speaks of

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

her old-woman ailments. Usually she is very well, and has no trouble about her health. However, on this last occasion at least, she was seriously ill. 'There was every reason to fear serious consequences from such a violent attack,' wrote the curé of Aubigny to the Duke. 'She suffered for ten consecutive days in frightful agony, during which time she was bled on the arms and feet. She was given nearly thirty different kinds of medicine, and was put into baths seven or eight times. She must have had one of the strongest constitutions to have gone through all the treatment that she did.' But in spite of all this the Duchess deemed it useless to trouble her grandson. She said a word or two about it to excuse the delay in her correspondence, and then passed it off with a joke. As the Duke gave her some details of the too flourishing Doctor Hill, 'I should like,' replied she, 'myself to have some of his too extra stoutness, for I am so exquisitely thin from my illness that I have now become next to nothing at all!'

On the other hand, the slightest incident in the life of her grandson troubled her greatly. A journey which he took into Spain caused her cruel anxiety, which she could not prevent showing, in spite of her fears of becoming importunate. She was in constant apprehension of some accident. 'Come back, my dear child, and end your journey, for the happiness and ease of mind of your dear wife, of your loving mother.' And into what agitation was she thrown, in 1734, the year of her death, because, forgetful of his promise, the Duke, who had to take the journey from Holland into England,—'which is longer than that of Dover to Calais'—neglected to give her notice of her arrival; and what gratitude she felt when the long-expected message at last arrived! But what anguish when her darling child is really ill and in danger! The news in 1725 that the Duke had caught small-pox drove her to distraction. 'Nothing can express, my dear milord, the terrible anxiety into which I have been thrown by the news of your small-pox, and although Mr. Hill in his letter says that its course is as favourable as can be wished, my heart's feelings towards you give me no ease of mind until I learn of your complete recovery from this cruel disease. In the name of God, my dear milord, take the most careful pains to preserve yourself alive for a mother who is so sincerely attached to you and whose only happiness in life lies in your welfare, for there is nothing in my miserable surroundings that can sustain me but the loving affection which I have for you and the hope of yours for me.' And then, what relief of heart when a second letter comes to tell of convalescence!

But this is not enough. A true grandmother, the Duchess of Portsmouth does not hesitate to endeavour to bring about in her own way the complete cure of her grandson, and she enters with no false modesty into medical details, upon which we shall not dwell.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

There is the same anguish some years later when an accident, some fall apparently, violently affects the Duke of Richmond and prevents him from using one of his legs for several months. 'Since the day I received the news of your unlucky accident I have been in a continual dream, and have been so shaken, till yesterday I learnt, thanks to the Lord, that you were as well as could be desired after such an unlucky accident.' The restraint of the Duchess is so great that she scrupled to write for fear of tiring him. She does not allow herself to do so until a letter from his young wife has calmed her fears, and she again described her sorrow while prescribing prudence to the patient. 'Lastly, may the divine Saviour preserve to me my darling child, who is all that I have that is tenderly dear to me in the world. In the name of God, let not your impatience and natural liveliness in any way cause you to take risks, and to presume on the strength of your constitution, for after such an annoying accident the greatest care and wisdom are needed, is the constant prayer made to you by the most sincere and tenderly loving of all mothers.'

The affection which she bears to her grandson, she equally spends upon all his family. In none of her letters does she omit to name the Duchess of Richmond in terms of the greatest tenderness. If at first the tone is slightly ceremonious, it soon changes. When the old lady had seen the young Duchess and the unity which existed between her and her husband, she opened her whole heart to her. It is no longer 'Madame la Duchesse,' it is 'this kind! this charming Duchess.' 'Tell her,' she writes, 'that her own mother could not have any more loving feelings for her than those which I feel for her sweet self.' (July 19, 1732.) There are two letters from the old Duchess to the young wife which are those of a real grandmother. 'If you were my own child I could not feel more lively and sincere yearnings than those which I have in my heart towards you.' (July 12, 1733.) 'Your welfare is more precious to me than I can express, and it is with the utmost sincerity of my heart that I affirm this.' (January 16, 1734.)

The frequent 'interesting conditions' of the young wife became one of the great subjects which occupied the thoughts of the old Duchess. She was greatly upset by the too frequent accidents which happened, and was never failing in good advice and prescriptions. The birth of the little ones is one of her greatest joys. There were two baby girls, the eldest born in 1723, the other in 1725; the first was named Caroline, the other Amélie. Both bore also the Christian names of their great-grandmother. She accepted this attention with gratitude, only objecting from a melancholy apprehension. 'I have only one scruple about it, which is that as I am in every way so unfortunate it may perhaps have some influence over this poor child.' In each letter she sends the most loving messages to the two little girls, 'to darling Caroline and to little Amélie.' Their illnesses are

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

the subject of mortal anxiety. Later, their progress in English or in French, their letters and their little messages, give her ineffable joy.

But, delightful as she was with her two darling girls, the old Duchess longed passionately for a great-grandson who should continue her name. From the first mention of possibility of a child on the part of the young wife, on April 3, 1723, she wrote to her grandson, 'Send me at once, or ask some one to send me word when she is to have her accouchement. It will be delightful if the Lord will only allow her to give you a son.' It was a daughter.

The birth of Amélie, and several mishaps time after time, cast down her dearest hopes. Then with what joy she received, by special messenger to Aubigny in the month of October 1730, the news so much desired! She replied through the post and also by special messenger at one day's interval to tell of her happiness. 'Never in my life have I had such a beautiful awakening as that when I learnt of the birth of your son. In the name of God, my dear milord, do me the pleasure to have sent to me at once even the slightest piece of news of the darling Duchess during the time of her illness, as I am so lovingly interested in her welfare, and at the same time I shall then have tidings of my dear little child, praying the Lord to safely preserve to me the father, the mother, and the child.' She is never tired of telling her joy, over and over again, in the same terms. The fame of it is noised abroad. Her nuns of Aubigny request her to convey to the Duke the assurance of their wishes for the welfare of his little heir. His Grace the Prior of the Augustine Monastery of Aubigny wrote with his own hand a beautiful letter to congratulate him on the happy event of the birth of 'le Comte de Marck, so long wished for, who, already the true comfort of M. the Duke and of Madame the Duchess of Richmond, will soon be the heir of their glorious qualities, and one day the worthy support of their august house.' A Te Deum was sung the same day in the Church of Aubigny and a bonfire previously prepared for the event was lighted in the courtyard of the Augustine monastery. A week later the Duchess reiterates her satisfaction, and tells of the rejoicings with which the little village and the church had been resounding. The Curé came to ask her to attend at the singing of a Te Deum in the parish church. The poets of Aubigny also set themselves to work. 'These are,' wrote the Duchess, 'some songs, of which the melodies have never, I think, as yet been taken down, and such as they are I shall send them to you. I am quite sure you will laugh at them, as I have done myself. The poor folk have done their best, and we must take it as a mark of their zeal and good intentions.' But, alas! neither the Te Deum nor the songs from the poets of Aubigny could overrule the decrees of fate. The child died. No letter from the Duchess makes any allusion to the sad event. She must have suffered cruelly: so

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

cruelly that she could never bring herself to speak of it. But the idea of an heir still came back to torment her, and it was this thought that so often in the later years of her life she allowed the Duke and Duchess to perceive in her mind. She never obtained the promised joy of seeing her hopes crowned. The Duchess of Richmond seems to have expected another child to be born during the last month of 1734, or the first of the following year. At this date Louise de Kéroualle had already yielded up her last sigh.

IV

On September 18, 1734, the Duchess of Portsmouth dated, still from Aubigny, a letter to her grandson full of the affectionate messages which it was her custom to send to those she loved.

It was doubtless some little time after this that she started for Paris; and there in her house in the Rue des Saint-Pères she fell ill, and ended by succumbing to disease on November 14, 1734, between ten and eleven in the evening.

We do not know what disease it was that carried her off. Her great age had exhausted her powers. She saw death approaching and had the leisure to prepare for it quietly. Three days before her end, she called for her faithful manager, La Tour, and gave him her little caskets with a certain sum of money (18,960 livres), also some valuables and some loose money for distribution among her most modest household. She gave him, doubtless at the same time, a packet consisting 'of an envelope sealed with five seals in black Spanish wax, with the arms of the Duchess,' which contained her will. She preserved to the last the charms of her mind, and had the strength to ask several times into her room two notaries to whom she dictated, but without power to sign them, several clauses which she wished to add to her will; these were with reference to a supplementary legacy of 2000 francs which she desired to make, to the benefit of the Church of Aubigny, for the maintenance of four choir boys, of pensions and legacies for all her domestic servants, as well as a more important legacy in favour of a Breton nephew belonging to the branch of the Penancoët de Quilimadec. She also gave directions with regard to the funeral. The said lady 'desires to be buried at six o'clock in the morning, without any pomp or ceremony, in the family vault of Messieurs de Rieux, in the house of the barefooted Carmelites, to the sole accompaniment of the tears of the town; wishes that all the household staff and domestics should be dressed in mourning at the expense of her successors.' She recommends particularly to the kind care of the Duke of Richmond her two faithful servants, La Tour and Langlois.

The same careful and lucid mind is also found in the will written by her own hand, dated 1728, to which were added several codicils to be opened, according to the Duchess, five or six hours at most

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

after her death. 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Fully convinced of the certainty of death, in the fear of being surprised and brought to judgment without having made known my last intention as to the little property of which I have the disposal, I, Louise Renée de Penancoët de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth and of Aubigny, have made and written of my own free will, and without influence or suggestion of any one, but with the sole view of pleasing God, begging Him to grant me pardon for all my sins, and the grace to die that death of the just which is precious before His eyes.'

She asked not to be buried until forty or fifty hours after her death ; desired, contrary to her previously expressed wishes, to rest in the Church of Aubigny ; and gave detailed instructions as to the masses to be said and the alms to be given.

'I nominate,' she declared in this will, 'and appoint as my sole legatee, M. le duc de Richmond, my grandson by reason of his father, M. le duc de Richmond, having been made legitimate by the late King Louis XIV., he, his children and successors, to have power to succeed to all my property ; and I do this with all the more reason that I may give witness as I do so and call on my conscience that all the effects of which I dispose in his favour come from the liberality of the late Charles II. King of England, who gave them to me in trust to preserve the proprietorship thereof for M. le duc de Richmond and for his children and descendants on the sole charge of paying the exact amount of my debts.'

A long list follows of bequests to certain relations and all her servants. The Duchess had over and over again altered and realtered her arrangements, making it a point of honour that each should be recompensed according to his deserts and services.

We have no details of her funeral. The Duke of Richmond entered into possession of her property without difficulty, and carried out her wishes with respect to the faithful La Tour. The remembrance of his grandmother contributed largely to his fitting reception at the Court of France. Fifteen years afterwards he obtained, thanks to her, from the Court of Louis XV. a privilege then highly appreciated. 'Because of the remembrance which he preserves of the zeal which the late Duchess of Portsmouth, grandmother of the said Sieur duc de Richmond manifested towards the late king upon certain interesting occasions,' His Majesty on October 30, 1749, confers upon him 'a title which he only grants to persons of high birth, or to those by reason of services which they have rendered to the State deserve this distinction,' in granting both to himself and to his eldest son together with their respective wives the permission to bear the title of 'Duke and Duchess' in all public functions in France.

This was doubtless the last favour obtained from any Royal Court by Louise Renée de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH WRITTEN BY HER OWN HAND.

(Translated in Imitation)

Thiss his my will ritten with my own and which are mi last wishis, deziring and horder five or six hour at latest affter I shal av givn up mi sole to Gods.

In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirrit.

Foolly convinst of the sertenty of death in the feer of being surprized and accuzed, without havinge made nown mi laste intensions as to the fue goods which Iave to dispose of, I Louisse Renne de Penancoyt de Quérroualle duchess of Portsmouth and of Aubignis, do make and rite of mi oun fre wil without compulsion or sujection of any one, but in the soul vew of plesing God, beging him to grante me the pardon of all mi sinz and the graise to die the death of the just which is preshious befer is eyes.

I dezire that in whatever places I dye that my body mabee burrid in the parrish church of my toun, duchy of Aubignis, in my chapel of Sainte John, and I recomend and beg in the name of God that they do not putt me under ground untill fotty or fifty hour affter my death ; I dezire and horder that they shall give in the saime church summoney for a mass every day duering one years in my chapel of Sainte John for the repause of my sole independantly of the cost of my burrial, with full serviss and with that of the end of the year ; I dezire and horder that their bee givn intoo the ands of the quuré of this saim town of Aubignis five hunderd franc to the nedy poor of this saim town and parrish ; I dezire and horder that their bee givn thre hunderd franc to the saim Sir Quuré for the rites which the quurés claim upon the death bedds of the nobillity ; I dezire and horder that their bee givn into the ands of monsieur the quuré and the churchworden two thousand franc for elpe in the deckration of the said church of this town of Aubignis, I mien the parrish ; I dezire and hordonne that their bee givn to the regular canons of my town of Aubignis two hunderd franc for hunderd masses for the repause of my soul ; I dezyre and horder that their bee givn equally to revrend Father Augusting saim sum of two hunderd franc for hunderd masses for the repauze of my soul, deziring that in both at saim time they bee sedd throo the year ; I dezire that their be givn to monsieur the quuré of Oyson hunderd franc for a full serviss and fifty masses and hunderd franc more into is ands to distribute to the nedy poor of this parrish of Oyson ; I dezire and horder that their bee sent hunderd franc to the parrish of Quérroualle naimd Guylier into the ands of the rector of this, for the repauze of my

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

soul, beeing the parrish were I reseevd the holy and sakred baptism, and hunderd franc more to distribute among the needy poor.

I naim and make my sole heir monsieur the duke of Ristchemond, my grandson, in consikonce that monsieur the duke of Ristchemon, his father, ad bene legitimised by the laite King Louis Catorce, he, is childern and is successer to be able to sucseed to mi goods and I do it with so much the more reason that I can give witnesse as I do and call on mi conscience that all the effectks which I can dispause of in his favour come from the libberality of the laite Charles Seckond, King of Englande, who gavem to me in truste to keep the property for laite monsieur the Duke of Ristchemond and for is childern and dessendants, in the trust to paye mi dets very exactly.

Drorn up and signed with my own hand and to carry out my arrangements hereinafter

LOUISE RENNE DE PENNANCOYT DE QUEROUALLE,
DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUT AND OF AUBIGNIS.

I give and bequeathe to my sister the marquise de Thoye as mark of the loving affecksiön I hav always had for her the some of twenty-five thousand franc for the purchis of a diamond ring once paid ; I dezire and horder that mi servants bee paid exactly what is due to them for their wages as well as board or tickets signed by mi own hand ; I give and bequeathe to those hereinafter naimd in reconition of their good serviss, to my seketary Mr. La Tour if he survives mee, six thousand francs once paid ; to Mademoiselle Baudoin my houskeeper at Paris, five thousand franc once paid ; to mi too other wimen five thousand franc to each ; to mi houskeeper at Aubignis two thousand franc betwene his wife and him ; to Mr. Fagonde, my stableman, fore thousand franc ; to Allexsandre, my head vallet de chambre thre thousand five hunder franc ; to my other vallet de chambre Dubuisson two thousand franc ; to my gook twelf hunderd franc ; to mi butler twelf hunderd franc ; to Tharsy my Swiss porter at Paris two thousand franc ; to Jean Louis my Swiss porter at Aubignis, fiftene hunderd franc ; to my cocheman, eight hunderd franc ; to each of my lackeys six hundred franc ; to the roasting boy, two hunderd franc ; to the little boy in the kitchin and to the butler's little boy, two hunderd franc each ; to the kitchenmaid, two hunderd franc ; to the postillion and stable-boy, each thre hunderd franc ; to Madame la Piesre, my washerwoman, twelf hunderd franc, if she survives me, if there is any one else I leave them only five hunderd franc ; for the man at Alcorn I beg Monsieur the duke of Ristchemond to bee so kinde as to hav the charity to give him a life pennsion on the grownd reveueus of Aubignis of three or fore hunderd franc for his living.

I dezire and horder that their mabee givn to the orspital nuns

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

of my town of Aubignis twenty thousand franc as I have already verbyly promist in the case of their reestablishment in the same of God where they are for the sarviss of the poor and that this head twenty thousand franc mabee plaist in solid funs for the subsistance of the communitty in case that I have not yet satisfied this engagement in my lifetime; I dezire and horder that their mabee givn intoo the ands of messieurs the quuries of my town of Aubignis and of the church wordens thre thousand franc for the purchis of a bewtiful hornament for the sed parrish church in case Iave not alredy givn it dewring my lifetime; I dezire and horder that their mabee givn to monsieur Brouard, doctor of medson thousand franc for the purchis of a wring for mark of ma affeckSION.

I enjoyne exsactly and sepecially the great exsactitude the payement of mi dets; I dezire that all my servants mabee fed deuring two munths safter my deth as deuring my laife.

I naime for my exsequtors of my will Mr. La Tour, my seketary and Mr. Bravignan, lieutenant-general and bailif of my duchy and lands of Aubignis by the esteem which I have for them beeing persuaded of their equeety and the exsactitude which they will exsequute may laste will to whoom I leeve to each two thousand franc az a mark of my esteem and of my affeckSION for the purchis for each of a diamond ring.

After having read and reread sevrall times and attentivly this my present will and testament ritn by myown and, I approve and persist therein revoquing all uther testament and caudecil in caise enny one is found.

Written in Paris this eight june one thousand sefen hundred twenty six in faithe of wich I sign

LOUISE RENNE DE PENANCOYT DE QUEROUALLE,
DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH AND AUBIGNIS.

Add to my presant will and testament written with my own and that all wich I giv heer in before cannot and must not have regard to those who ar not in my serviss at my death.

LOUISE

Add agane to my present will and testament ritten with my own and that I give independantly of bquests that I make here in before to my wimen and to Mme. Baudoing my houskeper at Paris if she survives me, all my wardrobe thatt is to say, my dreses, linen, scawfs, hedress, glovs, ribban, stockings & slippers & toilet things except the crocry, the surplus shared without favour but equally for their benifit.

LOUISE

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

Add agane to my present will and testament written by my own and that I give to Baudoin my vallet in the upholstered rooms three thousand francs once paid.

THE DUCHESS DE PORTSMOUTH AND AUBIGNIS.

Add to my present will and testament written by my own and that I declare that the fourty two shairs fortenths coming from the compaigny of India belonging to laite monsieur the duke of Ristchemond who leff them to mee in my ands and consequently blonging to monsieur the duke of Ristchemond his son, without their being any possibility of contesting the fact, in faith of wich I sign

LOUISSE

Add to my present will and testamente written with my own and that I bequeathe to Gisrodos who once was my vallet de chambre twelf hundred franc, if he survives mee. Written in Paris, this eight june one thousand sefn hundred twenty six.

LOUISSE

Add too my present my well and testament written by my own and Iave had the sadness of losing my sister, I change the bquest herein before which I maid in her favour and bequeathe and give to monsieur the marquis of Goufier, her son & my nevew, twenty thousand franc once paid ; further, I adde that as Iave chaingd my wimen, I onely intend that there should bee givn thee two fust fife thousand franc to eche and to the laste thre thousand franc. I adde agane that I inkgrease to M. Fagond my stable man and to my stewart Saint Martin to eache thousand franc more than that which is here in befor, wich makes fife thousand franc to each ; further, I adde that I inkgrease to Dubaisson, my secknd vallet de chambre thousand franc wich makes with the two thousand franc here in befor thre thousand franc ; adde that I inkgrease to my fust lackey two hunderd franc more than the others wich makes eight hundred for him ; I adde all the bquests that I make heer by my will and testament rittn by my own and can onely be available for those who are serving in my serviss at my death, I mien the servants. Written in Paris this sixteynthe April one thousand sev hundred twenty nine In faithe of wich I signe

LOUISSE

I adde agane that iffe Melle Desmoullin survives me, althoe shee is no longer with me, that I bqueathe to her fife thousand franc once paid. Written in Paris, acquording my will here in above this sixteeneth febrary one thousand sev hundred therte one. In faithe of wich I sign

LOUISSE

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

Adde to my will and testament written by my own and having taken on anuther houskeper at Aubignis I bequeathe to him two thousand franc ; I inkgrease to my cocheman fore hunderd franc more than the eighth hunderd franc here in befor & to my fust & my sekond lackey fore hunderd franc more in the case of its beeing Breton or Vinsunt. Written as above in Paris this 18 April one thousand seven hunderd twenty nine inn faith of wich I signe

LOUISE

Adde agane to my presant will and testament written by my own and that I revoke the bequest of thousand franc which I had put here in befor for for Mr. the doctor Brouard not serving me any more nor not employing him in henny think. Written in Paris this 18 february thousand sev hunderd therty in faithe of wiche I signe

LOUISE

Adde that in case I change my staybleman that I onely bqueathe him to hooome I may tayke three thousand franc, saime iff I tooke a new stuard, I onely bqueathe him three thousand franc ; I adde to my ckooke, iffy tis Perné eight hunderd franc more and fife hunderd franc more to my vallet de chambre Allecsandre in faithe of wiche I signe

LOUISE RENNE DE PENANCOYT DE QUEROUALLE,
DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH AND OF AUBIGNIS.

LIST OF THE PICTURES AND BOOKS BELONGING TO THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

(Inventory of December 1734.)

A portrait, painted on canvas, in its gilt wood frame, being the portrait of the late Duchess of Portsmouth.

An old portrait of the late Monsieur le Prince, without frame, painted on canvas.

A large painting in its gilt wooden frame being the portrait of the late Duchess of Portsmouth.

Two large paintings on canvas in their gilt frames, representing the one Madame de Foix, the other Madame d'Aulanne (Olonne).

Three paintings and portraits painted on canvas in their oval gilt wooden frames, of which one represents Pygmalion.

A large painting on canvas representing Cephale and Procris, in its carved and gilt wooden frame.

MM. LEMOINE AND LICHTENBERGER

Another painting on canvas, representing different vegetables, in its gilt carved wood frame.

Another painting on canvas, representing an old man, in its gilt carved wood frame.

Another painting, on canvas, representing a Virgin, in its gilt carved wood frame.

Two portraits, painted on canvas, of which one oval and another square.

A painting, painted on wood, representing the Feast of Balthasar, in its gilt carved wood frame.

Two paintings on canvas with their gilt oval wood frames, which are portraits.

Two paintings on canvas, representing the Tower of Babylon (*sic*), in its gilt carved wood frame.

Three portraits, also painted on canvas, without frames.

A painting on canvas, representing Our Lord in the Garden of Olives, without frames.

A painting representing the Holy Virgin and Infant Jesus, painted in pastel, and glazed in clear glass, in its gilt carved wood frame, with masks also gilt.

Another painting, painted on glass, representing a Holy Family, in its gilt carved wood frame.

Two other small paintings, of which one painted on marble and the other in pastel glazed in clear glass, both in their gilt carved wood frame.

Another painting on canvas, representing a cardinal, also in its oval carved and gilt frame.

Two small engravings, representing different personages and subjects in blackened wooden frame.

Six paintings, of which five in square frame and the other oval, of which two representing Charles Second, of which one on his throne and one representing said late Duchess of Portsmouth; and the three others representing late Monsieur the Duke of Richemond, son of said Duchess, of which one as St. John.

A painting, done on canvas, representing a Holy Family in its gilt wooden frame.

Another painting on canvas representing Althée and Méléagre, in its carved gilt wooden frame.

Another painting also on canvas representing the Rape of Europa in its carved gilt wooden frame.

Another small painting representing a Nativity in its carved gilt wooden frame.

Two portraits, oval, also painted on canvas, representing the late Monsieur and Madame the Countess of Kéroualle, father and mother of the said late Duchess of Portsmouth.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

A painting, on canvas, representing a Christ by Monsieur Le Brun, in its carved gilt wooden frame.

Another painting, on canvas, representing a St. Francis in its gilt wooden frame.

Another painting, done in pastel, representing a Holy Virgin, the infant Jesus and a little St. John, in its black ebony frame.

Another painting, done in pastel, representing a Magdalen, in its carved wooden frame.

Three small paintings on canvas, of which one very small representing a Hermit one medium sized representing the Infant Jesus and St. John, the other, larger, a Moorish girl.

Another small painting, in pastel, representing two children.

Six small portraits, pastels, representing different personages in their black wooden frame.

A painting representing eight small portraits of the Kings and Queens of England and other personages in its gilt carved wooden frame.

Another portrait in pastel representing Madame the duchess of Cleveland, in its blackened wooden frame.

Four paintings, portraits, of which two painted on canvas in gilt wood frame and the two others pastels in their blackened wood frames, of which two representing the King of England and the two others Madame the duchess of Portsmouth and Monsieur the duke of Richemond.

Sixteen volumes in folio, bound in calf, comprising the 'History of the Church,' 'The Theatre,' by Corneille; the 'History of Provence.'

Twenty-six volumes of books, bound in calf, in quarto, comprising 'The Praise of Dames,' Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' the works of Procope, 'Orlando Furioso,' 'History of France,' and others.

Thirty-nine volumes bound in calf, duodecimo, treating different subjects.

Thirty-four volumes of books in duodecimo, bound in calf, comprising 'Polixandre,' the great 'Don Quixote,' 'Account of the Amazons,' and others.

Thirty-two other volumes of books in duodecimo and in quarto, comprising 'Livy,' 'Cassandra,' Seneca's works.

Twenty-two other volumes of books, in quarto, bound in calf, comprising 'Pharamond,' 'History of the Chevalier of the Sun,' 'Swedish Revolution,' and others.

Eighteen volumes in duodecimo and another volume in quarto, bound in calf, comprising the 'History of Cyrus the Great,' 'Cytherea,' 'Atreus,' 'Scipio the Great,' and the 'Bucolics' of Virgil.

BROUSSA AND OLYMPUS

BY HAMILTON AÏDÉ



T the foot of Mount Olympus, where Gods loved
and laughed on high,
Men have built, amid their troubles,
Domes that rise, like marble bubbles,
And minarets, like fountains, flashing upward to the
sky.

Where the sycamore and plantain spread their shadow o'er the pools,
Where the gold and silver glisten,
On their knees a circle listen
To the lessons of the Koran, and the learning of the Schools.

Mahmoud reigns, where Jove once thundered—reigns in Allah's
name, he says ;
But is woman's lot then bettered ?
Is she not debased, and fettered,
With intellect more narrowed than it was in Pagan days ?

When Minerva and Diana were besought with choric song,
Women were not blinded cattle :
They knew : they fought the battle
That every human being should fight, 'twixt right and wrong.

Were the Deities men worshipped more criminal than he,
Who ordained that half God's creatures,
When abroad, with darkened features,
Or, through barred and shuttered windows, the other half should
see ?

Did great Jove forbid the Empress, the courtesan, the slave,
To bring their sins of living,
Their sorrow, their thanksgiving,
Openly to his temples, from the cradle to the grave ?

To enter mosques, uncloistered, for a woman here is sin.
The Sultanas in their satins,
Can only hear the Matins,
Sitting in gilded coach without, while the Sultan prays within.¹

Prayer is not for women—slaves of cruelty and lust !
Could Mary's pure ideal
Ever have risen real,
Had the fishermen of Galilee had wives they could not trust ?

¹ This I witnessed myself at Constantinople.

BROUSSA AND OLYMPUS

As the fathers are the sons are, fanatics to their laws ;
And Allah's name is branded
By butchers bloody-handed
From massacres as treacherous as ever stained a Cause.

Old as the hills is infamy : but accursed be their shams,
Those crimes in which they revel,
That come straight from the Devil,
Calling 'of Allah' deeds that every soul of honour damns.

How the Gods in high Olympus must laugh to see that men
With newer Faiths abandon
The rock that true men stand on,
Without which all religions are as vapour in a fen !

But the rock will rise triumphant, when the mists are swept away.
Whatever Faith men nourish.
The Truth alone can flourish.
'By your deeds ye shall know them'—at the last Judgment Day.

MOLTKE

BY JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS



TEN years have passed since the death of Moltke made a profound impression on the military world. The illustrious chief of the Prussian staff had taken a prominent part in forming that mighty instrument of war, the army of modern Germany. He had struck Austria down on the field of Sadowa; he had more than avenged the rout of Jena, and crushed the hosts of Imperial France at Metz and Sedan; he had dictated peace at the point of the sword in view of fallen Paris. The chorus of eulogy on the warrior was general and loud; in Germany he was named 'the great strategist'; even in vanquished France he was likened to Turenne; in England, the nation that of all others bows down to success, he was greeted as infallible and invincible in the field. It is true that even then well-informed judges were not carried away by this extravagance of praise. They sharply criticised Moltke's conduct in 1866; they proved that he had made, no doubt, great mistakes in the conflict of 1870-71, especially in his advance on Paris; they pointed out that he had been completely in the wrong in his estimate of the power of France, and especially of her grand national rising; they refused to fall in with the absurd idea that Moltke was superior even to Napoleon in war. Time has set its seal on these sound opinions. The renown of Moltke is finding its true level. His great and unquestionable merits are fully acknowledged; but the causes of his unparalleled success are well understood, at least in lands where the military art is profoundly studied. In England, however, where unhappily this is not the case, a kind of fetish worship of Moltke still exists; it has deeply affected our literature of war during the last thirty years; its effects may be traced in the war in South Africa. There has grown up among us a school of writers which gravely asserts that military history begins with Sadowa, and that everything before 1866 is a mere old almanack. I have lately read that it would be throwing time away to endeavour to master the campaigns of Hannibal, as though Hannibal were not, perhaps, the greatest of chiefs; it has been said that Jena and Austerlitz are mere obsolete names. Yet our officers in South Africa would have done better had they studied the exploits of Hannibal's Numidian horsemen—nay, of the Parthian bowmen, of Jugurtha, and of Ab-del-Kadr—instead of having pored over the Prussian Staff history. They would have then seen what 'mobility' can accomplish, and would have avoided in more than one struggle with the Boers the false German tactics of Worth and Le Mans, had they laid thoroughly to heart Napoleon's maxim, 'Keep your army together, and do not attack piecemeal.' I shall endeavour, as far as my brief space admits, to form a just estimate of what Moltke

MOLTKE

achieved in war—of his position among the masters of the art, and of the lessons his example has really taught.

The early life and the first part of the career of Moltke ought to be carefully studied ; but I can only give a few words to the subject. He was born in 1800, the year of Marengo ; he was a scion of a noble but impoverished house, which had distinguished itself in the Thirty Years War, and had had good soldiers in the armies of Prussia. The boy was sent in his teens to the military school of Copenhagen. The brutal discipline of the place, he has written, did his nature much harm ; but it did not impair the strength of his character. Moltke was transferred from the Danish to the Prussian service, and had soon made his mark at the Staff College of Berlin, an institution, perhaps, due to Frederick, of which he became one of the most prominent pupils. He devoted laborious years to the study of the theory of war, and had mastered it at an early age ; he took part in its practice also, as this could be carried on in peace, for he was much employed in the field manœuvres of the Prussian army, and he made excellent reports on military subjects of different kinds. By the time he had reached the age of thirty he was recognised as an ornament of the Prussian staff ; but his active and energetic mind had addressed itself to literature, meanwhile, not without fruitful results. He had undertaken to translate the 'Decline and Fall' of Gibbon, and had written sketches of the History of Poland, and of Holland and Belgium, which, though forgotten for years, have recently been republished. These works give proof of industry and research ; but they show a lack of political insight, a defect to be apparent in Moltke on a great occasion, and they are characterised by hatred of France, a deep-rooted Prussian tradition. In 1835-39 Moltke was in the East, having, at the recommendation of the Prussian Embassy, been employed in a project to reform the army of the Porte. He gave excellent advice to the Sultan and his ministers ; but this seems to have had little result. Like Eugene of Savoy and Marlborough, he saw war for the first time as it was conducted by Islam, and he narrowly escaped with his life on the decisive day of Nisib. Moltke's powers of organisation were now understood at the war office of Berlin, if they had not yet achieved much. A work he published about this time on the campaigns of Diebitsch in 1828-29 affords very considerable proof of this faculty. He was soon afterwards made aide-de-camp of Prince Henry of Prussia, a brother of the monarch overthrown at Jena ; his literary tastes were developed in two works, his 'Letters on the East,' and a tract on Spain and on Italy. Soon after the troubles of 1848, which he regarded with the eye of a Prussian junker, and almost induced him to leave the army, he was made chief of the staff of the 4th Prussian Corps, its commander being the Crown Prince William, the conqueror of

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

1870-71. Moltke raised the corps to a high point of perfection; his superior had the intelligence to perceive his lieutenant's qualities. The two men thenceforward were fast friends; and in 1858, when the Crown Prince had ascended the throne, and had set his heart on raising Prussia out of the state of impotence in which she had been left since the days of Olmutz, he made Moltke the Chief of the General Staff, and committed to him, and to the War Minister, Roon, the weighty task of remodelling the whole Prussian army, and of reorganising the military power of the State.

Before considering the work of Moltke and Roon, I must glance at the state of the art of war, and of the armed strength of the European Powers, during the long peace that followed the fall of Napoleon. As had been the case after the Peace of Habertsburg, conservatism prevailed in every war office from 1815 for more than forty years, and the armies of the Continent and our own were mere skeletons of what they had been in the great war. The ideas of Wellington, of Soult, of the Archduke Charles, formed at the beginning of the century, remained dominant; military organisation was maintained on the principles of 1800-15, if military power had enormously declined. Scarcely an original thinker on war appeared; the military mind rested on a great past of glory; it was chiefly intent on dwelling on the events of the mighty Napoleonic conflict. Even the material inventions of the age were but little adopted. The flint and steel lock was, indeed, discarded; the needle gun appeared in the Prussian service, the Minié rifle, to some extent, in the French; and rifled cannon were employed, but on a small scale only. But all this was tentative and experimental, and the few wars of the period, down to the Crimean war, were conducted generally on the old methods, but with little display of genius in command. Nevertheless, during this period, as had happened from 1762 to 1792, forces and influences were gradually making their way which were profoundly to affect the military art, and to make great changes in armies in the field, when their significance had been perfectly understood. The population of every State had increased, notably in Germany from the Elbe to the Vistula; the rude material of war had been largely augmented. At the same time, education had become widely diffused, and had reached classes it had not reached before; this could not fail to have an effect on the individual soldier, and in the armies of which he would be a unit. Simultaneously the means of communication were almost transformed; the development of the railway system, rapidly being extended in all civilised lands, would facilitate and expedite operations in the field to an extent which had never before been conceived. Many other discoveries of the age, though not as yet much employed in war, would obviously have a potent influence: the telegraph, the steam engine, the immense improvements in small arms and cannon which

MOLTKE

were being made, would certainly have important consequences as regards the military art. While the war offices of Europe were still held in the bondage of routine, the great contest in America between the North and South was being waged, at the very time when the reform of the Prussian army was in progress ; it brought clearly out these new forces, and Moltke studied the American civil war in all its details. The years from 1858 onwards were, therefore, propitious to the reform of the military power of a great European State, were this energetically taken up by really capable men.

It is impossible to determine exactly the separate shares of Moltke and Roon in the great work which had been committed to both. But German opinion has pronounced that, as in the case of the reorganisation of the army of Louis XIV., Moltke, like Turenne, was the master mind ; Roon, like Louvois, the able and effective agent. When the two men addressed themselves to the task, the Prussian army had greatly declined from what it had been in 1813-15, and, in fact, was held in very little esteem in Europe. It presented imposing figures on paper. The standing army was about 200,000 strong, the Landwehr not less than 300,000 ; but the service in the standing army was too short. This was ill organised and inadequately supplied with the requirements needed to take the field ; the Landwehr had degenerated into a weak militia. Within eight years these imperfect and badly compacted forces had been made the best and the most formidable of European armies, far superior to those of any possible rivals. I can dwell but lightly on the means employed, with such astonishing success, to effect this change, which, curiously enough, was not much noticed by the old-fashioned military leaders of other States. It was one of Moltke's peculiar merits—and this has not been claimed for Roon—that the Chief of the Prussian Staff, like Napoleon, adapted admirably to the uses of war the new conditions which had been in progress for years, though, unlike Napoleon, he did this in the closet, not in the field. As the population of Prussia had greatly increased, the annual contingent liable to serve was raised from 40,000 to 63,000 men ; this increase had ere long greatly augmented the numerical strength of the standing army ; and a considerable extension in the time of service had still further added to its essential power. An equivalent change was made in the Landwehr, and this was gradually transformed into a great reserve, at least not inferior to the standing army, and no longer a militia of little value. Moltke turned to excellent account the social progress which the humbler classes in Prussia had made ; the mental training of the army was encouraged and improved ; intelligent and industrious men were marked out for promotion ; in the field manœuvres, which were made much more frequent, rising officers and soldiers often found the opportunities they deserved. At the

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

same time extraordinary pains were taken to develop the railway system of Prussia, to make it ready to answer the demands of war, and thus to assist and accelerate operations in the field; and assiduous and incessant care was devoted to supplying the different *corps d'armée* with all that was necessary to rapid and decisive action, with the impedimenta suitable to make speedy movements, with an armament equal to the needs of modern war. The needle-gun was placed in the hands of the whole army; rifled cannon were fabricated in large quantities; much attention was given to the breeds of horses for cavalry, and to transport and commissariat arrangements. A mighty instrument of war, in a word, was fashioned in a few years; and Moltke made great use, in developing its powers, of the telegraph and other new appliances.

In this way, within a comparatively short space of time, a nominal army of 500,000 men was converted into a real army of 700,000 strong, admirably efficient, and kept ready to take the field. The local system of organisation was retained, running up perhaps to the distant past, when, Tacitus tells us, the Germans fought in tribes. That is, with the exception of the *corps d'élite* of the Guards, the *corps d'armée* were raised and recruited in separate provinces of the Prussian Monarchy, and were arrayed and sent to battle each within these limits. This system is by no means free from defects; but certainly, when directed by able chiefs, it ensures quickness in assembly and celerity of movement in war; this was ere long to be illustrated by most striking proofs. But the formation of the Prussian army in its lower strata (so to speak) was not the only or the principal work of Moltke; here he had the assistance of a very able colleague. He accomplished great things in its higher strata, and in this province he was supreme and alone. From the day of Scharnhorst, and probably long before, the Staff held a prominent position in the Prussian service. For example, Gneisenau was Blücher's mentor and master; and Moltke, as Chief of the Staff, had predecessors of renown. But Moltke raised the Prussian Staff to a degree of excellence which has not been attained in any other army; he boasted in the latest years of his long career, when the military system of which the results were seen at Sadowa, at Sedan, at Metz, was being imitated by every Power in Europe, that there was nothing to be compared with the General Staff of Prussia. The achievements of Moltke, in this respect, were remarkable, and gave proof of no ordinary gifts. He seems to have had the selection of Staff officers almost wholly in his hands; these were not appointed by favour, as so often happens, or from a special corps, as in the French service; they were composed of regimental officers of the highest promise, and they were subjected, before they were placed on the Staff, to the severest physical and intellectual tests. By these means an admirable Staff was formed by degrees; it was rightly called the 'brain of the

MOLTKE

Prussian Army'; it scarcely ever failed under its chief's direction. Those who know what misfortunes may be traced to a bad staff in war will appreciate the immense importance of this single reform. But this was only a part of Moltke's work; he improved the Staff College into a kind of university for war, in which everything relating to the art was studied, and, as it were, stored up for use in the future. The spy system became the Intelligence Department, adopted, long ago, in every war office in Europe. Great attention was paid to geographical knowledge; excellent maps of possible theatres of war were prepared; plans of campaigns founded in these were drawn up and criticised. Peculiar care was given, too, to the history of war—the only method, Napoleon and Moltke have said, by which the principles of the art can be learned; and compilations were made of the events of several modern campaigns.

The work done by Moltke in other respects for the Prussian army must be glanced at. Like all capable men who have studied strategy, he had laid to heart one of Napoleon's maxims: If possible, '*faites la guerre offensive.*' His combinations for war were based on the principle that Prussia should be ever ready to take the offensive; we need not say how he made this manifest in 1866 and 1870. In another particular of extreme importance, Moltke showed that he possessed no ordinary forethought and judgment. He had Napoleon's campaigns at his fingers' ends; he had a profound admiration for the great master. But he had seen that, in Napoleon's later campaigns, the Emperor's great principle of concentration of force under a single direction might be carried too far; armies might be too large for even the greatest general to control. This evil, of which the effects appeared in 1812 and 1813, might obviously become very much worse, should the huge forces, which might be assembled under the new conditions, in recent times, be aggregated under one commander and moved and controlled by him alone. Moltke, therefore, took care that the armed strength of Prussia should be divided into separate armies, each of ample but not excessive size, and capable of being managed by one superior chief. He thus opposed the principle of decentralisation in the conduct of war to that of concentration, which had been abused; his views were fully justified in remarkable results. It followed, however, from an arrangement of this kind that every general at the head of a Prussian army should be thoroughly efficient and equal to his work, and should have subordinate officers of good quality—that he should not be, in a word, the mere agent of a supreme commander. Moltke applied himself sedulously to accomplish this object. In this his success was very great. Germany did not produce, in 1866 and 1870, a chief of transcendent powers like those of Napoleon; but in Moltke she had a very able strategist, if not the paragon he has been falsely called, and the generals in command of her armies, not to speak of the

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

lieutenants they led, were, with scarcely an exception, most capable men—on the whole, better than the great majority of Napoleon's marshals, who, subdued, as it were, by their master's genius, were not seldom wanting in initiative and independence in command. It is unnecessary to point out that Moltke's system was specially calculated to bring out these qualities, of the very greatest value in war; and, on the whole, it admirably carried out his theory that, if a state cannot often reckon on having great captains of the first order—prodigies who appear only at wide intervals of time—it can reasonably expect to possess good and efficient generals, if care is taken to select these and to make them fit for their trusts. It should be added that, owing to the strong influence which Moltke exercised over his friend the King, he probably had at this time a considerable voice in making the highest appointments in the Prussian army.

The mighty instrument fashioned and prepared by Moltke and Roon was tested in the Danish war of 1864; the results hardly attracted attention. Its force was made manifest two years afterwards, when, to the amazement of all professional soldiers and of the great majority of European statesmen, it completely defeated, in a few days, the renowned and veteran army of Austria. I cannot retrace the great campaign of 1866, and have space only for very few remarks. Superficial observers ascribed the success of Prussia exclusively to her monopoly of a breech-loading rifle; this, no doubt, was not without effect, but the result was due to much deeper causes. The Austrian army, if a very fine force, was composed of many races and tongues, and had bad and discordant elements; this alone was a distinct source of weakness. Its tactics, too, were antiquated and not good; it was arrayed and assembled on a vicious system; it was deficient in readiness and celerity, and it moved slowly. It is due, besides, to an ill-fated but stout soldier to point out that Benedek's lieutenants did not serve him well; this contributed to more than one of the reverses that followed. All these circumstances told when his army was opposed to an army better organised in every respect, formed of the vital strength of one martial nation, on the whole much more ably directed, and led by men who, as a rule, acted well in concert. But in this, as in most instances, faulty generalship was the paramount cause of the disasters that befell the arms of Austria, though, whatever the worshippers of success may assert, the generalship of the Prussians was open to serious objections. Benedek had distinguished himself in Italy in 1859; but the commander of a corps is not a general-in-chief, and when he was placed at the head of not far from 300,000 men his conduct was a succession of failures. His strategy was, at first, well designed in principle; he meant, like Loudon and Lacy in 1778, to hold the table-land between the Iser and the Elbe, and to fall on his enemies in this central position, should they make an effort to converge

MOLTKE

against him, as Napoleon fell on Wormser in 1796. His movements were too slow to gain this point of vantage; but he had, not the less, a great opportunity. The armies of the Elbe, of Prince Frederick Charles, and of the Crown Prince of Prussia were marching against him by the close of June; but they were widely separated, with difficult country between, and had Benedek detached a strong restraining force to hold the two first armies effectually in check he might have assailed the Crown Prince with immensely superior numbers. But he did exactly what he ought not to have done; he did not know how to make use of his strength; he opposed the armies of the Elbe and Prince Frederick Charles with forces far too weak for the purpose, and when he attacked the Crown Prince he attacked feebly, and with divisions sent forward piecemeal. The result was that his army was defeated in detail. A series of disasters followed, and Austria was struck down on the great day of Sadowa. Benedek, in General Hamley's words, was 'cautious, from not knowing when he might venture to be bold, and rash from ignorance of what might be attempted against him; he spoiled his offensive movements by hesitation, defended himself by makeshifts, and only half understood his own blunders when they had ruined his army.'¹

Moltke made his first great essay in the conduct of war in the field, in the memorable campaign of 1866. He rightly deemed Austria his country's only dangerous enemy, and properly directed against her the mass of the forces of Prussia, sending a fraction only against the Confederate States. He was hampered, however,—and this deserves special notice in order to judge his strategy fairly—for several weeks by the scruples of the King, who would not consent to take the offensive; had he had a free hand, there is reason to believe, his operations would have been different from what they were. When war was actually declared, in the middle of June, he was practically given the supreme command; but his position was one of no small embarrassment. The Prussian armies were disseminated on a far-extended front, from the Middle Elbe to the Upper Neisse, a distance of fully two hundred miles, and their concentration upon a single line of attack had become difficult in the extreme. Moltke resolved to invade Bohemia upon a double line, following the example of Frederick in 1756 and 1757. The armies of the Elbe and of Prince Frederick Charles were to move from Saxony to the Iser; that of the Crown Prince was to advance through the Eastern Bohemian hills; the assembled forces were to join hands at Gitschin, a point far within the Bohemian frontier. Napoleon has emphatically condemned operations of this kind, for they involved the concentration of distinct armies, divided from each other by a wide distance, within the possible reach of an enemy in collected strength; he has

¹ 'Operations of War,' p. 469, ed. 1889.

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

illustrated his teaching by splendid examples, notably in his immortal campaign of Italy ; and it should be specially observed that, at this very time, as the Prussian staff history plainly confesses, the whereabouts of the Austrian army was not ascertained ; and it was actually around the Elbe, not far from Gitschin, its great masses within its commander's hands, while the Prussian armies were still far apart. In this position of affairs the soundness of the great master's views might have been strikingly proved, as they had often been proved before, had Benedek known how to seize the occasion. Prince Frederick Charles had turned away from Gitschin, and with the army of the Elbe was far from that place ; the Crown Prince was in the defiles of the hills, and was separated from his colleagues by many marches. Had Benedek, as we have seen, held the armies on his left in check, he might have turned against the Crown Prince in irresistible force, as the Prussian staff history rightly points out ; and in that case he must have gained important success. Benedek, however, we have said, mismanaged everything ; failed in his operations at every point ; in a word, was an irresolute chief, without resource and insight. But the position of his enemy was very critical ; as Lord Wolseley has significantly remarked, ' Had the great Napoleon commanded the Austrian armies, the Prussian forces would have been hurled back into the mountains, defeated in detail.'¹

The strategy of Moltke led to Sadowa ; this is sufficient, of course, for the idolaters of success. Still, it was all but unreservedly condemned at the time ; and few competent judges approve it, even to this day. Since the great triumph of 1870, many apologies have been offered for it ; but these, when examined, are of little value. The electric telegraph, it has been argued, gets rid of the importance of Napoleon's maxim ; it enables the commander-in-chief of two widely divided armies, converging towards each other at far distances, so to regulate their movements that they can act in concert, and to baffle an enemy, even in a central position. It is enough to reply that the electric telegraph gave no such security in 1866 ; Benedek had it in his power to hold Prince Frederick Charles and the army of the Elbe fast, and to strike the Crown Prince with, perhaps, decisive effect. But, in truth, this argument is of no value ; Benedek as well as Moltke possessed the electric telegraph ; the new power was equally at the service of both ; very probably it should have been of greater advantage to the Austrian than to the Prussian chief. It has been argued, again, that Moltke knew that Benedek was a bad general, and could afford to take liberties with him. Something probably may be said for this view ; but Napoleon and Moltke have both insisted—and this obviously is plain common sense—that the plan of a campaign ought not to be founded on a

¹ *United Service Magazine*, 'Moltke,' September 1891.

MOLTKE

violation of the principles of war, and that a general ought, as a rule, to assume that his adversary will do what is best for his own interests and will not make disastrous mistakes. The true apology for Moltke's conduct, if not complete, is, I believe, to be found in considerations of a very different kind. When the supreme command was placed at last in his hands, the Prussian armies were spread, we have seen, along an immense front; and it would have been a work of great difficulty and delay to draw them together and to invade Bohemia upon a single line. The alternative was to invade on a double line; Moltke adopted this course, and this gave his operations celerity and ease; and, though the better opinion probably still is that he ought to have advanced on a single line, taking the safer, if the less rapid, course, good critics have differed on this subject. In any case, the position of affairs must be borne in mind, if historical justice is to be done to Moltke; not that Napoleon's rule is not verified by the experiences of the campaign of 1866.¹

The great feature of Moltke's strategy, in 1866, was his advance into Bohemia in a double line. His conduct, however, deserves notice in other respects; he rectified a half-measure of Prince Frederick Charles, and directed the Crown Prince to the field of Sadowa; and after that great victory he cut Benedek off from Vienna by a well-conceived movement. But he gave proof of one of his marked strategic defects, slowness in following up a defeated enemy; he had lost sight of Benedek before Sadowa; his movements after the battle were tardy and halting. On the whole, he exhibited in the campaign of 1866—apart from the organisation of the Prussian armies—resolution, daring, and great firmness of purpose; but no one at the time placed him among the real masters of war. The extraordinary success of Prussia in 1866 led inevitably to the rupture with France, which was delayed only less than four years. During this interval Moltke and Roon turned to the best advantage the vast elements of military power which had been lately acquired by Prussia, and worked hard to make her army and that of her new allies as perfect as energy and skill could make them. The Prussian army was increased from nine to thirteen *corps d'armée*; the contingents of the South German States

¹ For full information on the strategy of Moltke in 1866, the reader may be referred to the 'Prussian Staff History,' pp. 59, 159. See also Lecomte, 'La Guerre de la Prusse et de l'Italie contre l'Autriche et la Confédération Germanique,' i. pp. 365-9; 'Les Luites de l'Autriche' (the Austrian Staff History) i. pp. 15, 26, 49; General Derrécagaix, 'La Guerre Moderne,' i. 292; Major Adams, 'Great Campaigns,' p. 419; and Charles Malo, a very able critic, on Moltke. I may be allowed to refer to my own work on Moltke, 2nd ed., pp. 81-90, and the note, pp. 422, 423, where the whole subject is examined at length. The weight of authority remains decidedly against Moltke. Napoleon's maxim will be found in *Comment 6*, 336, 'Il est de principe que les réunions des divers corps d'armée ne doivent jamais se faire près de l'ennemi.'

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

became fully 150,000 strong ; the standing army of the Confederation numbered 650,000 men, supported by a reserve of 250,000, a larger force than Napoleon had ever in his hands. But this was not all, or nearly all. Extraordinary exertions were made to give complete efficiency to this colossal array of power. Trained officers were employed to improve the South German armies ; close attention was bestowed on the means of communication and transport ; nothing was left undone to make the mighty instrument answer every purpose. The spectacle on the opposite bank of the Rhine, unhappily for France, was altogether different. Napoleon III. and Niel endeavoured in vain to create a national force able to cope with a united Germany. They were baffled by faction, routine, and tradition ; the French army remained what it had been for years, a comparatively weak, even a declining, army. It had only about 350,000 men in its first line ; its reserves were about 500,000 on paper, but these were a bad militia, soldiers only in name. Its organisation, too, was wholly out of joint, and the centralised system through which it was assembled was inferior to the local Prussian system, at least in ensuring celerity in taking the field. It certainly had a better small arm than the Prussians and Germans ; but its artillery and cavalry were not good, and it was filled with vicious elements, owing to the evil system of commuting military service by a money payment, which crowded the ranks with worthless men. Worse than all, its chiefs, versed in Algerian warfare, had little knowledge of the real art of war ; they were, as a rule, over-confident, ill-informed, conceited ; they lived on the memories of the great Napoleonic age. Such men were unfit to oppose Moltke and his able lieutenants ; in short, the French army, compared with the German, was like the French fleet of 1803-5 compared with that of Nelson.

The great war between France and Germany broke out in July 1870. Within a few days the north and south German hosts were hastening from the Elbe, the Oder, and the Main into the Palatinate and the Rhenish Provinces, in a determined crusade against the ancient enemy. Germany had never been so united before, not even in the War of Liberation in 1813 ; a mighty impulse of national feeling powerfully seconded the advance of the armies. But not the less this huge aggregation of quickly advancing forces was a marvel of organisation and administrative skill ; and the honour of this grand achievement is chiefly due to Moltke. Every *corps d'armée* was assembled and arrayed with extraordinary celerity within its own district ; all marched to the points they were to reach with almost perfect precision. They had ready all the appliances needed to take the field ; men, horses, guns, impedimenta, were equally prepared ; the railways, admirably designed for war, accelerated on many lines the progress of the huge converging masses. Nothing comparable with this operation had ever been seen before ;

MOLTKE

for modern invention had provided means for the march of armies unknown in the Napoleonic age ; and elaborate calculation, and the most careful attention to details, had assured the success of the gigantic movement. The first line of the German army was about 320,000 strong ; and in the rear were powerful reserves, not less than 150,000 men, prepared, in a short time, to take part in the contest. On this occasion, happily for the arms of Germany, Moltke was given a completely free hand ; his dispositions proved that he possessed the genius of organisation in a very high degree. The gathering together of the armed forces of France presented a strange and ominous contrast. There was no want of energy and good will ; but due preparation for war had not been made ; all became precipitate hurry and confused disorder. The different *corps d'armée* were slowly assembled ; when they were assembled they were comparatively weak, and deficient in many requirements for immediate action. Time was lost in a variety of ways ; and as the French railways had not been laid down, exclusively at least, with an eye to war, the march of the troops to the frontier was much retarded. There was a want of transport, of munitions, of stores of all kinds, for many days after hostilities began ; in short, the military system of France broke down. When the ill-fated Emperor arrived at Metz, at the close of July, his army was in almost every respect inadequate to take the field.

It is a mistake to suppose that Napoleon III. had not matured a plan for the campaign ; it was like that of his uncle in 1815. He knew that he would be very inferior to his enemy in force ; but he hoped to be able to divide the armies of North and South Germany, as Napoleon had hoped to divide the armies of Blücher and Wellington, and thus to defeat them, in succession and in detail. But the Emperor was not a great captain ; his army, besides, was not ready ; and Moltke completely frustrated the projected movement, by drawing together at once all the German armies, and sending them rapidly across the Rhine. Napoleon III., however, was given a chance, which might have led to results not without importance. He had a large part of his forces assembled in Lorraine. The first German army, arrayed in the Rhenish Provinces, according to the local territorial principle, was isolated and exposed for a few days ; it might have been assailed with largely superior numbers. But the one favourable opportunity was lost ; the only attempt of the kind was the miserable affair of Saarbrück ; and the French army remained in its positions, waiting timidly on its foes. Henceforward a succession of disasters followed, to which history can hardly afford a parallel. The tempest burst on August 4 ; the huge German armies poured into Alsace ; the right wing of the French, after a desperate struggle, was almost destroyed, under Macmahon, at Wörth ; part of the centre, led by

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

Frossard, was defeated, in Lorraine, at Spicheren. The whole French army now recoiled in confusion and rout ; no attempt to rally it, or to make a stand, was made ; the ill-fated Emperor, on August 13, handed over the chief command to Bazaine—the evil genius of France in 1870—with general directions to retreat from the Moselle to the Meuse. Meanwhile Moltke had been gathering his great hosts together ; he had lost contact with his defeated enemy ; but he advanced leisurely into the heart of Lorraine, his purpose being to march on the capital, having first beaten the French armies, and driven them away northwards. Bazaine, however, had lingered around Metz ; he fought an indecisive battle at Borny ; on the 16th, as he was slowly retreating to the Meuse, he was attacked by very inferior forces, and, had he been a real chief, ought to have gained a victory. But the battle of Mars-la-Tour was almost drawn ; and Moltke, closing on his adversary's line of retreat, but exposing his own and his communications at the same time, fell in great force on the Marshal, who had taken a strong defensive position before Metz. The Germans won a hard-fought battle on the 18th at Gravelotte ; Bazaine shut himself up in Metz, having all through feebly clung to the fortress ; he was successfully invested by the German army, and in less than two months he was a prisoner with all his forces—the most disgraceful surrender in the annals of war. Meanwhile Macmahon, who had not been pursued after Worth, had reorganised a considerable army at Chalons ; he yielded, against his expressed convictions, to the entreaty of the men in office in Paris, to advance towards Metz to the relief of Bazaine. But his army was not good ; his movements were slow ; his march was along the northern portion of France, his enemy being on his flank in overwhelming strength ; in a few days he was caught, as it were, in a trap at Sedan, and his routed army had laid down its arms in the open field. Within less than a month the armed strength of Imperial France had been swallowed up, so to speak, by an earthquake of war.

The real causes of these appalling disasters have been evident long ago to impartial minds. Except at Spicheren and at Mars-la-Tour, the Germans were in overwhelming force—at Worth about 120,000 to 45,000 men ; at Gravelotte about 220,000 to 125,000 ; at Sedan about 180,000 to 115,000. The German armies, besides, were better organised, better directed, and better led in every respect, than those of their ill-prepared foes ; the power of their superior artillery told with decisive effect—it made Sedan what has been rightly called a massacre. But it is wholly untrue that the essential courage of the race was not manifest in the soldiery of France. The stand they made at Worth was heroic ; but for the misconduct of Bazaine they would have won Gravelotte, enormous as were the odds against them ; they fought at Sedan until they were literally crushed.

MOLTKE

The paramount cause of these tremendous reverses was that the generalship of the French commanders was, as a rule, bad, if the strategy and tactics of the Germans were very far from perfect ; strict military considerations were, over and over again, set at naught, for the sake of supposed political ends. Macmahon ought not to have fought at Worth ; when defeated he should have fallen back on his supports. Frossard was discredibly surprised at Spicheren ; Bazaine disgracefully left his companion-in-arms in the lurch. Again, Bazaine ought easily to have won at Mars-la-Tour ; even at Gravelotte he would have held the position had he known how to make use of the Guard ; he lost an immense opportunity on August 17, when he might have fallen on the communications of Moltke and changed the course of affairs ; he should never have allowed himself to be imprisoned within Metz. But these errors, palpable and grave as they were, were trifling compared with the tremendous results of violating the principles of war for supposed reasons of State. Napoleon III. should have fallen back to the Moselle, when the enormous superiority of the German forces and the weakness of his own had been ascertained ; he might have defended this line, and that of the Meuse, and baffled his enemy for a considerable time ; and he could have brought his army in safety back to the capital. But he dreaded the wrath and folly of Paris ; he lingered on the frontier until his army was crippled and the prospects for the campaign had become darkly clouded. Even worse than this was the fatal advance to Sedan ; this was a desperate and insensate venture, made 'to avert revolution in Paris' ; it ended, as was all but inevitable, in a frightful catastrophe. We can now see what the consequences were. Subsequent events prove that had Macmahon, as his first intention was, led the army of Chalons back to the capital, resting on that gigantic fortress he would have successfully kept the German hosts at bay, and gained time for France to make a great national rising ; assuredly a new turn would have been given to the war. Had the Marshal not yielded to the councillors of the Regency, France would never have signed the humiliating Peace of Frankfort.

Moltke practically had the supreme direction of the great war of 1870-71. Looking at the contest in its first phase—that is, up to the surrender of Sedan,—I have already referred to the magnificent movement made by the hosts of United Germany, a marvel of organisation, of which he was the chief author. His plan for the campaign, if not original,—he followed Gneisenau, as he had followed Frederick—was probably the best that could have been formed. He invaded France in irresistible force, at the most vulnerable point—her north-eastern frontier—and marched thence through Alsace and Lorraine. Some of his subsequent operations were very fine ; he showed great forethought in arraying the army of the Meuse, and anticipating Macmahon's march northwards ; the movements by

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

which he closed on the army of Chalons, and forced it into the jaws of ruin at Sedan, if not to be compared in grandeur and force of calculation with those through which Mack was ensnared at Ulm, are alike specimens of masterly strategy, and of the admirable power in the manœuvring of the German armies. Just exception may nevertheless be taken to passages in his conduct in this part of the war; this indeed he has frankly pointed out himself; he disliked the gross incense of the idolaters of success. After Worth and Spicheren, a characteristic mistake, he lost sight of the defeated enemy; there can be little doubt that he could have destroyed three-fourths at least of the army of the Rhine, had he hung on it, in pursuit; with well-combined energy, it ought to have been annihilated about August 12. He exposed his communications dangerously about Mars-la-Tour; had Bazaine severed them, as was quite possible, he could have at least stopped the invasion for a time; the General of Arcola would probably have struck this great stroke with success. Moltke, too, lost contact again with the French on August 18; this actually was a principal reason that the attacks at Gravelotte were ill-directed for hours. On the whole in this phase of the contest he gave proof of great ability, decision, and strength of character; but he was deficient in dexterity, promptness, and power to seize the occasion; this was natural in a chief in his seventieth year. As to the tactics of the Germans from Worth to Sedan, Moltke certainly is not responsible for these; he was never in command in the actual shock of battle. These tactics, however, were often very faulty, and they have most unwisely been singled out for praise. Macmahon could not have made the stand he did at Worth had he not been attacked by an army brought up piecemeal and in dribblets. The frontal attacks of the second German army, and of the Prussian Guards at Gravelotte, were rash and disastrous; the second army was, in fact, beaten; the Guards suffered to little purpose enormous loss; and the centre of the French was attacked in the belief that it was the right. In fact, had the Imperial Guard been sent to the aid of Canrobert, the Germans would not have won the battle, immense as was their superiority in force.

France had no organised forces worthy of the name after the army of Chalons was made captive at Sedan. Moltke's most sanguine hopes had been more than realised; in pursuance of his original design, he gave orders for an immediate advance on Paris. We can hardly feel surprise that he formed this resolve. He hated and despised France, and she appeared fallen; he might have assumed that she would succumb like the Prussia of Jena. His decision, nevertheless, was a great mistake; King William, it is now known, protested against it; and it was an error from the point of view even of wise strategy. The army which was to march to the capital was at the time only 150,000 strong; it had to confront and besiege a

MOLTKE

colossal fortress ; Bazaine's army at Metz was a menace to its rear ; its communications were well-nigh strangled. All impartial critics, even German critics, who have studied the war have condemned this movement ; but Moltke, convinced that Paris, like Jericho, would fall at the first blast of a hostile trumpet, persisted in an operation he had soon cause to regret. The German armies, no doubt, invested Paris and before long were largely reinforced ; Moltke drew an external zone, composed of tens of thousands of troops, which he maintained in the provinces, to protect the besiegers from the incessant attacks of the enemies' levies. The capital yielded at last to famine ; France bowed her proud head to the yoke of the conqueror ; and the idolaters of success have looked no further. But history records that the French people made an effort, as mighty at least as that of 1793-94, to drive the invaders from the natal soil ; the resistance of Paris was heroic ; for many months the armies of Germany, to the amazement of every soldier and statesman in Europe, were exposed to extreme peril. The issue of the struggle was, in fact, largely due to accidents on which Moltke had no right to reckon. But for the treason of Bazaine, and the surrender of Metz many weeks before this should have been possible, Moltke certainly would have raised the siege of Paris ; in that case the result of the contest would have been different. But for the false direction given to the French provincial armies, especially at Orleans, and in the fatal march to the East, the invaders would probably have met reverses : they might have been compelled to draw off from the capital. Assuredly they could not have overrun the country. Nay : even after the fall of Paris, Chanzy—the Du Guesclin of France in 1870—maintained that she could maintain a guerrilla warfare, of which he deemed the ultimate success certain, and Moltke seriously feared a defence of this kind. The Chief of the Prussian Staff, in a word, had underrated France ; and, as is now admitted by German critics, the German armies were in a critical situation for a long time. Moltke's letters, indeed, when his illusions had passed away, prove that he felt his position to be insecure, and this was fully recognised by the well-informed Press of the day. It is unnecessary to notice the scribblers who wrote about 'stamping' out the few French levies, or basely pronounced the national rising of France 'unfair war,' as if Marathon and Morat were not immortal names.

Apart from the initial mistake of marching on Paris, the great qualities of Moltke were less conspicuous in the second, than in the first, phase of the war. The prescience and skill with which he had prepared the military forces of Germany was, indeed, made manifest ; the immense reserves he had formed flocked to her standards ; and he had 800,000 men in the field at the beginning of 1871. National passion, however, played a great part in this movement ; the contest became, in its later stages, a terrible strife of races. Moltke, too,

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS

showed real capacity and strength of character when he found out that he had undervalued the resources of France, and that the nation was rising in arms against the invader. He maintained the investment of Paris with resolute constancy, and, as the event proved, with final success; he made excellent use of the central position and the interior lines he possessed on the theatre of war; his external zone of defence remained unbroken, spite of the hostile masses gathering on all sides against it. His strategy, nevertheless, was hardly brilliant; he made unquestionable mistakes; his operations showed the difference between well-planned movements matured in the closet and movements requiring decision and insight on the spur of the moment. His chief defect in war became very apparent; he lost sight of his enemy over and over again; strategically he was more than once outmanœuvred, even surprised. He persisted in ignoring the Army of the Loire, until it had defeated Tann, and was approaching Paris; he probably would have been discomfited before Orleans, but for Gambetta's unwise meddling. On this occasion the German army was greatly outnumbered; he was unaware for many days of Bourbaki's march to the East, though he had the telegraph and other appliances of the kind. In this part of the war he was often disconcerted; he showed that he did not possess the marvellous insight, the rapidity of conception and of execution, the readiness, the activity of Napoleon in the field. In this, as in the preceding part of the war, Moltke was not responsible for the German tactics; but these were repeatedly open to grave censure. The Grand Duke and Prince Frederick Charles wasted their strength against Chanzy in frontal attacks; at Le Mans there was a repetition of the vicious practice of attacking an enemy in position by fits and starts and piecemeal.¹

Moltke's hatred of France was displayed in the arrangements of Frankfort; against the wish of Bismarck, and, it is believed, of the King, he insisted on the cession of Metz and of German Lorraine. His object was to obtain for Germany a secure frontier; but the Austrian eagle has disappeared from the Mincio; the quadrilateral is held by the armed force of Italy; the mere trophies of conquest are seldom lasting. The treaty enforced on France by the sword has been a source, ever since, of troubles for the world; it proves Moltke's want of political insight. A second Poland has been formed on the Rhine; the Continent has been made a huge armed camp; the Triple Alliance has driven France into the arms of Russia; Europe may yet witness a tremendous conflict, in which,

¹ The authorities on the great war of 1870-71 are innumerable, and the reader can be only referred to them. The Prussian Staff History is ill informed and uncandid in its narrative of the second part of the contest. On the French side, see the excellent synopsis of General Durrécagaix. But the publications on the war are, I repeat, to be counted by hundreds. For the mistake made by Moltke in marching on Paris, consult the work of the Germans, Lung and Hœnig.

MOLTKE

in Napoleon's expressive language, it may become half-Republican and half-Cossack. We see here the inferiority of Moltke to Wellington; that great soldier was also a statesman, and prevented the dangers which the dismemberment of France must involve, dangers to which Germany is now permanently exposed. The estimate I have formed of Moltke may be gathered from what I have already written. Profoundly versed in the theory of the military art, laborious, patient, having the capacity to understand the new conditions of war in his age, he organised victory with extraordinary skill and success; this is his title to renown in history. Not that he could, so to speak, astonish by sudden creations of armed force like those of 1803, of 1813, of 1815. As a director of armies he holds a much lower place. He was, no doubt, a strategist of considerable powers; he showed real ability, at times, in the conduct of war; but his strategy was never original and seldom brilliant, and was marked by not a few notable errors. As might have been expected from the conditions of his life, he could carry out, often with remarkable success, even allowing for the great superiority of the German armies, plans carefully matured. But in the stress and strain of actual war he was not seldom at fault, as was manifest in the second phase of the contest of 1870-71. He was deficient in readiness, in nimbleness, in dexterity in the field; he was utterly incapable of such exploits as Castiglione, Arcola, and Montmirail. Over and over again he lost touch with his enemy, and even subjected the forces he directed to grave peril. His greatest excellence in the field was firmness of purpose; this was conspicuously seen when he stood before Paris, almost engulfed by the great national rising in France. Moltke's intellectual power was remarkable, if not supreme. He has most injudiciously been likened to Napoleon, for his figure seems dwarfed beside that of the great master; and certainly he was not Napoleon's successor; Lee, the great chief of the South in 1861-64, if any one, has some claim to hold a place still vacant.

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY BY EDMUND GOSSE



VARIOUS nations have diverse ways of building the tombs of their prophets. The Americans endow institutions—usually styled ‘universities’—and give to them the names of the deceased. The French, believing with Goethe that the best memorial of a man is his effigy, fill the squares of their country towns with bronze statues. We in England bury our dead under the monstrous catafalque of two volumes (crown octavo), and go forth refreshed, as those who have performed a rite which is not in itself beautiful, perhaps, but is inevitable and eminently decent. The custom has now grown into an institution, almost without our perceiving it, until it has become like the Christmas plum-pudding or the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. We certainly have not realised that we are the only nation in the world that has adopted the big-biography habit, as part of our recognised convention, to such an extent that the ‘life’ of the deceased begins with the day of his ‘death.’ The newspapers now combine the one announcement with the other: ‘We regret to state that the eminent taxidermist, Viscount Beeswax, passed away after a long illness at ten o’clock last night. The funeral will take place on Friday next, and the biography will be undertaken by the Bishop of Bodkin, a life-long friend of the remains.’ The two great solemn volumes, with copious correspondence, and a special chapter (in the case of free-thinkers) on ‘Lord Beeswax in his Relation to Religion,’ follow the coffin as punctually as any of the other mutes in perfunctory attendance. The man may have lived a life obscure, austere, sequestered; but society absolutely demands some public decency when all is over. There must be a pall, two volumes of biography, and a few wreaths of elegant white flowers.

It is difficult to know how it is that we have slipped imperceptibly into such a strange convention, of which a foreign writer—more lively than exactly accurate—says: ‘In the old Albion there never dies a costermonger or a veterinary surgeon, a prime minister or a prize-fighter, but, behold! the bookshops are burdened with his memoirs, in many volumes, with portraits, correspondence, and the sources of his national objection to foreigners, the whole detailed at a length so enormous that only those connected with him by marriage can read so much as a single chapter.’ Thus are we sedulously misjudged abroad; yet when indignation has done its work, the monstrous army of biographies remains. There they rise behind the glass fronts of our bookcases, in funereal splendour, serried, undisturbed, making of this portion of the library a sort of solemn Kensal Green. And still in battalions they advance. Since I began to write this page, no doubt, the memoirs have been published of a

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY

bishop, a hospital nurse, three railway inspectors, two botanists, and a military man. How did we, as a nation, fall into the biographical habit? What led us to cultivate it with such astounding indifference to form, purpose, and proportion?

Some young man of ambition and energy, looking about for a subject on which to exercise his pen, might do worse than devote himself to the History of Biography in England. It is, I believe, a virgin theme, and it would offer to the conscientious critic a great many interesting and not a few entertaining chapters. The difficulty, I foresee, will be for the historian to arrange its component parts in a satisfactory sequence, for until he reaches the middle of the eighteenth century he will really find very little to relate. The Englishman of the old type had a grounded suspicion of the veracity of memoirs. He feared that, 'with their blasphemous trump, they spread abroad innumerable lies, without either shame or honesty,' as if the personal column of the Yellow Press existed in the reign of Henry VIII. He felt, moreover, very little interest in the life of an individual: such a person, even of great parts and quality, was but a trifling factor in the running chronicle of the times. In the vast flight of locusts, when the general tread of their devastating army betokens life and death, how can one care to take up a solitary insect and study its legs and wings? Consequently, until the ages settled down to some personal comfort, and the movements of kings began to be regulated, there was no chance that biographies of private people should be very largely written.

But about the year 1557 biography was born in England in the shape of a little masterpiece, the true value of which has only of late years been observed—the 'Life of Cardinal Wolsey,' by George Cavendish. It is, however, to be noted, in passing, that this delightful book was so wholly outside the temper of the time that it did not find its way into print at all, and hung, indeed, between life and death, in the limbo of manuscript, for nearly a hundred years. Cavendish, in fact, was a freak of nature: he did not belong in spirit to the literature of the sixteenth century. His interests were all personal and individual. While other writers tried to fix their eyes, as well as they could, on the movement of living history, and saw it very dimly and uncomfortably, Cavendish contemplated the one man of his devotion, and saw him clearly and saw him whole. In George Cavendish there was something of the clairvoyance of Boswell, of the penetration of Walpole: he perceived life—the small square of it which alone interested him—arrayed in clear soft colours, as his great contemporary Holbein saw it. Taste was not yet delivered from the rhetorical bondage of the Middle Ages, and the wonder is that Cavendish was not ashamed to write so well as he did. It is his lack of scholarly affectation, his ability to put out of mind whatever

EDMUND GOSSE

he has not witnessed with his own eyes and ears, that gives him the courage to produce his unique and charming volume.

It is unfortunate that Cavendish has not been allowed to strike the key-note in English biography. Perhaps, if his proper text had been printed earlier, and before the national biographical manner had become so settled, he might have done this. Even now, however, it may not be too late to point to the 'Life of Cardinal Wolsey' as in many respects the type of what the memoir of an important man should be, and as the model of the proper treatment of a subject. We should have little just cause to complain of modern biographers if they were followers of Cavendish. It is obvious, of course, that—as such a pioneer was bound to be—he was ignorant of art. We want to know something about the parentage, childhood, and youth of a hero; and over all these Cavendish goes galloping in twelve lines. We demand the mile-stones of dates, and we shall hardly discover one from cover to cover. We have learned to expect a certain neatness of execution, and the 'Life of Cardinal Wolsey' is often roughly sewn together and shows the seams. Still, when we have read the little book we feel as though we had ourselves watched the triumphant Legate in his chequered progress, as he tasted of the sweet and of the sour.

Cavendish has the root of the biographer's matter in him. His eye is fixed, not on the course of European politics, not on the struggle between England and Rome, not on the course of arbitrary government, but on the single human being whom he worshipped. He is like Agave in the weird Cadmean forest, 'gazing, an insatiate bride, on [Wolsey's] form from every side.' The result is that he loses, with an enchanting carelessness, any sense of proportion: whether Wolsey determines to accept the principle of Papal supremacy or leaves his red buckram bag lying in his chamber, the attention of Cavendish is equally arrested. Sometimes he hunts mice which seem almost too small for a sportsman: as when he says, 'The Bishop of Carlisle, being with him in his barge, said unto him, wiping the sweat from his face, "Sir, it is a very hot day,"' or as when we read that, 'talking with Master Norris upon his knees in the mire, he would have pulled off his under cap of velvet, but he could not undo the knot under his chin; wherefore with violence he rent the laces and pulled it from his head, and so kneeled bare-headed.' No doubt, to contemporary readers of the MS., these things seemed dangerously and irreverently trivial; but more and more, as time goes by, we learn to value them, and to come back to them for that clear-coloured portrait of the man set against the dim background of his age which is the real essence of the art of biography, and should be the sole aim of the biographer.

The more closely we study Cavendish's 'Life of Cardinal Wolsey,' the more we shall be impressed by its vivid merit of portraiture.

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY

The story of the degradation of Wolsey, led up to by that strange omen of the great silver cross falling upon Bonner and cutting his head, and culminating in the mysterious visit of the Earl of Northumberland, up to the fatal moment when that trembling envoy said, 'with a very faint and soft voice, laying his hand on Wolsey's arm, "My lord, I arrest you of high treason,"' is a piece of personal description so lively, so poignant, drawn with such an economy of strokes, that it has, in its own sort, never been surpassed. What makes Cavendish the more surprising is the uniqueness of his performance. No one showed him the way to go: he had no precursor: he is our first biographer, born full-grown. There can be no doubt that if his book had been published when, or soon after, it was written, it must have produced a good effect, and have been imitated to some purpose; but political prejudice made it dangerous to print it while a Tudor monarch sat on the throne, and when, at last, in a garbled text, it was published in 1641, it was too late.

We remained, therefore, as a nation practically without biography for another century. It is very strange, if we come to think of it, that the vast concerted blaze of literary talent under Elizabeth should not have included some rocket or catherine-wheel of personal narrative. The miscellanies of discovery and navigation, of which the folios of Hakluyt are the types, contained a good deal of floating biographical matter, and many rapid silhouettes of piratical voyagers, drawn sometimes with infinite spirit and skill. But these were in no sense biographies, and the object of the writers in all such cases was not the psychology of the individual navigator, but where he went, what he saw, and what additions he made to general information. With all his imagination and his curiosity, the Elizabethan was not interested in the little traits and personal characteristics of individuals. He was occupied a good deal with ideas, but more with images and the embroidery of life, and not at all with single specimens of humanity. The curious reader who will take a stroll or a turn in Raleigh's 'History of the World' (no man now living can perform the whole of that dread pilgrimage) will easily divine the mode in which the noblest subjects of Elizabeth and James regarded the personal history of men and women. They were interested in it if it formed part of the magnificent pageant of public manners, and also if it illustrated 'the enterprises of eminent virtue.' Beyond this, the idea of biography never seems to have occurred to them. It is remarkable that even such an event as the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, which moved Jacobean society to its very core, and led to the publication of innumerable sermons, poems, pamphlets, 'apologies,' and 'sheets,' resulted in nothing which even by courtesy could be called a 'Life of Overbury.'

The most notable biography of the Elizabethan age, and indeed

EDMUND GOSSE

almost the only one which deserves comment, is that 'Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney' which was published by Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, in 1625, three years before his servant so mysteriously stabbed him. Everything about Lord Brooke is dim and spectral, and we do not know why he had kept back this book from publication for nearly forty years. He had been one of the most intimate of Sidney's friends; he was a man of high dignity and learning; he had enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign in delicate conditions both abroad and at home. It might have been supposed that he was the ideal biographer of Sidney; and readers in many generations must have gone to the little book in the hope of finding a neglected masterpiece, a storehouse of good things unrifed. Still, the fact is that Lord Brooke's 'Life of Sidney' is one of the disappointments of literature. In the first place, whether in prose or in verse, Fulk Greville was the Stéphane Mallarmé of the seventeenth century: he used language with such an extraordinary determination to twist it to his private ends that the most attentive and patient reader may study page upon page of what he writes without forming any definite impression of what it is he means. In the second place, profoundly as he admired his friend, it is not mainly of Sir Philip Sidney that he is thinking: it is mainly of how to restore the image of the ancient vigour of the world in this decrepit age—as usual, ideas and imaginative aspirations driving mere homely human features out into the cold. Thus, as a specimen of biographic art, in the proper sense, the 'Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney' is negligible, and again English literature had missed possessing a biography of real merit.

The reader who is fond of coincidences, however, may be interested to note that a single year saw the beginning of published biography in this country. With all its shortcomings, Lord Brooke's 'Sidney' was a notable production, and it appeared, in 1641, simultaneously with the first edition of Cavendish's 'Wolsey.' But the preceding winter had seen the issue of Izaak Walton's 'Life of Donne,' which preceded the first folio edition of the Dean's Sermons. This year, 1640-1, is, therefore, epoch-making in the history of English biography. If we exclude Cavendish, as a mere portent, the first English biographer is Walton, whose famous 'Lives' have taken a place from which they can never be ousted. These 'well-meant sacrifices to the memory of five worthy men' have a charm, a delicate perfume, which renders them almost as unique as they are delightful. Walton perceived many things which the most artful modern biographer has not seen more clearly than he did; on the other hand, it is mere Waltonolatry to deny that his aim was pre-eminently edification, and that his prime object in writing was to preserve the memory of 'acts and virtues' which might otherwise have been neglected, and to 'present them to the imitation of those

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY

that shall succeed us.' This was in every case Walton's design ; and it must be acknowledged that this is still far from the biographical purity of a Boswell, who faithfully records every manifestation of the character of his subject, believing that character, in its nudity, to be a perfectly worthy theme for our respectful attention. If fact, it is probably to a survival of the disadvantages of Walton's convention that many of the worst errors of recent English biography are due.

It is curious that Walton, although he seems to have been widely read, was not ably imitated. We should have expected a flock of such lives as those of George Herbert and Sanderson ; but they do not occur. As a matter of fact, the seventeenth century, after the Restoration, affords us only two biographies of particular note ; and it is interesting to observe, as a sign of want of public interest in this kind of literature, that one of these was not published at all, and the other only as the preface to the Works of its subject. Each of these adds something to the national conception of biography. There have been warm admirers of the 'Life' of her husband, composed by Mrs. Hutcheson, of Owthorpe, about 1670, but not printed until 1806. It has curious merits : as we read it, something in the prim, prejudiced, and narrow, but stately and honest, Puritan lady of quality fascinates us. We listen to her even voice, recounting, at a dead level, without a touch of humour, such things as befell her great and good 'Colonel,' as she invariably designates him ; and if we do not, in defiance of good manners, fall into a deep sleep, we have to confess that her austere narrative is impressive and convincing. We may say that Lucy Hutcheson adds to English biography the element of a precise and even sequence of events.

In almost every respect the other important biography of the seventeenth century was a contrast to the 'Life of Colonel Hutcheson.' Bishop Sprat's celebrated 'Life of Cowley,' long the model of elegant obituary, was printed first in Latin, in 1668, and then, at particular request, in English in 1669. Dr. Johnson's denunciation of it is well known, and is on the whole not ill-deserved. But the great critic exaggerates : it is not quite fair to say of Sprat's 'Cowley' (as it is perfectly fair to say of most other English biographies written before the reign of George III.) that 'all is shown in it confused and enlarged through the mist of panegyric.' Sprat, it is true, is desperately afraid of realism, and constantly draws back out of discretion when he is at the edge of a diverting confidence ; but it is not just to deny that he does manage to give us a fairly clear portrait of Cowley. The form of his biography—it is addressed as a colossal epistle to a certain Martin Clifford—astonishes the unwary reader by sudden references to 'you, Sir,' and to 'your Unkle, Mr. Fotherby,' and there is a distasteful parade of clerical obsequiousness, that ugly feature of the age ; but, when all is said and done,

EDMUND GOSSE

and the ghost of Dr. Johnson is appeased, Sprat's 'Life of Cowley' is a very graceful and pleasing memoir. Not easily will the writer of these lines forget how, as a schoolboy, he bought for a trifle one of the huge early folios of Cowley in the market of Exeter (then a rich hunting-field for such old books), and how he lost himself with joy among the stately parentheses and periwigged circumlocutions of Sprat's sonorous eulogy.

It might have been expected that biography would flourish in the reign of Anne, when the habit of close and graceful observation of character and manners had become paramount, but, for some reason which escapes us, this department of letters fell into deep disgrace. It was abandoned to the lowest class of scribblers, and we find the life of Milton written by Toland, and that of Congreve by Charles Wilson. The composition of personal memoirs was abandoned to 'virulent party hacks who wrote for hire,' and it was not consistent with the dignity of any recognised man of letters to collect, before it was too late, a series of particulars regarding such giants of the preceding age as Dryden and Locke. What was written, if it had a value, as in the case of the 'Life and Actions' of Bunyan, owed it wholly to the rarity of the facts recorded, not to any art or tact in the narrator. By an odd chance, some of the wretched efforts of early eighteenth-century biography have been preserved for us, as flies or the members of flies, in the amber of Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.' Oldisworth's 'Life of Edmund Smith,' which Johnson's indolence persuaded him to annex entire, is the most important of these fossil remains. The reader may, without the fatigue of research, turn to this typical specimen of biography in the golden age of Anne. It will hardly tempt him to make further explorations.

In 1741, exactly a hundred years since the birth of English biography, an important experiment was made in the art which had practically slumbered since the days of Izaak Walton. This was the 'Life of Cicero,' by Dr. Conyers Middleton—what we should now call 'a library book'—in two large volumes. It is worth notice that the modern biography, in its solemn conventional shape, lineally descends from Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' which invented the fashion. This book, moreover, is the earliest example of the species called 'Life and Times,' which has since been so constantly made the vehicle of the history of an individual, set in an elaborate landscape of political or social chronicles. Conyers Middleton tells all he knows about Cicero, not merely as a person but in relation to the Roman history of his day. This very remarkable book, which long ago became obsolete, but should never have been quite forgotten in the history of our literature, enjoyed at the time of its publication an immense success. It was reprinted many times, and it was read by all educated people in England, in spite of the unpopularity of its

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY

author, and in spite of the many and not ill-founded attacks brought against its veracity and originality. I do not think that the importance of Middleton's 'Life of Cicero' from the social point of view has ever been properly perceived. It first made biography a respectable independent branch of the literary profession; it first gave the lettered public an appetite for this order of books; and it first set the type which has in measure been followed ever since of the sort of publication which we have known in Mr. Masson's 'Life and Times of Milton' or Sir John Seeley's 'Life and Times of Stein.'

The last remarkable biography in the old, dim manner, written rhetorically, with forcible passages, and a wide disregard for dates, was Dr. Johnson's 'Life of Savage,' published in 1744. But for the inherent excellence of writing in this piece, it might have been composed by any one of the hacks to whom the despised province of biography was abandoned. In general design it showed no advance whatever. But the next step was taken by a man who holds no highly-honoured place in literary history, yet was, in this solitary respect, a remarkable innovator. He was the Rev. William Mason, who, in 1775, issued his 'Life and Letters of Gray.' This was the first attempt seriously made in English to let the subject of a memoir tell his own story. Mason printed Gray's correspondence, and tied it together by means of a slender running thread of narrative. Sprat had laid it down that private letters were not 'full-dress' enough to be presented to the public eye. This dictum of Sprat had hung over the biographer for more than a hundred years. Mason first had the courage to defy it, and to turn the correspondence of Gray into the chief attraction of his memoir. This was an idea of genius, and Mason deserves credit for it, in spite of the indolent way in which he carried out his design and the liberties which he took with his material.

When we glory in the 'Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson,' the greatest and best of all biographies, we ought not to grudge a thought of thanks to the 'Life of Gray,' since, without Mason as a model, Boswell would scarcely have dared to adopt the present form of his incomparable work. It is true that between 1775 and 1791 considerable progress had been made in what was now becoming the reputable art of biography; but Mason's 'Gray' was still the model, and Boswell, while infinitely improving upon it, everywhere shows that it inspired and guided him. His two quarto volumes—so handsome in type and *format*, with the beautiful frontispiece after Reynolds—did credit to the enterprise of Charles Dilly, of the Poultry, and they removed for ever, in their magnificent celebrity, the stigma that until then had never ceased to rest upon biography as a kind of literature not quite worthy of a gentleman. It is certain that down to near the end of the eighteenth century this prejudice against biography as somewhat indiscreet and even ill-bred—as, in fact,

EDMUND GOSSE

almost a sin against good manners, a thing to be relegated at best to the 'virulent' hacks of Grub Street—survived in the minds of the British public. Even the biographies of Goldsmith and Mallet were looked upon with indulgent consideration of the wants of those authors. One must not be hard on a man of genius, who is starving, if he is driven to write a 'Life of Beau Nash'; but one is justified in hoping that he will soon come into a competence and be saved from such drudgery. This is, in fact, the word: until the success of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' biography was considered work fit for a drudge only.

This had, no doubt, a great deal to do with the difficulty which Boswell has met in coming into his intellectual estate. After the passage of more than a hundred years, it is by no means universally that proper respect is shown to Boswell. To Macaulay, steeped in all the intellectual prejudices of the eighteenth century, it was impossible to be quite fair to a mere biographer. Boswell might be this or that, might have preserved this one matter of value, or have shown penetration on another question of importance; none the less was he to Macaulay, and to thousands of educated persons at the beginning of the nineteenth century, nothing better than a footman in the house of literature. His coat might be smarter than Oldmixon's, his manners more polished than Toland's; but essentially he was a lacquey, a low fellow, a writer of the life of a great man whom he had toadied. That Boswell might himself be a writer of independent distinction, that he might be destined to live in the history of literature on his own merits, could never occur to a man trained in the school of Macaulay.

But, at all events, if the glory of Boswell was delayed, the fashion for biographies was established. It was no longer to be 'low' to write the life of an individual. Lord Sheffield promptly followed with his little memoir of Gibbon, and the biographies became too many for us to chronicle here, or even to summarise. The curiosity of the public was now fully awakened, and with the opening years of the nineteenth century biography suddenly began to take its place as one of the most fertile branches of current literature. At first, however, the size of these works was still modest, and their scope was confined to subjects which offered a legitimate opportunity for the indulgence of a wide public demand. For example, few books have been awaited with so much impatience as Southey's 'Life of Nelson'; but when it appeared, in 1813, it was apparent that the author had found it possible to say all that was requisite in two small volumes. Let us ask ourselves what number of bulky tomes the career of such a popular hero would be expected to swell into to-day?

Sir Walter Scott, indeed, was one of the earliest offenders. It is melancholy to have to relate that it is his 'Life of Napoleon

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY

Buonaparte' which seems to deserve the credit of being the precursor of those monster biographies which have become the curse of our shelves. It was doubtless the least successful of his productions, and even when it was new, and while the aura of romance hung over both author and subject, few readers were found patient enough to read its nine huge diffuse volumes right through. The flood-gates were now opened, however, and for the last seventy-five years the funereal tributes have poured over us in a steadily mounting wave,

Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave us no Past and no Morrow,
For what man is able to master
And stem this great fountain of tears ?

It has seemed well, at all events, to point out that the bondage or huge, perfunctory biography does not come down to us from limitless ages, but was the creation of a time relatively recent. It may roughly be said to date from about the year 1830. Perhaps this may encourage some reformer to rise and smite a habit which has not even the dignity of age to support it.

It would be mere affectation, let me hasten to say, in a writer who has himself made various experiments in biography, and knows both its difficulty and its delicacy—it would be mere affectation if I pretended to denounce the writing of lives as a useless or undignified part of literature. It is precisely because I hold it to be one of the most valuable that I would fain see it practised with judgment and common sense. In the seventy years which divide us from the Southes and the Campbells and the Moores, the pioneers of popular biography, we have seen our language enriched by many lives of eminent men which have been perfect in taste and entirely acceptable in size and proportion. Perhaps the most important single publication of the last twenty years has been a work in this particular department. I mean, of course, the stately 'Dictionary of National Biography.' Mr. John Morley, whose 'Diderot,' 'Rousseau,' and 'Voltaire' were already models of what a monograph should be, performed a most beneficent act when he conceived his series of 'English Men of Letters,' each closely confined within set limits and regulated by the wholesome discipline of compression. These volumes were sneered at as 'little books about great men,' as though it were a merit in a book to be big. It is to be hoped that no one ever thought of reversing the reproach, and of stigmatising our too-frequent 'great books about little men.'

If I had space at my command, it would be a pleasure to enumerate others of the 'Lives' which, during the last seventy years, have afforded English readers pleasure of a very high kind, and have taken a permanent place in history. But that is not possible here. I can only speak of what strike me as some of the

EDMUND GOSSE

abuses of biography as it has now come to be practised in England. These are abuses which, if they are not checked, will make this section of English books a dust-heap which no one will dare to disturb, a vast receptacle of useless matter irremediably devoted to oblivion. It is because I think biography, when properly directed, one of the most delightful of all branches of reading, that I feel drawn to protest against our treatment of it.

In the first place, the popular idea seems to be that no one is too great a fool, or too complete an amateur, or too thoroughly ignorant of the modes of composition, to undertake the 'life' of an eminent person. This I believe to be a survival of the old ignominy under which biography so long suffered. We have seen that for many generations to write a great man's life was considered the work of a 'hack.' The biographer was a pariah; he was not in the inner circle of letters; his dirty trade was only excused because he wanted bread. This conception of the biographer, as a being outside the pale, has so entirely disappeared that everybody seems to have forgotten that it ever existed. But it has left us as a legacy the popular conviction that any one can write a 'Life.' It is still understood that to be a philosopher a man must have made a study of thought, that a historian must have given some years to documents and to their synthesis, that a man is not a dramatist until he has mastered the conditions of the stage. But a biography is supposed to need no skill, no art, no experience of any kind. Here is a dead man, we say: when he was alive no one took much notice of him; but, as he is dead, the national convention insists that we should publish a 'life' of him (two volumes, crown octavo). Who shall write this? O! rush out into the street and stop the very first person who passes, for anybody in the world is as fit as any other body to write a biography. Thus, at least, the people responsible for 'Lives' appear to argue.

Of the untrained persons who step in, or are brought in, to perform this inevitable and perfunctory task, the worst is the Widow. This may be taken as a generic term for the class of life-writers whose only claim is that they are 'on the spot,' that arrogate to themselves the duty of biography merely because they are in possession of the documents. The Widow is the worst of all the diseases of biography. She is the triumph of the unfittest. Others may have little art, little experience, little sense of proportion; but she exceeds them, for she has none at all. Her object is to present to the world an image of the deceased, which shall be deliberately although unconsciously false. The man had his humour, his eccentricities; he had a rough side to his tongue; he had frailties; he was a picturesque and human being. It is the determination of the Widow to hide all this. She desires to show that he was perfect, with that waxy absence of all salient feature which she takes for

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY

perfection. She paints him quite smooth and plump, with a high light on his forehead and a sanctimonious droop of his eyelid. She expatiates on his having been humble in spirit, when it was his special function to be ambitious and keen. She dwells on instances in which he was 'a help to others,' and a 'wonderful example to the young.' Above all, she carefully suppresses all evidence of his being unlike other men, or having any oddities, because to admit these would be to lower him from his pedestal, to scratch the flawless pinkness of his wax. It is to the Widow that we owe the fact that a very large section of recent biography might pass for an annex to Madame Tussaud's gallery. For, it must be remarked, the Widow does not always boldly appear on the title-page: she often lurks behind the apparently unprejudiced name of some docile author. Her function, however, always is to stultify and misrepresent the life and character of the deceased; and the more devotion she thinks she is paying to his memory, the more completely she carries this out. I know of only one instance in modern biography where the influence of the Widow has not been disastrous.

Questions of proportion and selection are apparently never considered by the English biographer. Yet, if he did not start with a contempt for his own business, a series of problems would present themselves at the threshold of his work. He would ask himself, Is the subject I propose to write about worthy of separate biographical treatment? To decide this in the affirmative, it should be necessary to satisfy one's self that the subject possessed qualities, moved in conditions, assumed characteristics, so unlike those of other men as to justify his being raised from their ranks. When this primary test has been passed, it should then be for the biographer to ask, What were the extent and the value of his uniqueness? what—in short—is his relative bulk? If he was a small, but quite interesting and curious, biologist or soldier or artist, he must not be treated on the same scale as Darwin or Wellington or Turner. There should be a certain proportion between the size of his portrait and the effect which he produced in public life. (This, it may be broadly said, is never taken into consideration.) The question of proportion, then, being met or evaded, there comes before the biographer the question of material; and this is so important that it requires separate attention.

In the days when biography was first attempted, material was extremely scanty. For a long time—except by such hermit artists as Cavendish and Walton—personal detail was rejected altogether. Until the time of Mason, private correspondence was not looked upon as material at all. Sprat refers, as we have seen, to a collection of Cowley's familiar letters in his possession, and positively takes credit to himself for not using them: he lies, indeed, under some suspicion of having destroyed them. With Mason, however, this

EDMUND GOSSE

superstition disappeared. It became recognised that letters form a rich source of information, richer than even diaries. During the second half of the nineteenth century the difficulty was no longer lack of material, but excess of it. There is hardly a life printed nowadays that does not offend by the publication of too much of everything—too many letters, too many extracts from diaries, too many ‘impressions’ contributed by unobservant people, too much undigested material of every description. Hardly a ‘Life and Letters,’ however ably selected, however full of intrinsic value, which would not be improved by a process of heroic shrinkage; no book of the kind in three volumes which would not be better in two; very few in two which would not be better in one.

In offering an example of this excess, I would point not to one of the worst but to one of the best of recent lives. It is not to be questioned that the most valuable purely literary biography published in 1900 was Mr. Basil Champneys’ ‘Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore.’ I shall not be accused of a wish to disparage a book which has given us all so much pleasure and profit. But even in this work there is much of a subsidiary and therefore superfluous character. It is not until the third chapter that we meet the subject of the memoir at all, delayed as we are by his ancestry and parentage. He was married three times, and of two of the wives elaborate lives have to be introduced. A whole chapter must be given to one of his daughters; another, to one of his sons. Five long appendices must deal with incidents in the career of his father. It is not to be alleged that all these side-growths are without interest; but it is undeniable that they interrupt the reader, distract his attention, and divert him from the real subject of the book to themes which are only faintly related to it. They swell out the book with about 150 unnecessary pages. In another and earlier biography of extreme interest, the ‘Life of Archbishop Benson,’ the burden of elephantine bigness has been found intolerable, and, although the book was only published in 1899, it is already boiled down into a memoir of hardly half the size. If this difficulty about the condensation and rejection of material is found to be insuperable in books of this importance, what shall we say of the ephemeral and perfunctory memoirs that issue every day from the press? Surely, this: that their compilers show a just sense of their uselessness by issuing them in such a form as precludes the possibility of their ever being read.

Exaggerated respect for the conventions and tenderness lest the susceptibility of survivors should be wounded are constant causes of biographical failure. There is much to be said, of course, in favour of decency and reticence; but, from the point of view of the general reader, these are matters which are now far too sedulously cultivated. Hardly any biographer dares to present his subject ‘in his habit, as

THE CUSTOM OF BIOGRAPHY

he lived.' The best anecdotes, the most illuminating traits, are never recorded in print at all. Tennyson, for example, was, in real life, infinitely more racy and reckless than the authorised portrait gives the public the slightest reason for supposing. Is this wonderful figure of a wayward genius to be successfully hidden from posterity by a misplaced and too-cautious piety? Why should not we be permitted to know Tennyson as we know Pope and Burns and Byron? Why should not we possess of nineteenth-century worthies such seed-pearl of portraiture as Aubrey set down so unreservedly in his invaluable 'Minutes of Lives'? But when a really sincere biography, like Purcell's 'Cardinal Manning,' manages to be written, the welkin rings with screams of 'disloyalty' and 'sacrilege.' One of the most perfect pieces of biographical art issued in our time was the *first edition* of Mr. Baring Gould's 'Memoir of Hawker of Morwenstow'; but it was both candid and humorous, and therefore had to be promptly withdrawn. What would this thin-skinned generation say to J. R. Smith's 'Life of Nollekens'? Smith was Nollekens' assistant, and had always been led to believe that the great sculptor had remembered him very handsomely in his will. This, however, proved not to be the case. Smith, a man of deliberate habits, looked about him for a means of vengeance. He finally determined to write 'Nollekens' Life,' and a most entertaining production it is. But the cultivation of biography as a form of revenge is, I admit, not to be seriously recommended.

If I could venture to hope that these remarks might have some effect, I should wish that it might be in the direction of increasing our sense of responsibility with regard to a delightful, invaluable, and at the present most cruelly abused, department of literature. The art which has supplied us with such masterpieces as Lockhart's 'Scott,' Southey's 'Nelson,' Mrs. Gaskell's 'Charlotte Brontë,' and Carlyle's 'Frederick' in narrative, and has presented us with the correspondence of Lamb, of Walpole, of FitzGerald, and of Stevenson, deserves to be treated with more respect than is usual at the present day. It is not an art which ought to be relegated to amateurs. It should not be taken for granted that it requires no skill or tact or experience in its execution. On the contrary, there is no species of writing which requires the exercise of a finer sense of proportion, of a keener appreciation of the relative value of things and men, or of a deeper sense of literary responsibility.

MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON BY FRANK RICHARDSON



O me it was a precious thing, not so much on account of its intrinsic and artistic value as by reason of its general utility. For the recognised province of the opal is to ensure the efficacy of prayer, and if it is surrounded with diamonds the prudent wearer has the additional advantage of being invisible in pitched battles. So an opal-and-diamond pin is a particularly handy asset for a man who is religiously minded and doesn't get on very well with his own wife.

But my wife never liked the pin. Alice hated the opal ; she called it the clown among precious stones. She hated it for itself alone. Also, she doubted its powers in the prayer line. Further, she maintained that, whether I was invisible or not in pitched battles, nobody was likely to hire me for military purposes. Indeed, I am one of Nature's non-combatants.

Alice left for Monte Carlo on the Monday morning. Immediately after her departure I returned from the station to my house in South Audley Street.

My idea was to put on the pin. I had no particular occasion for the offering of prayer. My wife had gone, and the world looked sunny for me. Nor was there any pressing need for invisibility. Still, I had a wish to wear the jewel. What was the good of keeping a thirty-guinea opal tie-pin eating its head off in my jewel case ? No good. If Alice didn't like it, I shouldn't wear it in her presence. It is well to yield to one's wife with regard to small matters. In my bedroom I found a window-cleaner. That is, his feet were in my bedroom. The major portion of him was out of doors.

The opal pin was not in the jewel case. All my other pins, rings, and studs were there ; but the opal was gone !

On close inspection the window-cleaner turned out to be larger than I had at first thought. In fact, he was one of the largest window-cleaners that I have ever met. I did not accuse him of the theft. I realised that without my diamonds I was visible to the naked eye. Without my opal, any prayer for signal success in a contest with that large man would not do me any real good.

I had only myself to rely on. True, the amethyst that I wore in a ring would drive away the fumes of wine ; but it wouldn't drive away an irritated window-cleaner accused of theft.

So I sent the butler round to Vine Street Police Station to state the case, and to bring back an inspector.

As my message was urgent, Inspector Johnson came punctually the next day. With him was a sort of assistant—P. Barlow.

Johnson said that he was a detective inspector.

MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON

I told him that I didn't want a man who only inspected detectives. I wanted a man who could overhaul window-cleaners, and make them confess their guilt.

Johnson said he would overhaul the window-cleaner immediately. If he made any confession of guilt, Barlow would take it down in writing, alter it, overhaul it, and use it against him at the trial. That sounded well.

But the window-cleaner spoilt it all.

He had left.

P. Barlow said this was a suspicious circumstance.

Johnson said not.

He pointed out that the window-cleaners were engaged by the job, like hansom cabs; not by the week, like seaside lodgings.

I took to Johnson. He was a shrewd man, who had evidently seen much of life. At his request, I told him the story of my loss. P. Barlow took it down in writing, all wrong; read it over in a clear voice; and said, 'Everything points to one thing.'

Johnson said not.

Then he added, 'I don't want you to go away with the idea that I have formed an opinion. I may or may not have formed an opinion. But I can tell you something. Your pin is beyond all question missing.'

That, of course, was so.

'Further,' he said, 'I favour the theory that the pin has been stolen by one person.'

'Indeed! Which one?' I asked, intelligently.

'When I say one person, I do not specify any particular person. But I mean that the theft is not the work of a syndicate—a gang of continental thieves, for example.'

Johnson always talked sound sense. He did not theorise. The obvious was good enough for him.

Then he stated that with the assistance of Barlow—what assistance Barlow could ever be to anybody was a mystery to me—he would examine the servants.

One by one, each of them was questioned in the dining-room.

After about three hours, Barlow came and told me that I might join Johnson.

I availed myself of his permission.

Johnson told me that the matter was far more serious than he or Barlow had ever supposed.

'In what way?' said I, succinctly.

'Your butler has been with you for ten years. Have you ever had any suspicion of him?'

'Never.'

'Such confidence in a butler, Mr. Richardson, is certain to warp

FRANK RICHARDSON

his character. You have destroyed that butler *as* a butler. Your footman has been with you only a month.'

'He is absolutely honest.'

'How can you guarantee the honesty of a servant who has been with you only a month?'

The great detective paused. 'Your cook has been in your service sixteen years.'

'That is so,' I admitted (to my shame).

'Is she a good cook?'

'Excellent.'

'Do you think that any good cook would remain in the same situation for sixteen years unless she was making a fortune out of secret commissions and perquisites?'

And so with my entire executive. According to Johnson—and Barlow entirely shared his view—I was living in a den of thieves, old criminals of ten years standing, like my butler and my cook, youngsters just stepping into the abyss of crime like my footman and Ada the 'between-maid'—whatever that condition of life may mean.

I was staggered. Johnson with great presence of mind offered me a brandy-and-soda. He drank whisky, and smoked some of my cigars, to pull me together. When they were satisfied that I was quite pulled together, they went away, promising, however, to return at any moment.

The butler was the first to give notice. He suggested that I had employed hirelings to call him a thief, and he insisted on going at once. The cook adopted the same view. She wouldn't stay another minute in a house where she was accused of stealing things which weren't any part of her business any way. She'd go then and there—blessed if she didn't. And she did. By seven o'clock there wasn't a servant or a detective in the house. My home was depopulated. Johnson had driven my servants out of my house more rapidly than St. Patrick had solved the Irish snake question.

I dined at the club, and wrote letters to all the registry offices I knew of, ordering complete staffs of servants to be sent to me at once.

Then I went home and protected my property. I barricaded the doors, and packed my jewellery and certificate of birth in a biscuit tin, which I put on top of my wardrobe.

The Wednesday was an eventful day in my life. I collected a vile breakfast of cold cheese-straws (five or six), fag end of mutton (the part that 'careful cooks' are advised to make into beef tea by ladies' papers), lemon sponge (a fragment), and a bottle of Bass. It was like being besieged, but much duller.

After breakfast I tried to make myself useful about the house; but this made matters worse. By the twelve o'clock post the

MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON

insulting letters from the registry offices began to arrive. All sorts of things were said about me. It was urged that I should employ only detectives for domestic duties.

Grave doubt was expressed as to any English servants ever entering my employment again. Chinese labour was suggested. 'Mrs. Blunt presents her compliments to Mr. Richardson, and begs to state that she does not supply criminals to private houses.' Several people presented the same sort of compliments and begged to state similar matters. For lunch I had tinned tongue and Worcester sauce and a pint of champagne.

At two o'clock I opened the door to Johnson and P. Barlow. Johnson is perhaps my favourite detective. In fact, he is more like a friend than a detective.

When I told him of the departure of my servants he was genuinely grieved but not astonished.

P. Barlow was astonished but not grieved. Johnson corrected him. I don't see the use of Barlow anyway. He is always wrong on all points. In that respect he is consistent; which is something, though not much. But Johnson helps him out and bears with him. I suppose I must be good to Barlow for Johnson's sake. I suggested that it was suspicious that all my servants had left suddenly.

Barlow said it was.

Johnson corrected him and explained that there were thieves *and* thieves. Some thieved one way, some another. The more I see of Johnson, the more I like him. He takes you into his confidence. He gives you the benefit of his experience. He tells you all he knows. I think my wife would like Johnson.

Also, he had found out that Harper's Stores had employed the World Wide Window Cleaning Association to clean my windows. They had sublet the contract to the House to House Supply Company, which concern, having too much business on hand, had transferred the work to the Boy Helpers' Corporation. The Boy Helpers' Corporation being in bankruptcy, the cleaning of my windows had been taken on by a recently started company called Distressed London Ladies, Limited. The Distressed London Ladies, not feeling up to the contract themselves, had transferred their window-cleaning department to a jobbing builder in Battersea. He had been ordered to Bournemouth owing to some lung trouble, and his son-in-law, a plumber and glazier, was giving an eye to the business. Johnson had found this all out himself, and Barlow had taken it all down—wrong. But even this sketchy version shows the extraordinary ramifications of England's Window-Cleaning Trade to-day. The man who actually cleaned my windows had not, of course, been traced. But Johnson said that was not to be expected. Barlow was in two minds. He weighed the pros and cons, as

FRANK RICHARDSON

he said. If I were Johnson, I shouldn't let him do that sort of thing.

I am quite convinced Johnson liked and respected me.

The empty bottle gave him an idea. He said that Barlow was not really strong. Barlow had been doing too much. It might be well to pick him up. I don't see the point of picking up Barlow. However, it is always a pleasure to oblige Johnson. I opened a bottle of champagne. And then it turned out that Barlow was a teetotaler. Johnson, happily, was not. Barlow's stupidity will stand in Johnson's way. This I hinted to Johnson; but he said No, and kindly explained to me that Barlow was not stupid—in fact, he was one of the great thinkers of our time. That accounted for my mistake. Barlow's appearance of crass stupidity caused people to blurt out the truth to him; whereas he (Johnson), owing to his (Johnson's) analytical physiognomy, was mistrusted by our entire criminal community. No one regretted it more than he (Johnson); but these were the conditions under which he had to detect. More honour to him (Johnson) that he invariably succeeded, he said.

During the afternoon the detectives began to arrive in earnest.

Harper's Stores sent their leading man. The Distressed London Ladies, Limited, were represented by ex-Inspector M'Quisker. The young plumber and glazier who had married the daughter of the jobbing builder in Battersea felt that he was somehow mixed up in the matter of my pin, and arranged with a private detective to look after his rights. The Boy Helpers' Corporation contributed a sort of Jaggers who had an incipient talent for detecting things. By four o'clock I had admitted twenty-three persons who professed to represent guilds, corporations, leagues, syndicates, jobbing experts, and others who had not actually cleaned my windows. All of them were anti-teetotal except the boy helper. He made up for that trouble by smoking extraordinary cigarettes sold in packets containing photographs of our brainiest boy burglars and Hooligans. On the entrance of each detective I had, of course, explained that the matter was in the hands of Inspector Johnson. They all said that he was a very able man, and expressed their willingness to work with him and help him. Johnson didn't mind how much help he got. So they all sat down in the dining-room and worked with him and helped him generally. Two or three miscellaneous detectives came later. They were expert continental-thief-catchers, and fancied that the robbery might have been done by a gang who had the week before ransacked an hotel in Nijni-Novgorod. I didn't see why the gang should leave rural Russia simply to come hither and take my pin. Perhaps they couldn't pronounce Nijni.

But I let them help. A man came from the Discharged Prisoners Association to assure me that the affair was not the work

MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON

of any of his 'clients.' He held a sort of watching brief for our leading criminals. But he helped, too, in his way. An unintelligible alien giving an address in Buda-Pesth suspected that the robbery was the work of an Austro-Hungarian thief—I think he said a relation of his by marriage; but I'm not sure. He proposed to help a little. Johnson let him. But I can't see that he was of any real use.

I was; or should have been but for Barlow.

The scarf-pin I was wearing at the time was a meloceus—the only stone that discovers thieves. Its properties are perfected by the blood of kids. I explained this at some length to Johnson, who admitted that the system was new to him.

I asked him if he was familiar with Alphonso's 'Clericalis Disciplina' or that convenient handbook of Marbodius, Bishop of Rennes in the eleventh century, called 'De Lapidibus Enchiridion,' or the elementary treatise on precious stones by Onamakritus.

He said he wasn't.

Barlow thanked God he wasn't, and asked how many kids I required.

I told him rather severely that Onamakritus was a Greek author whose knowledge of the practical utility of gems had been endorsed by Ovid in the 'Metamorphoses.' He had written a poetical treatise on jewels—not a cookery book.

But Barlow regarded the invaluable meloceus as a blackleg in his profession.

Even if the meloceus could discover thefts, he said, no stipendiary would accept its evidence. You couldn't take it down in writing and alter it and use it against anybody at his trial. How could Mr. Charles Mathews cross-examine a meloceus?

On this point Johnson became pro-Barlow.

By five o'clock my house contained a mass meeting of detectives, European, American, Asiatic, and Irish. Oddly enough, there was not a Japanese detective present. I commented on this, and asked Boswell—I mean Barlow—if that wasn't suspicious. He thought it was. Johnson maintained not. He told me that he had never heard of a Japanese burglar stealing an opal pin. Japanese burglars were rare anyway, he said. In fact, he had their names at his fingers' ends. He told me them. They were like Welsh villages, only worse.

The detectives finished helping Johnson by about six o'clock, and went away, promising to come back next day and do some more work.

I had not been alone ten minutes when there was a ring. I opened the door.

The new arrival wore a full set of red whiskers, but was otherwise a gentleman.

FRANK RICHARDSON

'Too late,' I said: 'the meeting is adjourned for to-day. You can come round in the morning and help the others to help Johnson if you like.'

He said he didn't want to help Johnson; didn't know Johnson; knew some Johnsons, but not one that he wanted to help.

'Well, what is your idea, any way? Do you want to carry on an independent investigation?'

Yes: he did. He wanted to examine my gas-fixtures.

'But you can't trace criminals by examining gas-fixtures!'

'No: certainly not: why should I?'

'Well, then?' I answered, clinching the matter. He said it would be a great advantage for me as a householder to know if my gas-fixtures were in good order.

'Then, you don't want to detect anything?'

'If there is an escape of gas anywhere I shall certainly detect it.'

'You'll be satisfied with that? On your word of honour, that's all you want to detect?'

He said that would do for him.

'Well, you may come in. I don't burn much gas here. I use electric light. But if you take your pleasure that way you may examine the gas-fixtures.'

So he came in.

I asked him, frankly, 'Are you doing this for your own selfish amusement, or out of a mistaken wish to please me? And, if so, which pays?'

He wagged his whiskers sadly and explained that it was the duty of all householders to have their gas-fixtures examined. He helped them to perform that duty. In fact, he was a sort of guardian angel for gas-fittings. Anyhow, he wasn't a detective.

I had begun to tire of moving solely in detective circles.

So I humoured him and let him see my fixtures. He was a pleasant conscientious fellow, and examined everything. When I told him that I had lost all my servants he didn't sympathise much. He said servants were a nuisance. But I never saw a man so pained as he was when I told him I'd been burgled. I feared that he would weep. But I cheered him up by saying that the loss was slight.

He complimented me on my gas-fixtures. They were the best he'd handled in a private house for some years. He praised me very much for having them. And altogether he seemed to think more highly of me than any of the detectives—except, perhaps, Johnson.

He was genuinely pleased to hear that I had learnt a lesson from my loss. I told him that I had put all my jewellery in an Oval Thin Captains' biscuit box, on top of my wardrobe, and gave him permission to recommend that course to any of his clients who were afraid of being burgled.

MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON

He said that was a great scheme, because it was hardly probable that any burglar would burgle in Mayfair for Oval Thin Captains.

He made no charge for all he'd done, and said that he wouldn't detain me if I was going out. I told him that I intended to dine at the club.

He remarked that, as I'd had a tiring day, he would advise me to get to bed early.

I said that I never went to bed before three when my wife was away, because I was very fond of playing bridge. Besides, all the men at the club would want me to tell them about the robbery. Anyhow, I *should* tell them.

He was a pleasant man; but his whiskers were too red for ordinary wear.

He didn't say that he would call again; but he repeated that it was a pleasure to meet gas-fixtures such as mine.

When I came home next morning the house had been ransacked. The servants' beds, some cane chairs, a refrigerator, and the fire-escape remained. Otherwise my home had ceased to be. The place had given up being a house. It was merely an architectural feature. A tramp in a small way of business might have consented to live there for a day or so; but he would not have taken his wife with him—if he loved her.

When the detectives congregated they detected the change at once. The man who held the watching brief was really astounded at the completeness of the removal. The Austro-Hungarian was non-plussed.

Johnson preserved his calm. Barlow said that he felt sure Johnson expected it all along.

Johnson corrected him.

This meeting of detectives was more complete than yesterday's.

In all human probability my collection was complete: I had examples of every known brand. There were detectives who looked like arch-deacons, detectives who ate like British workmen defying German competition, detectives who drank like lords, policemen disguised as detectives, detectives disguised as policemen. It was a full hand.

It was unique.

I had made a corner in detectives.

Had I possessed any financial ability I should have floated the population of my house as 'Detection Limited,' joined the board after allotment, and sold the goodwill of the entire concern to a corporation of leading British criminals.

Even in the scullery there were men whose reputation was world-wide for the detection of robbery from the person with violence. Any quieter form of robbery could have been detected with despatch

FRANK RICHARDSON

by equally eminent practitioners. I had among my guests a specialist in riot and unlawful assembly. If anybody had shown a tendency to riot the least bit in the world, or to assemble in an indiscreet manner, he would have been dealt with then and there. Loiterers with felonious intent, or people without visible means of subsistence, would not have dared to show their faces in my home, even if there had been room.

No 'person or persons unknown' 'about to commit felonies' showed any wish to practise in South Audley Street. My box-room was occupied by a select committee of detectives whose special talent lay in apprehending persons suspected of being about to demand money with menaces. Every brand of criminal, or ex-criminal, or criminal in *posse*, seemed to me to be catered for.

I asked myself this question, 'What would happen if a member of the criminal classes or some bright young mind who had never got beyond the stage of being "about to commit a felony" were to blow up my house and destroy the flower of our detective force?'

I had no answer.

So I asked Johnson.

Hastily he changed the subject, and addressed the meeting, which hung upon his words.

'There has been a burglary here,' he said with absolute frankness.

One could have heard a pin drop—and some of the men present could have detected the man who dropped it.

Again Johnson spoke: 'This burglary is not the work of a single man.'

Accustomed as I was to statements of this master mind, I was astounded.

'Do you mean to say that you have discovered a clue which proves that this is the work of a married burglar? Can you say for certain that he is not a widower? Are you convinced that the culprit is not—say—a burglar who has obtained a judicial separation, with the custody of the children?'

'When I use the word "single," I do not speak matrimonially. I speak numerically. No one man could, unaided, have removed your grand piano, your billiard table, and your bound volumes of *Punch*. No man could possibly lift any one of these things without assistance, mechanical or otherwise.'

A murmur of admiration ran round the room.

He spoke again: 'You don't think it could have been done by a club friend out of petty spite?'

'Petty spite!' I cried. 'Why, it looks as though two imps of Zulus had gone through the place!'

'That is impossible,' said Johnson. 'If there were only one imp of Zulus in Mayfair the police would certainly hear of it. Even

MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON

the intelligence department of the War Office would get to know of a foreign invasion of the metropolis.'

Then they all helped one another and worked. I got tired of watching them work. My home—or rather the place where I used to live—looked as though an auction had been held there.

The detectives remained all day. I helped them as much as a layman could by going out and getting tinned meat and cheese, and whatever other food they thought they could detect on best. In fact, I became a sort of handy man to the force. One young detective to whom I hadn't been introduced mistook me for the caretaker and spoke rather harshly about my negligence. My friend Johnson corrected him. He is really the best all-round detective that I have ever met.

Though the house was packed with people, more continued to come. I opened the door to a young man who said he wanted to enlist, and thought that this was a Yeomanry recruiting office.

I said I was damned if it was. It used to be an Englishman's castle; but now it was a home for lost detectives. He said he'd just as soon be a detective as a Yeoman. So I let him in. I daresay he helped.

When I got time I too helped.

For example, I asked my friend Johnson if he knew of any recently married burglar who owned a refrigerator.

Johnson went through Barlow's list, but couldn't find one. He said that as a class burglars did not buy refrigerators.

My idea was that some young burglar who had just married and had got a refrigerator as a wedding present had completed the rest of his furnishing arrangements by removing my stock.

Barlow said that there was nothing in my idea.

Johnson was with him. There are moments when Johnson is positively Barlowesque. So I didn't think it prudent to say anything about the gentleman-like man with the red whiskers. It was my burglary, and I had a right to express my views; but I reserved the right.

Later, Johnson said: 'The thing to do is this. I will call in the officer who was on point duty outside the house last night. He is one of the cleverest men in the force. Your goods were removed last night. Beyond question they *were* removed last night, because I saw them here myself at 5.37. Barlow made a note of it at my direction. And your goods are not here now. Make a note of it, Barlow: they are not here now. Assume my hypothesis to be correct and that your goods were removed in the night, an intelligent officer who is on duty outside your door must have noticed *something*. I don't say what. I say *something*—possibly the removal of your goods.'

The officer was sent for.

FRANK RICHARDSON

He knew all about it.

At half-past ten the night before, three furniture vans had driven up to the door, and, having been filled with the things that I used to own, had been driven away in the direction of the North of London, or the North of England—he couldn't say which.

Johnson complimented the officer on his intelligence and accuracy.

'Did you notice anything about one of the men?' I blurted out. 'Was he wearing whiskers at all—red ones?'

Johnson said that burglars never wore highly coloured whiskers. They would attract observation.

'Did anybody connected with this removal speak to you?' asked Johnson.

'One of the men said it was a fine night,' the officer answered.

'Was it a fine night?'

'It was, sir. So the remark did not excite my suspicion.'

'Didn't it seem to you suspicious that I should have my furniture removed in the middle of the night?' I asked.

'No, sir. I knew that you were well-to-do and kept your carriages and what not, and paid all the tradesmen regular and the servants liberal. No, sir: I didn't suspect you, sir, I'm bound to say.'

The more I looked at the idiot the more mysterious did his face seem to me. I am rather a judge of physiognomy, and I should say that the policeman was intended by Nature for a window-cleaner, or, at any rate, that he had window-cleaning instincts.

Of course, this might have been accounted for by Atavism.

'Besides, sir,' he added, 'the man said that you had been suddenly called away to go salmon-fishing in Norway.'

'O! Do you think that I get "called away" to go salmon-fishing in Norway with a grand piano and a billiard table?'

Johnson corrected me kindly but firmly. 'It is,' he said, 'no part of the duty of a constable on point duty to pry into the habits of respectable householders. We do not tolerate the continental system of *espionage* in "Merrie England."'

Everybody murmured applause (except the Austro-Hungarian investigator).

The house sat till a late hour that night.

Next day I received a black pearl-and-diamond scarf-pin. It came by post anonymously.

Presumably it was the gift of some sympathetic woman who knew that my wife was out of town.

Black pearls enable the wearer to penetrate the most secret mysteries. At least, some black pearls do. This one didn't help me one per cent. with my burglary.

MAINLY ABOUT JOHNSON

But, somehow, my wearing it helped my wife. She came home in a bad temper, and got all the servants back, made me apologise to them, refurnished the house out of the burglary insurance money, and caused the cook to confess that she was engaged to wed the intelligent policeman on point duty, who hated being in the force and remained in it only because she liked to see him in uniform, but cleaned windows better than any one in England, he being, as you might say, born and bred in the profession, his father having cleaned windows at Buckingham Palace itself with his own hands, which she would have told before only nobody hadn't asked her, and she regular gave him the job when off duty, as the saying is, the Window Cleaning Association only sending people to break windows and not to clean them, in a manner of speaking.

Of course, Alice meant well when she arranged, by way of a surprise, to have the black pearl substituted for the opal in my scarf-pin. She says that it is not manly to rely on outside help to ensure the efficacy of one's prayers, and that an opal is a vulgar stone, whereas a black pearl is deep mourning.

It certainly does clear up hidden mysteries in a business-like way.

But it does not explain why my wife does not like Johnson, or what that man did with his whiskers when he removed my furniture on that singularly fine night.

A WORD MORE ABOUT VERDI BY G. BERNARD SHAW



HAVE read most of the articles on Verdi elicited by his death, and I have blushed—blushed for my species. By this I mean the music-critic species; for though I have of late years disused this learned branch I am still entitled to say to my former colleagues ‘anch’ io son critico.’ And when I find men whom I know otherwise honourable glibly pretending to an intimate acquaintance with *Oberto*, *Conte di San Bonifacio*, with *Un Giorno di Regno*, with *La Battaglia di Legnano*; actually comparing them with *Falstaff* and *Aida*, and weighing, with a nicely judicial air, the differences made by the influence of Wagner, well knowing all the time that they know no more of *Oberto* than they do of the tunes Miriam timbrelled on the shores of the divided Red Sea, I say again that I blush for our profession, and ask them, as an old friend who wishes them well, where they expect to go to after such shamelessly mendacious implications. Nay, if by chance one of them could prove to me that he did know these dead and buried works, what could I say to him except what Mr. Herbert Spencer said at the Athenæum to the young man who beat him with surprising completeness at billiards: ‘Sir, such proficiency argues a misspent youth.’

For myself, I value a virtuous appearance above vain erudition; and I confess that the only operas of Verdi’s I know honestly right through, as I know Dickens’s novels, are *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Un Ballo*, *La Traviata*, *Aida*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*. And quite enough too, provided one also knows enough of the works of Verdi’s forerunners and contemporaries to see exactly when he came in and where he stood. It is inevitable that as younger and younger critics come into the field, more and more mistakes should be made about men who lived so long as Verdi and Wagner, not because the critics do not know their music, but because they do not know the operas that Wagner and Verdi heard when they were boys, and are consequently apt to credit them with the invention of many things which were familiar to their grandfathers.

For example, in all the articles I have read it is assumed that the difference between *Oberto*—I beg pardon: force of bad example—I mean *Ernani* and *Aida*, is due to the influence of Wagner. Now I declare without reserve that there is no evidence in any bar of *Aida* or the two later operas that Verdi ever heard a note of Wagner’s music. There is evidence that he had heard Boito’s music, Mendelssohn’s music, and Beethoven’s music; but the utmost that can be said to connect him with Wagner is that if Wagner had not got all Europe into the habit of using the whole series of dominant and tonic discords as freely as Rossini used the dominant seventh, it

A WORD MORE ABOUT VERDI

is possible that *Falstaff* might have been differently harmonised. But this much might be said of any modern pantomime score. Verdi uses the harmonic freedom of his time so thoroughly in his own way, and so consistently in terms of his old style, that if he had been as ignorant of Wagner as Berlioz was of Brahms, there is no reason to suppose that the score of *Falstaff* would have been an unprepared thirteenth the worse.

I am, of course, aware that when *Aida* first reached us, it produced a strong impression of Wagnerism. But at that time nothing of Wagner's later than *Lohengrin* was known to us. We thought the Evening Star song in *Tannhäuser* a precious Wagnerian gem. In short, we knew nothing of Wagner's own exclusive style, only his operatic style, which was much more mixed than we imagined. Everybody then thought that a recurring theme in an opera if it stole in to a *tremolando* of the strings and was harmonised with major ninths instead of sub-dominants, was a Wagnerian *Leitmotif*; so when this occurred in *Aida*'s scena, 'Ritorna Vincitor,' we all said 'Ah, ha! Wagner!' And, as very often happens, when we came to know better, we quite forget to revise our premature conclusion. Accordingly, we find critics taking it for granted to-day that *Aida* is Wagnerised Verdi, although, if they had not heard *Aida* until after *Siegfried* and *Die Meistersinger*, they would never have dreamt of connecting the two men or their styles.

The real secret of the change from the roughness of *Il Trovatore* to the elaboration of the three last operas, is the inevitable natural drying up of Verdi's spontaneity and fertility. So long as an opera composer can pour forth melodies like 'La Donna e Mobile' and 'Il Balen,' he does not stop to excogitate harmonic elegancies and orchestral sonorities which are neither helpful to him dramatically nor demanded by the taste of his audience. But when in process of time the well begins to dry up; when instead of getting splashed with the bubbling over of 'Ah si, ben mio,' he has to let down a bucket to drag up 'Celeste Aida,' then it is time to be clever, to be nice, to be distinguished, to be impressive, to study instrumental confectionery, to bring thought and knowledge and seriousness to the rescue of failing vitality. In *Aida* this is not very happily done: it is not until *Otello* that we get dignified accomplishment and fine critical taste; but here, too, we have unmistakably a new hand in the business, the hand of Boito. It is quite certain that Boito could not have written *Otello*; but is it equally clear that without the composer of *Mefistofele* at his elbow, Verdi would never have written it? Certain touches in Iago's *credo* were either actually composed by Boito, or composed in his manner in fatherly compliment to him; and the whole work, even in its most authentic passages, shows that Verdi was responding to the claims of a much more delicate artistic conscience and even a finer sensitiveness to musical sound than his own. Nothing is

G. BERNARD SHAW

more genial in Verdi's character than this docility, this respect for the demands of a younger man, this recognition that the implied rebuke to his taste and his coarseness showed a greater tenderness for his own genius than he had shown to it himself.

But there is something else than Boito in *Otello*. In the third act there is a movement in six-eight time, *Essa t'avvince*, which is extraordinarily unlike anything in the 'Trovatore' period, and extraordinarily like a rondo in the earlier style of Beethoven. That is to say, it is pre-Wagnerian; which at such a date is almost equivalent to anti-Wagnerian. In *Falstaff*, again, in the buck-basket scene there is a light-fingered and humorous *moto perpetuo* which might have come straight out of a Mendelssohn concerto. These are the only passages in the later works which are not obviously the old Verdi developed into a careful and thoughtful composer under the influence of Boito and the effect of advancing age on his artistic resources. I think they would both be impossible to a composer who had not formed an affectionate acquaintance with German music. But the music of Beethoven and Mendelssohn is the music of a Germany still under Italian influence, that Franco-Italian which made the music of Mozart so amazingly unlike the music of Bach. Of the later music that was consciously and resolutely German and German only; that would not even write *allegro* at the head of its quick, or *adagio* at the head of its slow movements, because these words were not German; of the music of Schumann, Brahms and Wagner, there is not anywhere in Verdi the faintest trace. In German music the Italian loved what Italy gave. What Germany offered of her own music he entirely ignored.

Having now, I hope, purged myself of the heresy that Verdi was Wagnerised, a heresy which would never have arisen if our foolish London Opera had been as punctual with *Lohengrin* as with *Aida*, instead of being nearly a quarter of a century late with it, I may take Verdi on his own ground. Verdi's genius, like Victor Hugo's, was hyperbolic and grandiose: he expressed all the common passions with an impetuosity and intensity which produced an effect of sublimity. If you ask, What is it all about? the answer must be that it is mostly about the police intelligence melodramatised. In the same way, if you check your excitement at the conclusion of the wedding scene in *Il Trovatore* to ask what, after all, 'Di quella pira' is, the answer must be that it is only a common bolero tune, just as 'Strida la vampa' is only a common waltz tune. Indeed, if you only know these tunes through the barrel organs, you will need no telling. But in the theatre, if the singers have the requisite power and spirit, one does not ask these questions; and the bolero form passes as unnoticed as the saraband form in Handel's 'Lascia ch'io pianga,' whereas in the more academic form of the aria with caballetto, which Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti accepted, the form reduces the

A WORD MORE ABOUT VERDI

matter to absurdity. Verdi, stronger and more singly dramatic, broke away from the Rossinian convention; developed the simpler cavatina form with codetta instead of cabalretto; combined it fearlessly with popular dance and ballad forms; and finally produced the once enormously popular, because concise, powerful and comparatively natural and dramatic type of operatic solo which prevails in *Il Trovatore* and *Un Ballo*. A comparison of this Italian emancipation of dramatic music from decorative form with the Wagnerian emancipation shows in a moment the utter unthinkableness of any sort of connection between the two composers. No doubt the stimulus given to Verdi's self-respect and courage by his share in the political activity of his time, is to some extent paralleled by the effect of the 1848 revolution on Wagner; but this only accentuates the difference between the successful composer of a period of triumphant nationalism and the exiled communist-artist-philosopher of *The Nibelung's Ring*. As Wagner contracted his views to a practicable nationalism at moments later on, I can conceive a critic epigrammatically dismissing the Kaiser March as a bit of Wagnerised Verdi. But the man who can find Wagner in *Otello* must surely be related to the gentleman who accused Bach of putting forth the accompaniment to Gounod's *Ave Maria* as a prelude of his own composition.

By this Mascagni-facilitating emancipation of Italian opera, Verdi concentrated its qualities and got rid of its alloys. *Il Trovatore* is Italian opera in earnest and nothing else: Rossini's operas are musical entertainments which are only occasionally and secondarily dramatic. *Semiramide*, for example, is only a drama by convention. Nobody in it sings a phrase that is to the point dramatically: nobody in *Un Ballo* sings a phrase that is not to the point. But the dramatic point is not changed. Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi, as far as they were dramatic (and Verdi was nothing else: that is all the difference) were of the same school, with the same romantic stock-in-trade. It is usually called the school of Rossini; but Rossini was lazy, cynical, had too much brains and too little feeling for the business. There is nothing of this, except some of the laziness, about Donizetti, Bellini, or Verdi. All three composed with perfect romantic sincerity, undesirous and intolerant of reality, untroubled by the philosophic faculty which, in the mind of Wagner, revolted against the demoralising falseness of their dramatic material. They revelled in the luxury of stage woe, with its rhetorical loves and deaths and poisons and jealousies and murders, all of the most luscious, the most enjoyable, the most unreal kind. They did not, like Rossini, break suddenly off in the midst of their grandiosities to write *excusez du peu* at the top of the score, and finish with a galop. On the contrary, it was just where the stage business demanded something elegantly trivial that they became embarrassed and vulgar. This was especially the case with Verdi, who was

G. BERNARD SHAW

nothing if not strenuous, whereas Bellini could be trivially simple and Donizetti thoughtlessly gay on occasion. Verdi, when he is simple or gay, is powerfully so. It has been said, on the strength of the alleged failure of a forgotten comic opera called *Un Giorno di Regno*, that Verdi was incapable of humour; and I can understand that an acquaintance limited to *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and *Aida* (and acquaintances of just this extent are very common) might support that opinion. But the parts of the Duke and Sparafucile in *Rigoletto* could not have been composed by a humourless man. In *Un Ballo* again we have in Riccardo the Duke's gaiety and gallantry without his callousness; and at the great moment of the melodrama Verdi achieves a master-stroke by his dramatic humour. The hero has made an assignation with the heroine in one of those romantically lonely spots which are always to be found in operas. A band of conspirators resolves to seize the opportunity to murder him. His friend Renato, getting wind of their design, arrives before them, and persuades him to fly, taking upon himself the charge of the lady, who is veiled, and whose identity and place of residence he swears as a good knight to refrain from discovering. When the conspirators come and find that they have got the wrong man they propose to amuse themselves by taking a look at the lady. Renato defends her; but she, to save him from being murdered, unveils herself and turns out to be Renato's own wife. This is no doubt a very thrilling stage climax: it is easy for a dramatist to work up to it but not quite so easy to get away from it; for when the veil is off the bolt is shot; and the difficulty is what is to be said next. The librettist solves the problem by falling back on some rather banal chaff addressed by the chief conspirator to Renato; and Verdi seizes on this with genuine humorous power in his most boldly popular style, giving just the right vein of blackguardly irony and mischievous mirth to the passage, and getting the necessary respite before the final storm, in which the woman's shame, the man's agony of jealousy and wounded friendship, and the malicious chuckling of the conspirators provide material for one of those concerted pieces in which Italian opera is at its best.

And here may I mildly protest that the quartet in *Rigoletto*, with its four people expressing different emotions simultaneously, was not, as the obituary notices almost all imply, an innovation of Verdi's. Such concerted pieces were *de rigueur* in Italian opera before he was born. The earliest example that holds the stage is the quartet in *Don Giovanni*, 'Non ti fidar'; and between *Don Giovanni* and *Rigoletto* it would be difficult to find an Italian opera without a specimen. Several of them were quite as famous as the *Rigoletto* quartet became. They were burlesqued by Arthur Sullivan in *Trial by Jury*; but Verdi never, to the end of his life, saw anything ridiculous in them; nor do I. There are some charming

A WORD MORE ABOUT VERDI

examples in *Un Ballo*, of which but little seems to be remembered nowadays.

In *Otello* and *Falstaff* there is some deliberate and not unsuccessful fun. When Cassio gets too drunk to find his place in Iago's drinking song it is impossible not to burst out laughing, though the mistake is as pretty as it is comic. The fugue at the end of *Falstaff* so tickled Professor Villiers Stanford that he compromised himself to the extent of implying that it is a good fugue. It is neither a good fugue nor a good joke, except as a family joke among professional musicians; but since Mozart finished *Don Giovanni* with a whizzing fughetta, and Rossini solemnly humbugged the public with a sham fugue at the end of his *Stabat Mater*, and Beethoven expressed his most wayward fits by scraps of fugato, and Berlioz made his solitary joke fugally, the *Falstaff* fugue may be allowed to pass, though the professor who asked us to admire the originality of the idea really ought to know better, and in fact—I grieve to have to say it—*does* know better.

However, to show that Verdi was occasionally jocular does not prove that he had the gift of dramatic humour. For such a gift the main popular evidence must be taken from the serious part of *Falstaff*; for there is nothing so serious as great humour. Unfortunately, very few people know *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as it was when Falstaff was capably played according to the old tradition, and when the playgoer went to hear the actor pile up a mighty climax, culminating in 'Think of that, Master Brook.' In those palmy days it was the vision of the man mountain baked in the buck-basket and suddenly plunged hissing hot into the cool stream of the Thames at Datchet that focused the excitement of the pit; and if the two conversations between Ford and Falstaff were played for all they were worth, Shakespeare was justified of his creation, and the rest was taken cheerfully as mere filling up. Now, it cannot be supposed that either Boito or Verdi had ever seen such a performance; and the criticisms of modern quite futile productions of *The Merry Wives* have shown that a mere literary acquaintance with the text will not yield up the secret to the ordinary unShakespearean man; yet it is just here, on Ford and Falstaff, that Verdi has concentrated his attack and trained his heaviest artillery. And this seems to me to dispose of the matter in his favour. His opera, like *The Merry Wives*, will always depend on the genius of the actor who plays Falstaff; but, given such an actor, it will hold its own.

The composition of *Otello* was a much less Shakespearean feat; for the truth is that, instead of *Otello* being an Italian opera written in the style of Shakespeare, *Othello* is a play written by Shakespeare in the style of Italian opera. It is quite peculiar among his works in this aspect. Its characters are monsters: Desdemona is a prima donna, with handkerchief, confidante, and vocal solo, all complete;

G. BERNARD SHAW

and Iago, though slightly more anthropomorphic than the Count di Luna, is only so when he slips out of his stage villain's part. Othello's transports are conveyed by a magnificent but senseless music which rages from the Propontick to the Hellespont in an orgy of thundering sound and bounding rhythm ; and the plot is a pure farce plot : that is to say, it is supported on an artificially manufactured and desperately precarious misunderstanding which a chance word might upset at any moment. With such a libretto, Verdi was quite at home : his success with it proves, not that he could occupy Shakespeare's plane, but that Shakespeare could on occasion occupy his, which is a very different matter. Nevertheless, such as *Othello* is, Verdi does not belittle it as Donizetti would have done, or conventionalise it as Rossini actually did. He often rises fully to it ; he transcends it in his setting of the very stagey oath of Othello and Iago ; and he enhances it by a charming return to the simplicity of real popular life in the episodes of the peasants singing over the fire after the storm in the first act, and their serenade to Desdemona in the second. When one compares these choruses with the chorus of gypsies in *Il Trovatore* one realises how much Verdi gained by the loss of his power to pour forth 'Il Balens' and 'Ah, che la Mortes.'

The decay and discredit which the Verdi operas of the *Trovatore* type undoubtedly brought on Italian opera in spite of their prodigious initial popularity was caused not at all by the advent of Wagner (for the decay was just as obvious before *Lohengrin* became familiar to us as it is now that Tristan has driven Manrico from the Covent Garden stage), but by Verdi's recklessness as to the effect of his works on their performers. Until Boito became his artistic conscience he wrote inhumanly for the voice and ferociously for the orchestra. The art of writing well for the voice is neither recondite nor difficult. It has nothing to do with the use or disuse of extreme high notes or low notes. Handel and Wagner, who are beyond all comparison the most skilled and considerate writers of dramatic vocal music, do not hesitate to employ extreme notes when they can get singers who possess them. But they never smash voices. On the contrary, the Handelian and Wagnerian singer thrives on his vocal exercises and lasts so long that one sometimes wishes that he would sing *Il Trovatore* once and die.

The whole secret of healthy vocal writing lies in keeping the normal plane of the music, and therefore the bulk of the singer's work, in the middle of the voice. Unfortunately, the middle of the voice is not the prettiest part of it ; and in immature or badly and insufficiently trained voices it is often the weakest part. There is, therefore, a constant temptation to composers to use the upper fifth of the voice almost exclusively ; and this is exactly what Verdi did without remorse. He practically treated that upper fifth as the

A WORD MORE ABOUT VERDI

whole voice, and pitched his melodies in the middle of it instead of in the middle of the entire compass, the result being a frightful strain on the singer. And this strain was not relieved, as Handel relieved his singers, by frequent rests of a bar or two or longish ritornellos: the voice had to go straight on from one end of the song to the other. The upshot of that, except in the case of abnormally pitched voices, was displacement, fatigue, intolerable strain, shattering tremolo, and finally, not, as could have been wished, total annihilation, but the development of an unnatural trick of making an atrociously disagreeable noise and inflicting it on the public as Italian singing, with the result that the Italian opera singer is now execrated and banished from the boards of which he was once the undisputed master. He still imposes himself in obscure places; for, curiously enough, nothing dumbs him except well-written music. Handel he never attempts; but Wagner utterly destroys him; and this is why he spread the rumour through Europe that Wagner's music ruined voices. Yet it did not kill even his: it only put it out of its pain, for which work of mercy and necessity let the nations rise up and bless it.

To the unseductive bass voice, Verdi always behaved well; for since he could not make it sensuously attractive, it forced him to make the bass parts dramatically interesting. It is in Ferrando and Sparafucile, not in Charles V. and the Count di Luna, that one sees the future composer of *Falstaff*. As to the orchestra, until Boito came, it was for the most part nothing but the big guitar, with the whole wind playing the tune in unison with the singer. I am quite sure that as far as the brass was concerned this was a more sensible system, and less harshly crushing to the singer, than the dot and dash system of using trumpets and drums, to which the German school and its pupils in England clung so pedantically long after the employment of valves had made it as unnecessary as it was ugly and absurd. But beyond this, I do not feel called upon to find excuses for Verdi's pre-Boitian handling of the orchestra. He used it unscrupulously to emphasise his immoderate demands for overcharged and superhuman passion, tempting the executants to unnatural and dangerous assumptions and exertions. It may have been exciting to see Edmund Kean revealing Shakespeare 'by flashes of lightning,' and Robson rivalling him in burlesque; but when the flashes turned out to be tumblers of brandy, and the two thunder-wielders perished miserably of their excesses, the last excuse for the insufferable follies and vulgarities of the would-be Keans and Robsons vanished. I speak of Kean and Robson so as not to hurt the survivors of the interregnum between Mario and De Reszke, when bawling troopers, roaring Italian porters, and strangulating Italian waiters made our summer nights horrible with Verdi's transports. Those who remember them will understand my illustration.

G. BERNARD SHAW

But in his defects, as in his efficiencies, his directness, and his practical common sense, Verdi is a thorough unadulterated Italian. Nothing in his work needs tracing to any German source. His latter-day development of declamatory recitative can be traced back through the recitatives in Rossini's *Moses* right back to the beginning of Italian opera. You cannot trace a note of Wotan in Amonasro or Iago, though you can trace something of *Moses* in the rhythms of Wotan. The anxious northern genius is magnificently assimilative: the self-sufficient Italian genius is magnificently impervious. I doubt whether even Puccini really studies Schumann, in spite of his harmonic Schumannisms. Certainly, where you come to a strong Italian like Verdi you may be quite sure that if you cannot explain him without dragging in the great Germans, you cannot explain him at all.

WANTED—A DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES. BY MORETON FREWEN



HE scant consideration the fisheries of these islands have ever secured from any Government may well furnish a text to the political philosopher. Where the protection of our commons or other unenclosed spaces is involved, there the public has ever been jealously on the alert; but in the case of this vast ocean common, so near to the door of every dweller in our narrow islands, its acres rent free to all men, no organised attempt has ever been made to secure that its subscription to the household's needs should be fostered, or even at all adequately protected. I remember the late Sir John Lawes pointing out, in a letter to the *Times*, that the annual meat yield per acre of the English Channel off the Nore was equal to the meat yield of a hundred acres of the best Northamptonshire grass-land. In the Report of the British Sea Fisheries Commission¹ the weight of fish sold daily in the London market was given at 300 tons, almost the weight of the daily beef supply, while the sum paid to the fishermen was estimated at only one-eighth of the amount paid to the cattle-raisers. Also, as I shall presently point out in more detail, the earnings of fishermen in their industry, an industry which requires the smallest capital investment of all, are probably the greatest which are secured in any primary industry. The cash value of the product per man employed in the fisheries is at least three times greater than the value per man derived from agriculture. Again, the pursuit is one which prepares boys in thousands to serve England in later life upon the high seas. In short, looked at from the view whether of political economy or of political philosophy, our fisheries are of transcendent importance, and therefore—it is sad to write it—they have been ever the most neglected portion of the nation's heritage.

No one can read Mr. Brooks Adams' remarkable work on 'America's Economic Supremacy'² without deriving a conviction that our two great trade rivals, the United States and Germany, have sapped our strength, not because their material sources of wealth, or their supplies of cheap available capital, compare with ours (in Germany this is conspicuously not the case), but because their methods, their system, in short their national subjectivity, is as far in advance of ours as a typewriter is an advance upon a quill pen. And if we wish to study the methods by which every acre, whether of salt or of fresh water, is being made to yield its quota to the national food supply, it is to the superb Government establishments in the United States and Germany to which we most usefully turn as students. I have drawn attention particularly to the fishery departments in the

¹ Vol. i. p. 16.

² Published by Macmillans.

MORETON FREWEN

United States and Germany because to the Imperial establishment at Hunningen in Alsace the world has been accustomed to refer for the past thirty years; while the American department, it is not too much to say, is distributing the choicest table-fish, and is creating new fishing industries, over a third of the earth's surface.¹ The American shad (*Clupea sapidissima*), formerly a luxury for a few rich men on the Atlantic seaboard, was 'planted' only twenty years since upon the Pacific. To-day it brings a feast of fat things from the Pacific Ocean to miners, timber-cutters, and the settlers on a thousand scattered streams from San Diego to Wrangell Island. Stranger still, the shad is now much cheaper in San Francisco than in its home markets, New York or Baltimore.

But it is proper to add that, with a much more restricted expenditure, the Canadian Fishery Department has behind it a glorious record, and not even at Washington have I found the statistics of yield more admirably indexed and more readily available than is the case at Ottawa.

It is passing strange that any community planted as we are upon the ocean should leave the care of its fisheries to that overworked department the Board of Trade. For, the more we study the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, the more fascinating becomes the prospect opened to us. The ocean is, in fact, one gigantic laboratory of never-ending biological alternations all concerned in the production of food. Its successful cultivation should be entrusted to a responsible Minister and a highly specialised staff. Had there been in this country a Department of Fisheries forty years ago, without doubt the Minister would have enlisted the services of the late Mr. Frank Buckland. Such a man, with the

¹ The naturalisation of that sporting fish, the striped bass, in the rivers and estuaries of the Pacific coast is by no means the least interesting episode in American fish culture. In July 1879, at the request of the California Fish Commission, the Federal Department transferred from their eastern hatchery on the Navesink a few yearling bass, of which 138 only reached San Francisco alive. In August 1880 a strange unknown fish, weighing a pound, attracted curious eyes on the slabs in the fishmarket of San Francisco. It was identified as a striped bass. In 1884 a second of these immigrants, weighing this time 18½ pounds, was sold in that market. In 1888 enormous numbers of young bass were netted, and, fearing lest they might be exterminated, the California Legislature passed a law prohibiting the sale of bass weighing less than eight pounds. This limit is now reduced to a pound. Some idea of the extraordinary abundance of these fish may be gathered from the fact that last year the take of a single boat in a single day was 1500 fish weighing over 9000 pounds. So recently as 1888 bass, although at that time no longer a novelty on the Pacific, were still selling for four shillings per pound; to-day the retail price in San Francisco is threepence per pound, or about one half the price at which it sells in its home markets, New York or Baltimore. In the San Joaquin, the Sacramento, and a hundred other rivers flowing into the Pacific, these fish now abound. Well may the California State Fishery Board declare that the bass alone has paid them tenfold more than all the money that has hitherto been expended on the protection of both fish and game.—Vide *Nineteenth Century Review*, p. 408.

WANTED—A FISHERIES DEPARTMENT

resources and equipment of a State Department at his back, would have done the work here that Spencer Baird did in America, and Von Behr did in Germany—work of absolutely untold value. Who, for example, can put a price on Seth Green's discovery that the eggs of the shad can be hatched out in a syphon jar? The result has been that this once rare fish is caught in vast and ever increasing numbers both in the Atlantic and the Pacific. Yet it is entirely safe to say that, but for the Department at Washington ready to take immediate advantage of Seth Green's discovery, the artificial propagation of the shad would never have been persevered with.¹ It is impossible to say what other triumphs of science do not await us in the ocean. We stand to-day upon the threshold of the unknown; what alone we know is that the life of fishes is an endless cycle of destruction and renewal. There is a shrimp so tiny that eighteen thousand of them have been counted under a microscope in the stomach of a single herring. Many thousands of these herrings go to make up the daily diet of a whale. From this atomic unit then, the shrimp, is built up the giant sperm whales, every intervening organism in this vast continuous chain of creation owing its life to the death of each smaller organism. In his Report on the Sea Fisheries of the Atlantic Professor Baird writes:

If it were in any way the duty of the United States Government to take measures for the prevention of the destruction of life in the sea and of maintaining the yield of fish generally at its largest figure, we could accomplish it in no better way than by *increasing* the extent and magnitude of certain of our fisheries. Thus I have shown that there may be a saving of our herring by the capture of the cod and ling on the British coast. For every bluefish captured in the waters of the United States many hundreds of other fish are left to enjoy their life, perhaps, however, in their turn only to be the means of an increased destructiveness in another series of animals. The capture of whales gives a respite to the schools of mackerel and menhaden, while the destruction of the herring and menhaden relieves, though in an almost infinitesimal degree, the drain upon the crustaceans and the smaller fish.

How is it with our oyster fisheries? The arch enemies of the oyster 'spat' is the common starfish; these in their turn are the natural food of the mackerel and menhaden. The unaccountable disappearance during some years of the menhaden in the Gulf of Florida led to a disastrous failure in the oyster and clam fisheries of that region. This was attributed by bewildered theorists to the pollution of the water by factories on shore. The investigation undertaken by the Washington Department showed that the oyster-

¹ Mr. Livingstone Stone writes of Mr. Seth Green's innumerable disappointments and final triumph in hatching shad ova in glass jars: 'It was a pleasant thing to see the change in Green's spirits that came with his first success in hatching shad. It seemed a little thing—nothing but some little delicate living embryo's appearing in the frail eggs he was working over. Little it was, but still the herald of almost illimitable possibilities which perhaps the man himself did not fully recognise. But however that may be, it restored his spirits and made him almost instantly a changed man.'

MORETON FREWEN

beds were disappearing because of the depredations of countless starfish. Mark again the ravages of that somewhat worthless animal the porpoise. Professor Baird writes of them :

The cetaceans of various species are of course the most destructive by their much greater bulk ; the larger of the porpoises being most notable in this respect. It is not unfrequently with feelings of satisfaction that the human spectator observes schools of bluefish, that have devoured and driven on shore schools of mackerel and menhaden, themselves attacked and subjected to a similar treatment by troops of porpoises, forming a line outside of them and devouring them with extraordinary rapidity, frequently forcing them on the beach in large numbers. Whales, too, take their part in the conflict, but probably confine themselves to smaller fishes, especially the herring and possibly mackerel, capelin, or other species, of which large numbers while schooling can be taken at a gulp.

And not only in Nature's plan are the least valuable fish often the greatest depredators, but so also are the most worthless birds. Surely if we had a Department of Fisheries a raid would have long since been made on the myriads of cormorants which infest our coasts ; and yet these *Volucres obscæne* are actually protected in the Wild Birds Preservation Act ! It has been estimated also that the gannets on the coast of Scotland devour more herrings than are taken by all the nets. The consumption of fish by the seal herd of the Pribyloff Islands was reckoned in 1887 by Professor Elliot to be six million tons per year. The recent decimation of this herd by pelagic sealing has been inevitably followed by an immense increase in the take of fish in the North-East Pacific.

It is no part of my purpose to consider in these pages what forms of fish-life can be best protected by the destruction of more predaceous and more worthless assailants. Enough to say that Nature created all these warring hosts at a time when man made no considerable demand upon them for subsistence. In these days, however, of an immense and increasing pressure, it is for man to scientifically redress the balance, and to see that what is valuable shall alone be protected, while that which is worthless and predatory shall be destroyed.

In an earlier page I referred to the national value of fisheries. There are some industries which make a much larger return to the labour employed than others, and of these industries we may place our fisheries at nearly the top of the tree. In 1885 the Report of the Canadian Fisheries showed that 59,493 persons, using 1177 vessels and 28,472 boats, were employed. The total capital invested was only £1,200,000 ; the gross value of the catch during a season of four months was £3,544,000. The entire population connected with the fisheries, both workers and those dependent on the workers, numbered 147,543 ; so that the yield *per capita* was no less a sum than £24 for four months. In New South Wales there are 160,000 people connected with agriculture ; the value of their

WANTED—A FISHERIES DEPARTMENT

gross product is £3,360,000,¹ or £21 *per capita* per annum. In the United States the yield in agriculture for the entire connected population was in 1890 only £18 *per capita*;² while in Ireland the *per capita* production in the poorer districts of the west is only £9 per annum.

Again, from the Canadian Report for 1899, I find that, in the Lake Ontario fresh-water fisheries, 206 men are employed; the value of their take is £44,600, or nearly £217 *per capita*. In Lake Huron, a district more remote from markets, and where prices are lower, 434 fishermen earn £112 *per capita*, and this too in a six-months season, which permits them to spend a profitable winter in the timber camps.

In the four States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey, the capital invested in fisheries is £3,000,000 sterling; the annual yield is also £3,000,000; the hands employed 95,316; so that the wealth product *per capita* is £300, or including all the dependent population £121. Clearly in view of such returns as these, the fisherman's craft is perhaps of all industries the one which, requiring the smallest capital investment, and yielding almost, if not altogether, the largest wealth product, should be fostered and protected in every way by an intelligent Government. And yet what interest does our Government show? The fisheries are stowed away near the roof in a Department which has charge of the railway returns and the statistics of bankruptcy!

Again, take the case of the lobster. I believe that nowhere has the lobster the same natural advantages of temperature, food, and shelter as in these waters; and yet the home supply is falling off rapidly. How is it across the Atlantic? I learn, from the Report of the United States Department for 1899, that at one of their many lobster hatcheries—that at Gloucester—121,878,000 lobster were hatched last year, and from these eggs 110,491,000 fry were liberated. The Canadian Report for 1899 has this to say:

The first fry seen in the hatchery jars was on June 14. Distribution commenced ten days later, and on July 8 there had been planted in the waters, between Caribou and Pictou Island, 100,000,000 young lobsters. Each year adds more factories

¹ The official statistics, issued by the Government of New South Wales, show the following annual *per capita* wealth production:

NEW SOUTH WALES.			
Population.		Industry.	Per Capita Production.
12,000	...	Silver-lead	£258
5,000	...	Tin	25
25,700	...	Coal	47
160,000	...	Agriculture	21
16,000	...	Gold { Alluvial	14
		Quartz	34

² *Vide* United States census returns, 1890.

MORETON FREWEN

on our coasts and more traps on the fishing-ground, and it is surprising to all that the lobster fishery is holding out. The fry taken from the Bay View hatchery have been planted in Pictou Bay, and I agree with the packers and fishermen who believe that the good fishing around this locality is largely due to the hatchery.

Is it surprising that with cultivation on this immense scale, Canada and the United States are scattering canned lobsters all over creation?

It is not possible in the pages of this Review to make more than this very brief reference to the poor man's happy hunting-ground—the Ocean. That a liberal expenditure through a State Department would yield back that expenditure a hundred-fold there is no reason to doubt.¹

I now come to the domain of our fresh-water fisheries, which are at the present time under survey by two Commissions. The Irish Commission has just given us an excellent, practical, short Report, recognising the critical condition of the salmon fisheries, and suggesting remedies. I trust that public opinion is sufficiently aroused to secure from Parliament action along the lines of the Report. The chief recommendations are these: that the Irish fisheries shall be transferred from the Department of Agriculture to a Department of Fisheries; and, secondly, that, to restock the ocean with *Salmo salar* a Government hatchery shall be established at some central spot in each of the four provinces of Ireland. As to the entirely successful cultivation of this valuable fish by artificial methods, the evidence from the United States, Canada, Germany, and the Netherlands is complete; but as is inevitable in the case of a scientific process so very modern, many writers, who were accepted as authorities thirty years ago, bring themselves with great reluctance even to consider the evidence. Their remedies for the most part stop at the gloomy portals of the County Jail, and they have crystallised their desire on more policemen and more keepers; the recent Irish Report is very important as showing that we may probably secure cheap and abundant salmon without a resort to handcuffs.

As to the English Commission, I gather from the evidence taken thus far, that it feels a faint interest only, if any, in the question of artificial propagation; if this is the case, the time of its members and the public money are likely to be largely wasted.

The part played by the salmon in Nature's economy is extremely interesting. It is probable that the biology of other sea fishes² is not less interesting than that of the salmon, but we know most about the salmon because he comes to our rivers to be watched, and from what he teaches us we may be permitted to

¹ The market value to the fishermen of the Pacific coast of the shad and the striped bass taken between 1888 and 1896 was about 192,000 dollars. The aggregate expense of introducing these fish to the Pacific coast was under 5000 dollars.—'Report of Commission, 1896,' p. 141.

² The salmon, the sturgeon, the shad, and smelt, and other anadromous fish are properly sea fish.

WANTED—A FISHERIES DEPARTMENT

generalise, though with a becoming diffidence. Voltaire once declared that had he been called in at the Creation he could have suggested a number of improvements. But *Salmo salar* at least is a living witness of the preternatural forethought of the Creator. When fashioning this fish, Nature apparently had these points in view : In the first place a large and splendid food fish ; a fish with excellent digestive organs working freely to fatten the possessor in the sea ; a fish that when the ova begins to form should be driven up to the extreme head waters of the rivers, thus carrying the gift of the ocean far inland. But clearly so large a fish, coming too in such great numbers, must not feed in the rivers : if he did then all other river fish would be starved ; therefore, when the ova commences to form, the digestive organs become functionless. Apparently the sense of taste to some extent lingers in fresh water, as the salmon does now and again eat a worm ; but any such food, the epithelial cells being closed, must be promptly ejected, and having been ejected, is probably still in a condition to be food for other fishes.

I have said that Nature planned this noble fish so that he should make no demand whatever on our rivers for food ; but this is by no means the entire tale of divine benevolence. Nature supplies the salmon with a vast accretion of eggs, nearly a thousand eggs per pound of her own weight, each egg as large as a small pea. When the female lays these eggs in rapidly running water, her mate swimming near her fertilises with his milt but a very small proportion of these 'peas': not two per cent., it is estimated, are fertilised at all. What an extraordinary waste in Nature says the student ! Not so fast, replies Dame Nature. It is my plan that the salmon shall bring this vast supply of ova to the rivers, and I ripen them for deposit at just that winter season when all other fish food is becoming scarce ; the sun has ceased to hatch out the larvæ of flies ; the year's supply of the scores of insectidæ are exhausted, not to renew existence until the following spring, so that lest the river fish should entirely consume their own ova, or one another, I forward them from the sea by every salmon that ascends the river, three or four pounds of food, the last of which food will have hardly been distributed before Nature, waking up in early spring, raises the temperature of the rivers, and, subject to its warmth, insect life begins once more to appear. There can be no other explanation than this, I think, of the immense and redundant number of large barren eggs which salmon scatter at just that season, too, when the trout, impoverished by their own spawning period, require a stimulating and highly concentrated form of food.

At this point, however, where, being protected by man, there are more trout and more coarse fish to consume more and more salmon eggs, where the unexpected net, where pollution and mill turbines and obstructions have altogether upset the balance in Nature,—here then man must exert himself, for he is confronted with the probable

MORETON FREWEN

extinction of a species. And most effectually has the hand of science intervened, for we now know that the proportion of fertile eggs can be raised from 5 per cent. to 95 per cent., and this at one leap, by an expedient extremely cheap and extremely simple; also that the salmon hatchlings can be fed and protected in troughs and rearing-ponds during those early months of life when in the wild state they are exposed to the ravages of a score of predatory birds, beetles, and fish. Such is the part the hatching-box seems destined to play in the history of the salmon, and at a very critical period. The objections to its use are intellectually about on the level of Mr. Kruger's objection to destroy the locust larvæ. 'Locusts,' he said, 'were sent by the Almighty, and it is ungodly to interfere with Nature.'

I was able to form some estimate last December of the vast numbers of salmon ova which trout consider their provision. Mr. F. Stenning was netting spawning salmon at Inver, in Galway, to fill the hatchery. He forwarded me five trout which the net brought in from the spawning-beds, so that I might examine the contents of their stomachs.

		Weight in oz.		Salmon Eggs.
1	...	11 $\frac{1}{2}$...	90
2	...	10 $\frac{1}{2}$...	73
3	...	5	...	50
4	...	2	...	29
5	...	2	...	42

To think of it! that the *daily* debauch of a 2 oz. trout should be forty-two salmon eggs!

I have seen the nests of salmon opened, and I have been assured by those who have opened the nests by scores of quinnat salmon on the rivers of the Pacific coast that it is unusual to find more than fifty to a hundred 'eyed' eggs—that is, eggs which have survived to the point of hatching. Only one hundred eggs out of ten thousand! and of the hundred that do hatch, how many fish survive to run to the sea as smolts? Barely a score at most. Now, take these ten thousand eggs, fertilise them, hatch them artificially, and protect the fry for six months in ponds; liberate the fry (this point is all important) in the head waters of some very tiny tributary from which even the yearling trout has fallen back into the main stream. Subject to these conditions, instead of the survival of a mere score of smolts probably a thousand or even five thousand will have lived to reach the ocean.

In the pages of a contemporary¹ I described an agreeable visit I made to the great Craig Brook Salmon Hatchery of the United States Fish Department in the State of Maine. It is enough to say that the salmon, once most abundant, having disappeared for thirty years from the Atlantic States of America, has been reintroduced and the

¹ *The Nineteenth Century Review*, Sept. 1899.

WANTED—A FISHERIES DEPARTMENT

rivers restocked by the erection of hatcheries. Since writing those pages evidence has from time to time reached me in California, and in Canada, which is overwhelming as to the success of artificial propagation. Professor Max von Borne, of Brandenburg, writes in the annual circular of the German Fishery Union :

Mr. Livingstone Stone states that since artificial fish culture has been carried on in California, the salmon has increased immensely in the Sacramento ; so much so that, although the canneries have increased, and also the sea lions, and the fishermen, the salmon has made a steady gain in numbers. In other words, the Fishery Commission has, with the aid of artificial hatching, beaten the sea lions, the canneries, and the fishermen combined.

Some idea can be formed of the extent of their hatcheries in California from the fact that at a single station (Battle Creek) no less than 48,000,000 salmon eggs were taken in the season of 1898.

Mr. Smiley, of the California Fish Commission, after a full investigation of the yield of the Sacramento for a number of years before and after the erection of the great hatchery at Baird, estimates the annual increased yield of that river, because of the hatchery, at 4,391,882lb. The average weight of the fish he gives at 7 lb. and their value at 2s. each, or 3½d. per lb. He adds this interesting table :

Value of 4,391,882lb.	\$313,700
Cost of hatching and planting 2½ millions of fry	\$3,600
Annual net profit	\$310,106

From the Report of the Canadian Department of Fisheries for 1900 I take the following statement by Professor Prince, the General Inspector of Fisheries for the Dominion.

I regret to say that the Deeside hatchery on the Restigouche river was destroyed by fire. An event so serious is on every ground to be deplored, but there is special reason to regret the destruction of an institution so famous and so successful as that which, for fifteen years, has held a most prominent place in the world of pisciculture. The officer in charge refers to the opinion in the district that the burning was an act of incendiarism. It is difficult to conceive how an institution which has been universally admitted to have benefited the salmon fisheries of the Bay of Chaleurs and the noted Restigouche and Metapedia rivers to an incalculable extent should have aroused the malice of any one.

Did space permit, much more might be usefully written of the work of the Fishery Department at Washington—of the naturalisation of the shad and the bass on the Pacific ; of the introduction of that splendid sporting fish the steelhead salmon (*Salmo gairdneri*) to the Great Lakes and the Atlantic ; of the way in which the countless streams of the Rocky Mountain States have been stocked with the California rainbow trout ; of the free distribution of ova everywhere by the State so that trout farming has almost become a cottage industry in parts of America. Nor are the Germans in scientific fish culture at all behind the Americans ; only they lack the splendid water areas,

MORETON FREWEN

both salt and fresh, that distinguish the western hemisphere. But it is safe to say of Germany that there is no pool, however insignificant, but is stocked with the fish suited to it. We read that fish culture has been made popular there by the public exhibition of hatcheries in full operation in zoological gardens, as at Dresden, Amsterdam, Frankfort, &c., and in aquariums. In Saxony by courses of lectures given by Professor Nitsche and other savants.

In the case of the leather carp (*Carpio cyprinus*) fish culture in Germany is strangely intertwined with agriculture. The carp, unlike the salmonidæ, requires, in order to attain early maturity, shallow ponds and a high temperature (about 80°). Herr Haack, the curator of the Imperial establishment at Huningen, states that from two females and a male carp he made a profit of £60 in two years. Carp spawn in July, the spawn adhering to juniper boughs; these boughs should next be removed to tubs where there are no fish, as the parent carp eat their own spawn. The growth of the spawn in carp renders them soft and less valuable for the table. Dr. Haack finds that by keeping the carp intended for market in a pond with pike, for some inexplicable reason they remain barren. At Wittengen, in Bohemia, we read that Prince Schwartzenburg spends annually, 250,000 florins on grain and meat for his carp ponds.¹ In the German system the carp ponds are dried every third year and cropped; the residual fertilisers result in an immense yield of vegetables. If properly cultivated our Fen districts and the Norfolk broads should yield carp in great abundance; and *Carpio cyprinus* must be a good table fish, as he realises in Chicago a higher price than cod. The leather carp was imported into America by the Fishery Department from Germany only a few years ago; some idea may be formed of their present size and abundance in the marshy pools of Iowa and Illinois from a recent statement in the *Field* that ten or twelve tons are frequently taken at a single haul.

But here I must bring to a close my present excursion into one of the most interesting corners of all Nature's domain. The entire question of our fisheries is a question that deserves the attention of the Legislature. The work of artificially propagating such fish as the salmon, the invaluable shad, the lobster and others will never be done effectually until it is undertaken by the State, and on a scale which is impossible for mere private enterprise. Riparian owners in the case of the salmon can indeed assist; they can trap and ripen the spawning fish, and send the ova to the nearest Government station. But if we are to see salmon in our markets, selling at fourpence or sixpence per pound, then centralised operations, and on the very largest scale, are necessary. What we require is a Department well endowed and equipped, with a competent Minister. This is a question of great importance to the consumer.

¹ Bulletin 95, p. 322, United States Fish Commission.

BRITISH CAVALRY BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

'The cavalry officer is a very incompetent person.'—Letter of an old Australian in *The Times*, November 1900.

'There is a general consensus of opinion that the cavalry have failed in what they had to perform.'—Daily Paper.

'The epitaph of the British Empire will be, "Ruined by a cavalry subaltern with a thousand a year."'—The author of 'An Absent Minded War.'



HIS then is the verdict and the award of the nation. To this conclusion are we come through fifteen months of mounted war. The well-launched charge of the Lancers after Elandslaagte: the long weeks of bluff at Colesberg, a fight on brittle ice every day: the grand gallop through the Dutch lines into Kimberley: the netting of Cronje at Paardeberg: the month of fusillade from Bloemfontein to Pretoria: the dash at Diamond Hill: the ceaseless march and skirmish ever since: and to-day the war-worn thrice-decimated squadrons, disciplined and cheerful, patient, keen as ever—all this is publicly set down as failure and as a cause for reproach. Well, let us look into the matter.

How some of the cavalry regiments have suffered is not known. The public has been shocked by the losses of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, of the Dublin Fusiliers at Colenso, or of the Inniskillings in the battle of Pieters. Those were tragedies which riveted attention. But the cavalry losses have not occurred in a few hours, in the hot excitement of a charge or the grey paralysis of surprise. They have grown up day by day, gradual and unnoticed, by ones and twos and fives and tens on picket, patrol and skirmish line. But it may be instructive to look at them. Let any one take the 9th Lancers regimental list and see what the fortune of war has brought them. Scarcely one officer in five has come through safely. In other regiments the proportion is hardly less terrible.

Of course many of those marked as severely wounded have been cured of their wounds and are moving in the field to-day. Notice particularly the case of Lieutenant Gordon Stirling of the same regiment. This officer had his forearm shattered by an explosive bullet after the action at Belmont. Terribly weakened by the shock, he was invalided to England. Amputation promised speedy recovery, but the subaltern feared that thus maimed he would have to abandon his profession. So he endured four operations and upwards of two months of suffering, and in the end his hand and forearm had to be cut off. Nevertheless, within

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

eight months of his receiving the wound which maimed him, he succeeded in persuading the medical board to allow him to return to South Africa, and, although again wounded, this unconquerable cripple is still fighting at the front with his regiment. If this is the class of young men by which empires are ruined, we have yet to find the class by which they are raised : and there are several similar cases where officers have rejoined after most shocking injuries, although this is the only instance I have heard of where actual amputation took place. But, when all deductions are made upon the score of officers recovered from their wounds and serving again with their squadrons, it will still be admitted that the losses among the cavalry have been most severe.

'That is all very well,' the armchair-gentleman will say ; 'we are not impugning the courage of the cavalry officer, or his devotion, or his discipline ; it is his competency we have called in question.' I venture to take great exception to this form of argument, and the spirit in which it is propounded. Courage, devotion, and discipline are high qualities. They are essential to a soldier ; they are his most important attributes. It is not, in my humble judgment, right to dismiss them with a stroke of the pen, and then proceed to find fault in whole pages, and to say, 'Of course we know British officers are brave,' and forthwith mercilessly to abuse them on all other grounds. That is not fair. I do not for one moment assert that the courage, devotion, and sufferings of military officers should protect them from criticism ; but I maintain most strenuously that in view of these facts, criticism, however far-reaching and effective, should at any rate be conducted with courtesy and tempered with respect.

If those who assail the British cavalry officer do not find themselves able to attack his courage, or his conduct, upon what do they turn their fire ? Upon his honour or personal honesty ? Surely not. Formerly, in India, there was a regular corps of army paymasters. This system was altered a few years ago ; it was decreed that regimental officers should discharge this duty, and in every unit two or three officers were trained—very much against their will—to be paymasters. The system has many evils, not the least being the reduction of the effective fighting strength of the regiment, by taking a combatant officer to do nothing but keep accounts, and the unfairness of compelling an officer to do such work unexpectedly and against his wishes. But the Government of India have found one great compensating advantage : it saves a great deal of money every year. Why ? Because commissioned officers hardly ever steal.

What then is wrong with the cavalry officer if it is not his courage, his devotion, his discipline, his honesty or his honour ? It must be his intelligence—'our stupid officers.' 'The cavalry

BRITISH CAVALRY

subaltern is a very incompetent person.' That is a serious statement : however, it would seem that if the cavalry subaltern is incompetent, the cavalry captain, the cavalry major, and the cavalry general, being aggravated forms of the original type, must be *a fortiori* incompetent : and that would include such cavalry generals as French ; such brigadiers as Mahon, Dundonald, Broadwood, Baden-Powell, and Le Gallais ; such colonels as Byng, Chisholm, Bethune, Haig, and Legge ; such officers as Gough, Brooke, Grenfell, Milbanke, and Barnes, and many others those who know the South African story could name. But, of course, these, we shall be told, are only exceptions : exceptions which, however numerous, however honourable, must never apparently in this question be used to raise the standard of the average. Let us get back to the direct issue : Is the cavalry officer deficient in intelligence ?

There are ideas in certain circles, Press and Parliamentary, that only the stupid candidates go into the cavalry. The clever ones who pass high into Sandhurst are all infantry cadets. Those who scrape in at the bottom, availing themselves of a less severe competition, are sent to the mounted branch. It is quite true that the standard fixed by open competition at army examinations is lower by a considerable number of marks for cavalry cadetships than for infantry. But it would be quite erroneous to infer from this that cavalry cadets are inferior in intelligence to infantry cadets. For what is the truth ? The examinations under the Civil service commission are no true test for natural ability, still less for natural talent ; and deductions based upon their results are invariably fallacious and often absurd. See the proof in this case. Let the positions of cavalry cadets passing into Sandhurst be compared with those in which they pass out. I make no exaggerated claim. It will be found that the cavalry cadets are quite up to the average standard of infantry cadet.

The entrance examination is an unequal test, because many circumstances and complications of childhood's training may have militated against the candidate's acquisition of knowledge in the specified subjects. But once at the Royal Military College all the young men start fair and free on an entirely new field—technical and professional instruction ; and their power of assimilating this new knowledge in an equal time must be some indication of their natural ability. In this more informing competition the cavalry cadets are not now found to be below the mark. Many of them pass out of Sandhurst with honours over the heads of scores of infantry cadets who probably far surpassed them in the entrance examination.

It is not, therefore, true to say that the cavalry officer is in any way inferior in natural ability to the infantry officer. Both are drawn from the same class, and any apparent differences in effectiveness

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

which may arise are due to the training they receive in the army and to the conditions of their respective arms.

There are those, of course, who consider that we obtain our officers from the wrong class altogether, and that the army would be more efficient if it were officered entirely from the ranks. So far as I am aware that opinion is not supported by a single soldier of repute in the country. It is certainly contradicted by the practice of the great military nations on the European continent. In Germany unless a man is a '*von*' something or other, he has hardly any prospect of obtaining command; yet the German army has been found to be a tolerably effective military machine. In France every effort is made by discipline, training, and custom to turn the officer into a different social type from the men he leads; yet France is a Republic. There is no country in the world where democratic equality is more frequently proclaimed than in America. Five years ago I visited West Point Military Academy, and being struck with the length of the course of instruction there—four years—I commented upon the subject to one of the officers. He replied, 'We have to keep the cadets a long time to make them into gentlemen if possible.' It may be said, therefore, that the military opinion of the world is opposed to those people who cry 'Democratise the army!' and it must be remembered that an army is not a field upon which persons with Utopian ideas may exercise their political theories, but a weapon for the defence of the State.

I do not believe that it would be possible to obtain a better class of British officers than the class we have at present. The young men drawn from the public schools are beyond question the best suited to the profession of arms. As Mr. Kipling writes in one of his finest and most famous stories, 'Providence has ordained that the clean-run youth of the British middle classes exceeds in backbone, brains, and bowels, the youth of any other country.' No: whatever faults there are—and there are many—weaknesses will not be found in the raw material; not in the physical and mental qualities of the officers when they join the army, not in their zeal and honesty during the years of peace, not in their courage when it comes to war. It is to their training, organisation, and equipment that we should divert our attention.

I have in another article outlined some of the moral reforms which might be made in the training of officers and the conditions of military life; so that judgment and originality may be developed, and a keen spirit of competition maintained throughout the service as an antidote to the oppressive routine inseparable from garrison duty in times of peace. Let us now consider more concrete things.

Of course the cavalry are unhappy over the experiences of the war. They have marched and fought nearly every day. They

BRITISH CAVALRY

have never spared themselves. Scores of times they have ridden not simply to draw fire and come back again—*minus* one or two. They have lived for weeks at a time, as they rode, without waggons or transport of any kind. Day after day they have been called upon to perform the most trying duty of peering alone or in little parties into dark broken country held by crafty and terrible guerrillas. They have been sniped from dawn till dusk. Night after night they had to bivouac cold and hungry far ahead of the supply trains.

They have met the Boer at long bowls and at close quarters, among his kopjes and dongas, by surprise or with malice aforethought. They have met him—a row of dots far off on the glittering glaring veldt—in the open a-horse and a-foot; and for all their efforts, their sacrifices, and their pluck, they have taken precious little change out of the Boer, and have earned nothing but abuse and criticism in England. Is it any wonder they are disappointed?

It has been said that the training of the regular cavalry has been of very little use to them in South Africa. That complaint appears to be thoroughly justified. In peace time ninety per cent. of the cavalry soldier's mounted training is taken up by drill. In order that regiments and squadrons may deliver effective charges upon hostile infantry or cavalry, it is necessary that they should be perfectly drilled so as to wheel in and out of line or column and form a solid front from any formation in any direction with the greatest speed and precision. For the larger operations of brigades and divisions of cavalry the drill becomes even more complicated and difficult. Almost the whole of the cavalry man's training is occupied by these intricate evolutions. He is brought up to believe in shock tactics—the collision of the horse—and in shock tactics alone. True, he had a carbine; but that was only intended for by-days. In every drill season, at every inspection, the chief (almost the only) feature of the training was drill—hard, regular, machine-like drill. And there is no doubt they do it very excellently. Any one who has led the directing troop of, let us say, the third squadron from the squadron of direction, in a long brigade advance, knows what an art troop leading is, and what ceaseless practice and unremitting effort is required to obtain that accuracy of distance and alignment which is the proof of well-drilled, well-disciplined men. How beautiful it is, too! Who has watched without admiration and delight a cavalry field-day at Aldershot? The glitter and sparkle of scarlet and steel, the strange historic uniforms, the strong, long-tailed chargers with their shell-bridles, their shabraques, and their plumes, the bright swords, the solid ranks moving so swiftly yet so orderly, from mass to column, from column to line until with a sound like the roar of a cataract the charge sweeps across the plain,

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

and surging wave of men and horses stops obediently at the very feet of the spectators it had threatened to engulf. What wonder the Aldershot townsfolk and the sightseers from London clap their hands in joy and pride. Good drill, and I challenge contradiction, was the climax of the cavalry soldier's training ; for this he lived and toiled ; upon this he staked his faith, believing whole-heartedly that in the day of battle he would crash through the squadrons of the Czar, the Kaiser, or the French, and trample vulgar infantry into the dirt. No wonder South Africa was a great disappointment.

Indeed, it is not possible to restrain a sigh to learn that all this magnificence and excellence must perish, is utterly vain and futile, is in fact as obsolete as the armour and the archery of the Middle Ages. Who does not regret the days that are gone? Yet it is our duty boldly to face those that are to come. The hour of shock tactics and close formations has struck. Time who once used the pen of Cervantes now makes his appearance disguised as a burly fellow in a brown coat, with a magazine rifle, a game-bag full of cartridges, and a well-trained shooting pony, and so sweeps the board clean.

No doubt, if the other side agreed to play at charging too, the sport might still be maintained, like fox-hunting in England, at great care and expense, and the world be the merrier for it. Apparently all the great European nations cling to the old conditions still : and their opinion is of enormous weight and value. But the Boer would have none of it. He followed his own line of thought to its conclusion, with the logic and courage of Plato. He accepted that conclusion, and his faith remained unshaken by the opinions of others. A Colonial trooper of the Imperial Light Horse told me that a month before the outbreak of war he met an old Boer standing on a kopje near Ladysmith, not far from Pepworth Hill, watching a regiment of Lancers drilling on the plain below. They began to chat. The Boer said there was so much talk of war in the air that he thought he ought in common prudence to come and have a look at the British Army, and see for himself whether it would be safe to go on commando or not.

'Well, what do you think of the Lancers?' asked the future Light Horseman.

'Very nice,' said the Boer ; 'but what do they carry those long poles for?'

'Why, those are the lances to spear people with.'

The old man took a long look : then he said, 'Almighty !' spat contemptuously, and turned away.

The other pressed for his opinion.

'Why,' blurted out the Boer at last, 'I will shoot six of those fools before they come to me, and the rest will never see the way I go. I will do that every time.'

BRITISH CAVALRY

And so indeed it would have turned out, mere butchery and ruin from beginning to end, if the country had attempted to do in war what they had learned in peace. But war is a good instructor, and the cavalry officers were clever men and quick to learn. The dense formations, knee to knee, mass, quarter-column, and the rest of it, dissolved like a waking dream at the rapping of the distant musketry and the whistle of the nearer bullets. To any one acquainted with the previous training of the cavalry it seems wonderful that they did so much, not that they did so little. In a few weeks they adapted themselves to new conditions, marched in a loose swarm, in which the outlines of the old troops and squadrons showed faintly, like the outline of a ghost, scattered themselves for miles over the limitless plains, let their swords run to rust in their scabbards, drew forth the neglected carbines—trumpet weapons at the best—and began to repair the deficiencies of the rifle range in the open field of war.

Yet how handicapped they were! They were to play a new game altogether. The Long Valley and its charges seemed very far away. Scouting, screening, skirmishing, fire tactics, fire slopes, range-judging, studying ground in its relation to rifle fire, and minor positions with a view to attack and defence—such was the work they found set before them. Nor was it soothing to their pride to find squadrons of Colonial Horse and South African corps, raised at ten-days notice, considered as good as, and often better than, the finest and most zealous regiments. Yet they persevered. What they lacked in training and knowledge, they gained in discipline; and they learned all kinds of tricks very quickly. Gradually they began to throw away the mysterious rubbish with which their horses were encumbered—extra high-lows, hold-alls, shoe cases, and such like—as mariners jettison the cargo to save the ship. They looked enviously at the long rifles of their irregular comrades, stole one every now and then from a dead Boer, or a dead infantry soldier. To the last they were hampered by their training and equipment; but to the very last they were steadfast, and always improving. They did their work with more cheerful discipline than the irregular horse, and for a quarter the pay. In spite of their carbines, they were as useful in action as the regular mounted infantry, and saved more than three times as much horseflesh. It would be just as unjust and foolish to abuse them because of the training they have received in the past as to subject them to such training in the future.

What, then, are we going to do after the war is over? I presume we shall do one of two things. Either we shall say that the Boer war was an exceptional affair; that the Boer was an exceptional fighter, which is beyond dispute; that the Boer country was unsuited to cavalry, which is quite untrue; and, hardening our

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

hearts by these reflections, we shall announce that when the Boers won they won in the wrong way and by new and non-regulation methods, and so we shall go back to play the old European game of shock tactics and dense formations, on our usual scale of one inch to the mile : Or else we shall think the matter out for ourselves, use the evidence of our own eyes and reasons, profit by our dear-bought experience, and, leaving continental armies to their business, make our military arrangements in accordance with our own particular needs and resources, and so substitute for our present miniature European army a British army for the British Empire.